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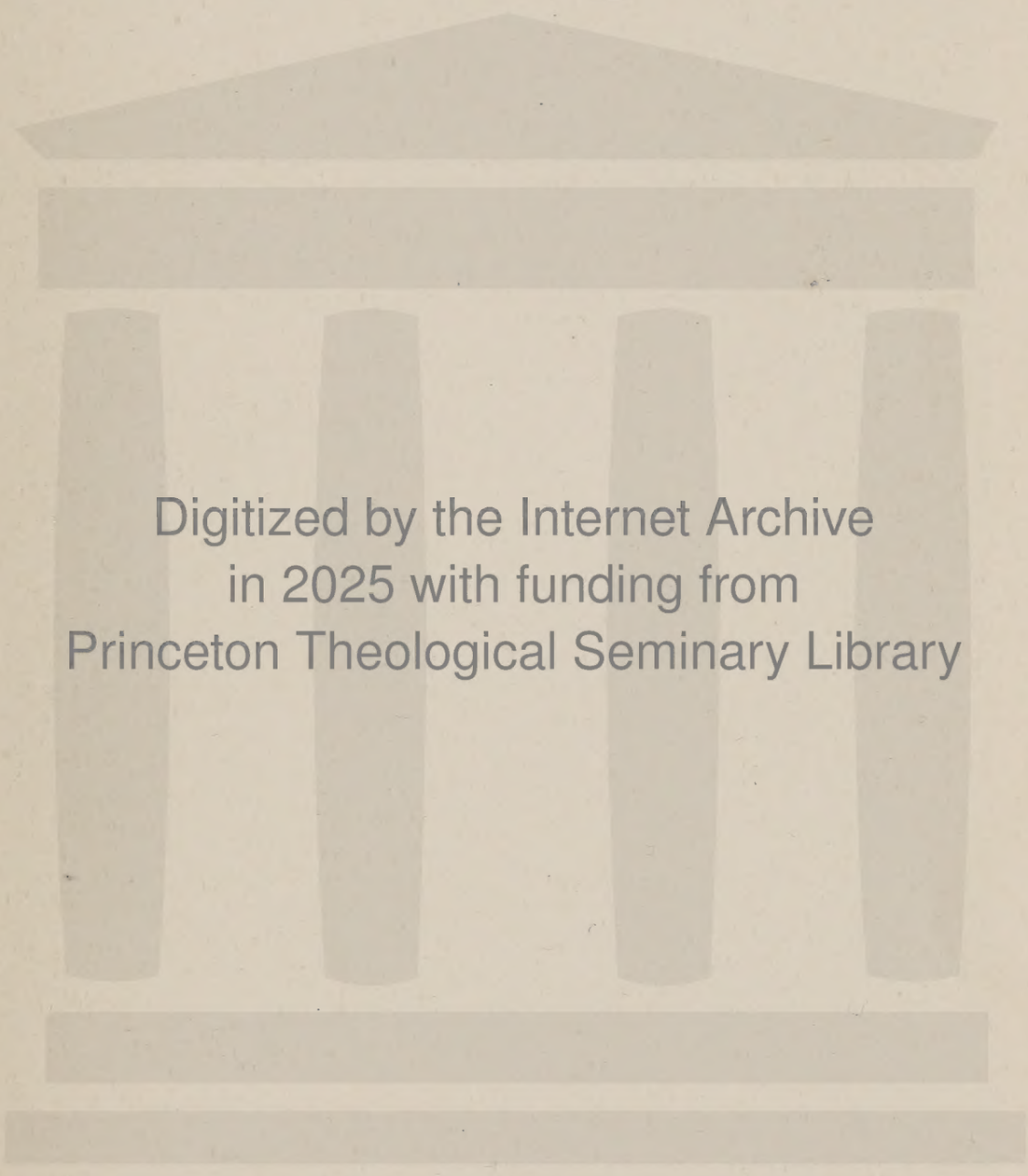
# Early Letters
# of
# Mark Hopkins



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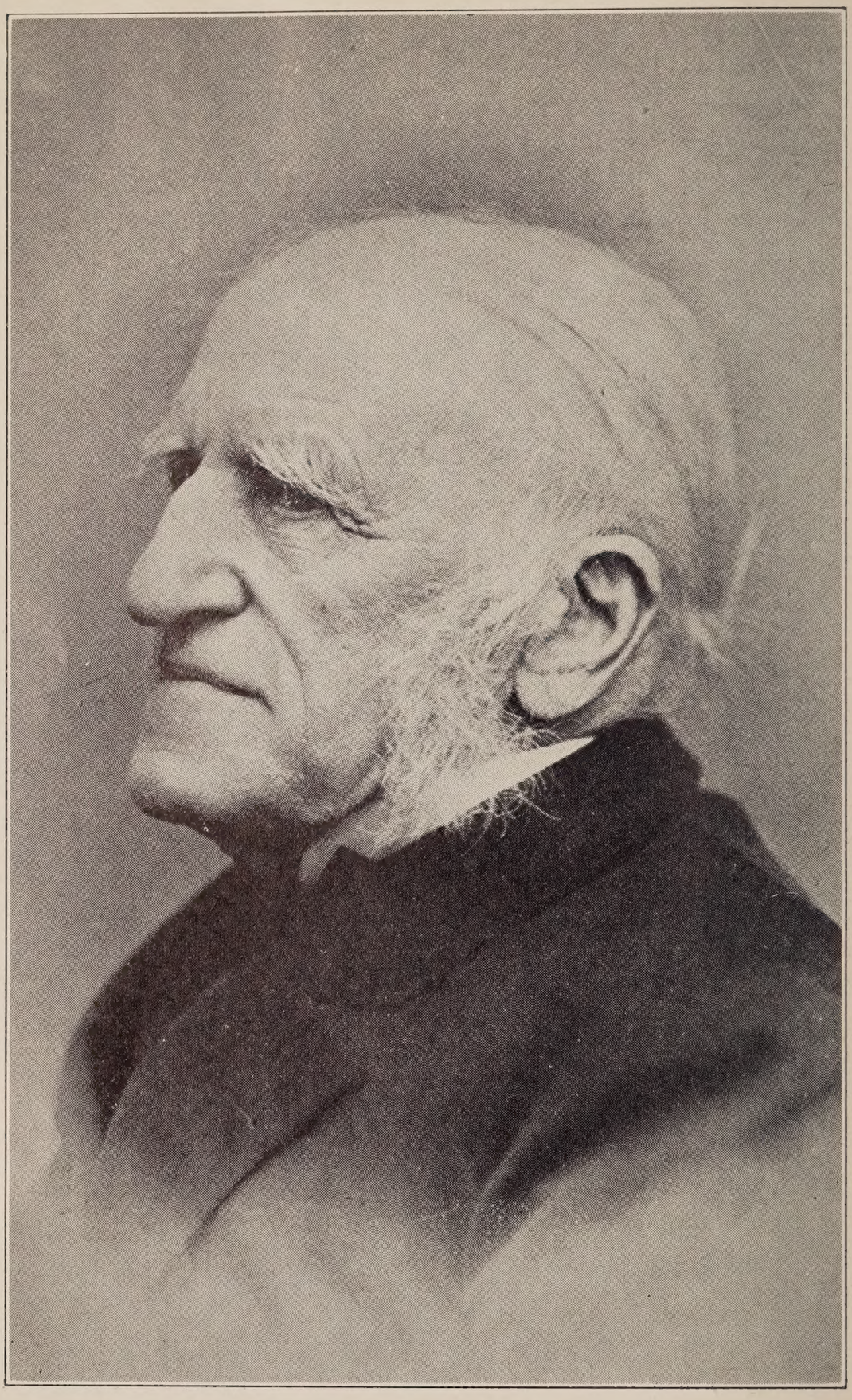

DR. MARK HOPKINS

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# *Early Letters of* MARK HOPKINS

AND OTHERS FROM HIS BROTHERS AND THEIR MOTHER. A PICTURE OF LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND FROM 1770 TO 1857

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, INCORPORATED
NEW YORK

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FOR THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, INC.
BY THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY, INC., RAHWAY, N. J.

# FOREWORD

THE letters of Mark Hopkins, his brothers and other members of his family, which make this book, have only recently come to light. It is a matter for great regret that they were not discovered before the lives of Dr. Hopkins and his brother, Professor Albert Hopkins, were written.

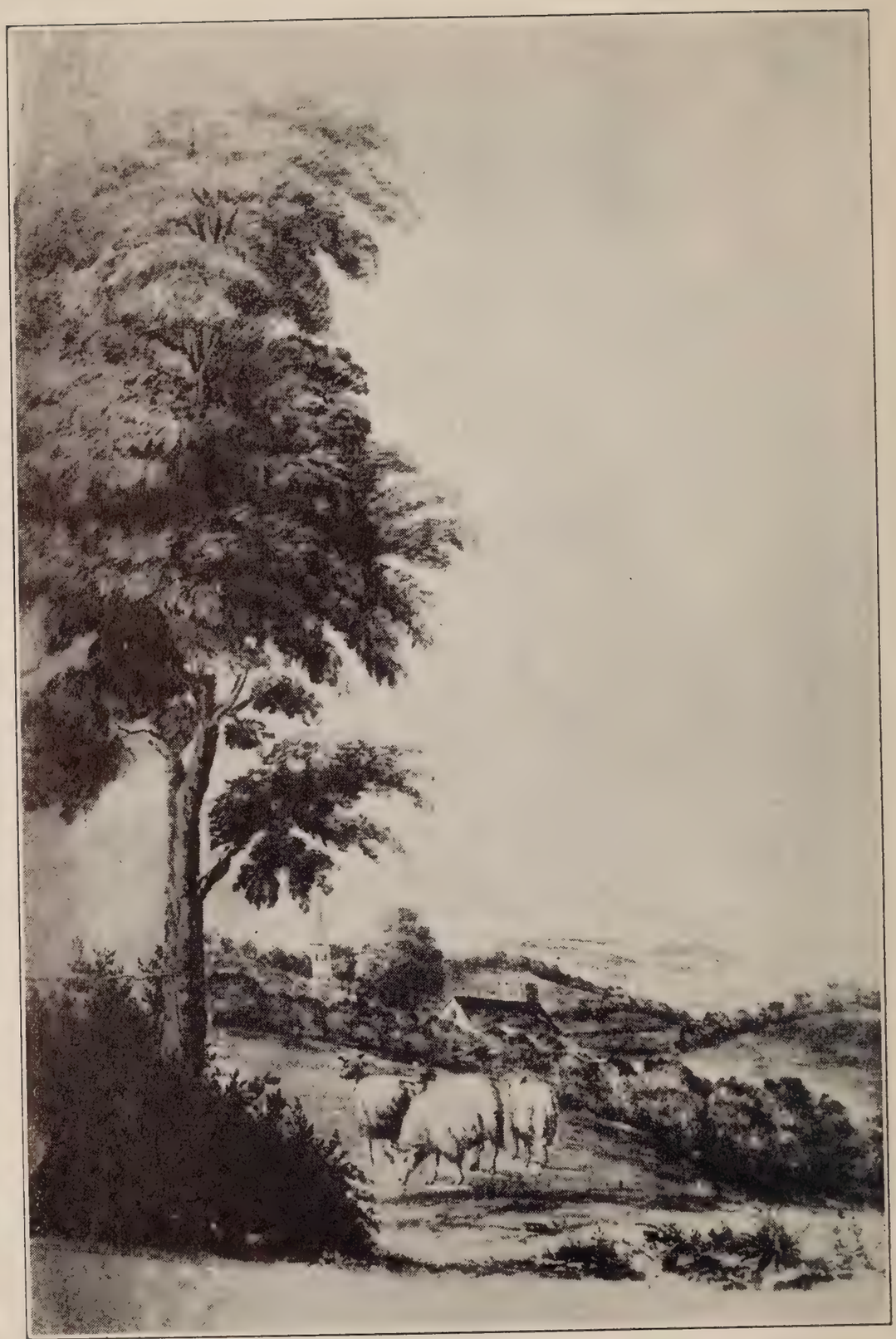
*MARK HOPKINS*, by Dr. Franklin Carter, a pupil of Dr. Hopkins, who followed Dr. Chadbourne as president of Williams College for twenty years, and *LIFE OF PROF. ALBERT HOPKINS*, by the Reverend A. C. Sewall, pastor of the village church in Williamstown for many years, and an intimate associate of Professor Hopkins, give vivid pictures of the later years of the two men. The reader is referred to these biographies to complete the picture in this volume of life and character in New England from 1770 to 1857, the period in which these letters were written.

*Williamstown*, 1929. S. S. H.

# ILLUSTRATIONS


| | FACING PAGE |
|---|---|
| Dr. Mark Hopkins . . . . . | *Frontispiece* |
| Sketch of Stockbridge from Cherry Cottage . . . | 1 |
| "Well here is to Bob! . . . Yes to Bob" . . . . | 132 |
| Albert Hopkins . . . . . | 144 |
| Mark Hopkins . . . . . | 228 |
| Henry Hopkins . . . . . | 320 |
| Cherry Cottage . . . . . | 338 |
| Mary Curtis Hopkins with a Grandchild . . . . | 350 |

# Early Letters
## of
# Mark Hopkins



SKETCH OF STOCKBRIDGE FROM CHERRY COTTAGE

By Henry Hopkins

# EARLY LETTERS OF MARK HOPKINS

## PART I

The three Hopkins brothers were born on a farm near Stockbridge, Massachusetts—Mark, the eldest, on February 4th, 1802. He was named for his paternal grandfather who was a colonel in the Revolutionary army. His mother wrote on the margin of her Farmers Almanac one day in the spring of 1803: "Mark walked to-day." Henry, always called Harry, came two years later, and in the third year following Albert was born.

The windows of the farm house looked out under poplar trees and one "big maple" to "the plain." Harry drew a picture of the view from his window in charcoal on the wall of his tiny room, showing Monument Mountain in the distance, with the delicate spire of the village church and sheep in a meadow in the foreground. The drawing is still there in Cherry Cottage—the little house and its old name having been preserved through the kind appreciation of its present owners.

The letters in this volume were found yellowed and creased, the lines often so close together as to be almost unreadable. Frequently two or three letters were on one large sheet and the whole was folded to form an envelope, space having been left for the outside address, and the little package fastened together with a small round red wafer. In the writing desk-box belonging to Mark's mother was a special place for wafers, while near at hand stood the sand box with perforated top, the sand used to dry the ink which remains wonderfully black even to this day. There were no stamps then; the postmaster wrote the amount of the postage near

the address and apparently it was paid at either end of the letter's journey.

A few letters written in the eighteenth century before their parents' marriage may make the picture of the period clearer. The earliest letter, dated January 1770, is from the boys' Uncle Daniel to their father. This was only three years before the "Boston Tea Party" and the revolutionary state of the country may account for its pessimistic tone. An extract reads: "Great noise about Liberty, but little done to effect it. This is a mistaken world, a crooked and perverse generation. No great good is like to come out of all these things, not to us however." The next is from Sewall Hopkins, an older brother of Archibald, the boys' father. An extract follows:

Stockbridge July 13th 1786

Dr. Brother

I congratulate with you that you have gotten a minister ordain'd at Gt. Barrington a place which has been so long destitute of preaching. Wednesday last was the first time I have heard that they expected to attempt to ordain him: I suppose last evening was spent in jovial mirth with frequent sups *Veteris Bacchi.* If I had known they would have ordaind King I should have been fond of riding down & attending it.

Love to the Family from me—receive this only as a token of remembrance

From yours

Sewall Hopkins

Anyone knowing Clinton, N. Y., and Hamilton College, or that region will be interested in this, also from Sewall Hopkins:

Clinton Septr: 23rd 1789

Dear Brother

Although the distance appears so great when meditating upon it at Home, yet when once set out you may soon ride it. We have frequent opportunities I find to send home, as this is the 2nd within 3 days. The Orisca creek is some larger

than the green river, has plenty of trout, tis very flat for the most part & is surrounded with out intervail, where the land is proper for meadow, or plowing, the Butnut trees grow very large & tall, from 1 to 2 feet through, & 70, 80, or more feet high; the lots lying upon the creek are mostly taken up, excepting Mr Kirtlands land, which he is constantly applied to for but refuses to sell it until it is loted out. There is a farm of 247 acres which one Blotchet has taken up without liberty & is not able it is thought to buy it, probably it will be for sale soon, the improvements are considerable upon it, perhaps 40 acres called one of the best farms in the place, lies upon ye creek, is near by where it is thought the centre of ye town will come. The Gentleman who owns it resides at N York; Mr: Kirtland thinks it will go as high as three dollars pr. acre, which will be 222 pounds 6/. a very large farm, wish you was here to see it; in a short time with prosperity & industry you might be independant of yr: neighbors. Mr Kirtland is making preparation for moveing his family here, which I think he will do soon. The people are industrious & good looking men, highly encouraged about living. They come from Vermont 200 miles distant after land, good smart looking men. Mr Bristol says the Cores are not for driving those who are industrious & disposed to pay them when they can conveniently; but are said to be clever forbearing people; they wish the country might be settled with people from ye New England States. This land was granted to them in 1768 their title is indisputable I think—Give love to Mamma tell her I'm well, wish to hear from you all. don't fail of writing by ye bearer of this Mr Kellogg.

yrs. affectionately

Mr A Hopkins — Sewall Hopkins

And this, written the next year:

Clinton June 28th 1790

Dear Brother

The Saturday after you went from here I went over to Whilms-Town partly to make enquiry for my Mare & to see

the Militia. His Excellency the Governor [1] & several other Gentlemen were present together—with Captn: Brant & Captn: Hendrick two Chiefs of the Mohawk nation. Brant commanded the last, was down the Mohawk River, had about 300 men & did much mischief to the Dutchmen—He looks like a good natured fellow. I had the Honor to be introduced to his excellency & Brant—The latter is supposed to be the wisest in the nation, I think him to be a very sensible polite fellow, his dress was very ordinary, nothing military in it.[2]

All were surprised to see such a body of men as there was upon the parade—Capn: Tuttle (who is our Captn) had 270 in his company. Captn: White 238 inclusive of the Ft. Standing (?) company who belong there & has about 50 in it besides between 1 & 2 hundred spectators. It is supposed there are 600 or upwards in the Regiment which is now set off from the Flatts. They are made into 7 or 8 companies & you might suppose they are making officers very plenty as is the case, & I fancy not the best timber neither.

I am yr. affectionate Brother

Sewall Hopkins

Then we find one from Electa Sargeant Hopkins, the boys' grandmother, to her son John. She was the daughter of John Sargeant, missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, and was the first white child born there. Her mother was Abigail Williams, a half-sister of Ephraim, the founder of Williams College.

Paris N. Y. october 23d 1797

My Dear Son

You will I suppose before this be apprised of my very fortunate Journey and safly arriving at this Place. Mr. Kirt-

[1] Governor Clinton, the first governor of New York State.

[2] "Capt. Brant spent his declining years translating the New Testament into the Mohawk language." Quoted from *The Story of the Red Man,* by Flora Seymour, 1929.

land, whom I unexpectedly met with at Pitsfield, was very Polite in his attentions to me Thr. the Journey—your Unkle Sergeant did not arrive at this Place till the next weak Saterday—if they had not had a cover to there wagon I think they must almost have perished. Betsey has Dated her letter to her sister from the land of mire Country of mud and Villag of Rain. It was a most fortunate Scircumstance to me that I did not make one of the fatiged Sorrowfull Company. This Country is Disagreable on Several accounts. For the first fourteen Days after I Came there was but one fair day, the rest were Dark and gloomy, the clouds incesantly overspread the Horison and rain was the expectation of every Day—Traveling is excessive bad, bridges are Dangerous there is hear and there a house. Some very Decent ones but nobody stiring. One Day I never Saw the appearance of a humane being only in our own Doors. Want of cash is a general complaint here, nobody Seems to have any but Innkeepers who Take it as one may say by Shovels full. The Stages are full of People. they offer just what they Please for entertainment and you must Pay them—your Brother owes Still one hundred and fifty Pounds for his farm which is to be Paid December next but he knows not whear to get it. It is a very healthy time, his Cheif Practice is Pulling Teeth, a fine Income I tell him. He has a very Pritty little house, the lower Part is finished & Painted the wholl is glassed. He is every day Doing something round it to make it more comfortable, Indeed if he Should Stay here it would take his wholl life to get every comfort and conveenance. His chimneys are built wholly of brick, for there is no fine stone in this country nor none Proper for underpining—he is Just having his cellar wall done over the Second Time, it made a frightfull appearance when I came here, is now a very Dirty Place—a greater Difficulty than any I have yet mentioned attends this country which is the badness of the water which occations Swell'd necks. There appears to be Numbers of children affected with this Melancholly Disorder, more of late than has ever bin observed before. There is not far from

here a wholl family afflicted with them—There appearance is very Simalar to Mrs. Woodbridges little Nephue. Some have Serious thoughts of moveing out of the country. Mr. Norton was Saying last evening, Should his little Son have Such about him, he Should Send him out of the country—there is a certain Mr. Cox in his History of Swiserland makes mention of this Same Scroflus appearance in the neck, remarks that they are Impeaded in breathing and after a Number of years they turn idiots.

The Same remark is made by a writer in giving an account of Some Parts of South America. They both join in attributing the trouble to the lime quallity in the water. I hope they may find some remidy for this Increasing calamity —Perhaps there may be an opportunity before I can write again, to Send here. If one Should Present, I wish you to Send me the parssel mentioned before I came from home. I Shall doubtless want it. At Present I am undetermined as to the time when I Shall return. Your brother objects against my coming in January, however I must conform myself to Scircumstances—I wish you would let your Sister have a Peace of Some of your cloath wrapers. Tell her I wish to have her make a case (Such as you Put your coat in) to Put my long cloak in, if She Send it up. If I come this winter I cant come without it. I also forgot to mention in her letter to send me a course Pillow case to Put my Things in. I did not bring one along as I supposed—remember me affectionately to your Aunt Sedgwick & the family not forgetting little Kitty & Charles. Tell your Aunt I wish much to hear how her health is. hope She will let me know the first opportunity after. Particular & Proper Sallutations to friends and Inquirers not forgeting your good landlady I am

with best wishes for your Present
& future Prosperity your ever
affectionate Pairent E Hopkins

P S paper is Scarce
I wish you would Deliver
the Inclosed with your own
hand to your Sister

Next is one from Mary Curtis, the boys' Mother, to her brother Jared, written before her marriage to Archibald Hopkins. This will be interesting to all "old-maids."

Stockbridge Sunday evening Apr 14th 1799

My dear brother

Yours of the 9 of march I did not receive untill april the 16 nor did I know that I had a letter at the Office until I found it published in our Star of april 1st. I had no opportunity to send for it until Saturday when I sent on purpose. You are in your letter pleased to treat considerably upon the subject of those ladies who are so happy as to find themselves distinguished by the honorable title of old-maids. I am happy to learn that you do not so scandalously reproach them as some of your sex truly do, whether it is from your better knowledge of their real merit, or from a higher sense of delicacy, I shall not now pretend to determine, yet I think you speak rather diminutively of them, as though you thought them a poor, despicable, & unhappy class of beings, in which respect I shall not perfectly agree with you. It is true, I can not as yet judge from experience, but according to the true dictates of reason, which you will allow to be next to the best of experience, I believe some of them are happy, & some of them are unhappy, & is not that the case with every class of the human species? yet I believe that were every lady of the above denomination this moment to enter the bonds of matrimony their lives in general would not be rendered half so agreeable as thou' they had remained in a state of celibacy. I am sensible that many of your sex appear to think the ladies cannot live happy without them, but, as every lady of sense & discernment must readily perceive that such an opinion can arise from nothing but pride, vanity, & self conceit, it can of consequence afford her no trouble, she may only have occasion to blush at your weakness which she is perhaps in some measure bound to pardon. I can not for my part conceive why that a lady who is by nature really virtuous, & amiable, should not be as really so

without a partner as with, & if she is not naturally so, who would admire her merely for her partners sake? why then are ladies of the single life more to be despised than those of the matrimonial, if she can marry, & will not, is she not the more to be admired, if she would marry, & can not, why is she to be despised, is a Pearl the less valuable because it is disregarded by S W I N E . . . You tell me that you flatter yourself that your dear friend Mr R will have the goodness to spend the next vacation with you, I will congratulate you upon it for I am sure that you can not be content so long to tarry with us whilst absent from him; if you are as truly deserving of his friendship as you seem to imagine he is of yours I am sure you can never desert him even in the most trying hour of adversity; he will truly be a verry welcome guest here, we shall be no less happy in waiting on him than you will be in his company if so be that he can content himself with the homely entertainment of our house. . . . You tell me that your Lucy is very well I am very happy to hear it since her last illness almost proved fatal to us, O, my brother what a scene did those words bring to my view, how painful the reflection; when I did not weep for you, I wept for my distressed Parents for my anxious brother & sisters: time can never erase from my memory the moment when I with painful anxiety flew to the door to meet you, where (as I imagined) I beheld you trembling, poorer than a skeleton, & paler than death; fear would have caused me to shrink from you had not love & affection hurried me to your arms; nor can I ever forget those tears of pitty, of joy, & affection, which on relating the tragical scene you so tenderly mingled with mine. . . .

Your Father will send you a little more of the root of all evil, we find that he is a verry prudent man, he does not think it safe to trust you with but a very little of it at once, lest the deadly nature of it should prove fatal to you. I should now tell you of our ball which we have had in your absence (paper torn) that our cousin Mr D C has since wrote to you so that it will be needless to trouble you with it here. . . .

It is now ten oclock & although I have on my spectacles I can scarce discerne this awkward scribling which now lies before me so a verry good knight. . . . Pray write to me once more before you return. . . . I am my dear brother with more affection than I can now express

MARY CURTIS

I ought to have mentioned the sum of your money which will be four dollars, he would have sent more but as he is under a present necessity of purchasing a number of cows he would not send more than is necessary. If you need any more you must send for it, & he will send it to you.

And this from Jared to his sister Mary:

Williams College December the 20th 1798

Dear Sister. After leaving you, and riding all day in the wind and snow, I arrived here about sunset. I found all my friends well and everything to my satisfaction. I have enjoyed an excellent state of health since I left home, by which means I have been enabled to pursue my studies with assiduity according to your desire, which ever coincides with my own. I called at Mr Allens store, where I found a plenty of all orders and descriptions which any body ever saw or thought of. Those of that kind which you mentioned are very neat, but they appear to me to be small, and that one would not be sufficient. But as I never saw any of the kind before, I confess I am not a fit judge. I do not know but they are as large as any of the kind. You must therefore judge for yourself. . . . The price of each is 4/4 as you expected. You must give me information therefor how to proceed before I return. . . .

Tis night, and darkness doth triumpant reign
Oer all Columbia's land. From northern caves
Old Boreas, stern and cross, sends forth his stores
Of fierce tempestuous winds, which swiftly fly
O'er mountains woods and hills, and sweep along

The plain. Where now I sit, they whistling come
Along, and by their noise they seem to say
That winter still must reign. The powers above
Now from their brumal magazines of snow
Send down their blustering storms both night and day
And change the face which nature long as worn—
See now the water which few weeks ago
In limpid streams flow'd beautifully on,
Congeal'd to solid ice. Thus shall old winter reign
Till all her stores be spent. Then spring shall come
And with her presence gladden every heart . . .
But shall vain man complain, if winter takes
His turn? First let him think tis for his good,
And that kind nature nothing does that's wrong.
When man through summer's spring's and autumns reign
Has ceaseless toil'd, and worn his nature out,
Tis time to rest, and of the fruits partake
Which he by labor gain'd. Down let him sit
By the good fire's side, and read the books
Which suit his fancy best, and most instruct.
If he's not pleased with this, then let him take
What suits him best, his cider, and his cakes,
And apples too, and let him eat and drink
And well enjoy the fruit of all his toils.
When he is tir'd of this, then let him take
His horses neat, and spry, and fix them to
The sleigh. Then with some pretty, handsom fair
in let him get, and gallop o'er the plain.
Round let him go to visit all his friends
And spend the festive eve in social glee.
Home then he comes, and as he rides his time
Flies sweetly on. while he with his fair dame
In converse sweet, talks of each pleasing thing
Which merry fancy to his mind suggests.
Young men and women, friends and neighbors too
In the long winter's eve, together meet
And spend with pleasure each revolving hour

In social converse, or in pleasing plays,
And thus spend life with pleasure and delight.
While thus to you I tell what pleasures pass
In winters dreary reign, I cannot think
But you and I, tho never much abroad
Shall taste in some degree, these pleasing times
If fortune prosperous smiles. When I return,
With you I hope full many a pleasing ride
To have. My greatest pleasure then twill be
On you to wait, and go just where you please.
But not to think too much on what may come
My subject now I leave, and with delight
Subscribe myself your Brother dear, J. C.

From Mary Curtis to her brother Jared:

Stockbridge March 3 1800

Past hope, past help, past cure.

The above was the motto read but a few moments before the fatal destruction of my pinacled Cap, a scene so humorsome that I cannot forbear smiling whilst I think of it, but lest I should look silly smiling alone, I will turn my thoughts upon the subject of your letter, which I am sure will make me appear so serious as would frighten you to see me; the subject I own is of infinite importance & is what I have had particular occasion to consider previous to your letter, for it naturally fell under consideration whilst studying the Hopkintonian principals;[1] you will remember that I had the book presented to me, & had read the introduction before you came home, & spent two or three evenings in studying the principals of it whilst you was at home, told you that I believed the study would be rather dry & disagreeable; I have often been told that the Hopkintonian principals were always by the natural heart rejected, & you well know that I have a stubborn re-

[1] She refers here to the writings of Dr. Samuel Hopkins.

belious heart, ever unwilling to comply with any thing of that nature. I have likewise been told by our best Christians that they are the best principals in the world, & although I am myself in conscience convinced that they truly are so, yet I have no heart to embrace them. Sad situation—but to make the sinners plea, how can I help it? I did not make my own heart nor have I the power of changing it. When I was first presented with the book I thought to read it through but reflecting that there are two large volumes, that it must take me my life time suitably to peruse them, the task appears so endless that I must give it over to some one who has a heart better prepared for it—You will learn from the above that in Mr H. I have not found a Valancourt though I will tell you that in every respect he is a Dupont. I might fill this sheet but it is fast day & I fear that I can not call another subject which would be suitable. It will be needless for me to tell you that I should be happy in receiving another letter from you.

The very same

M C

Do not on any account fail of sending to York by your Williamstown merchants for a book which I have never heard called anything but the Cook book, but it doubtless has some other title. It is about as large as a testament & contains all the rules of cookery, you can easily describe it to them that they may know it, see that it is put in their catalogue before they go; if you have not money to spare I will send it by you when you return.

Tell the merchant it is for your wife that you would purchase the book & there will be no need of further questions. What I have written, I have written but know not the one half of what it is & dare not for my life look it over.

Mary Curtis and Archibald Hopkins were married Oct. 22, 1800.

From Sewall to his brother Archibald:

Paris Augt: 30th 1802

My Dear Brother

I have a chance to send a line to you by the way of Sheffield.—whether you will ever receive it or not I cannot say—I think you gave me some encouragement of a visit next winter & I trust you still are of the same mind, for we shall be very glad to see you, Mrs Hopkins & the Babe—. I had an expeditious return last winter by riding 60 miles the last day. I was about 2½ days on the road. I came from Albany to Cherry valley upon the new turnpike which is I think 15 miles shorter than the Mohawk River Road but the taverns on the turnpike were scarce and poor. I have nothing of importance to communicate to you—My family are in usual health except that Mrs Hopkins has the influenza—That you may participate in the blessings of this life is my ardent wish; but more especially that you may be among that happy number when you come to die who shall be taken into heaven & enjoy the presence of God forever & ever.

I am yours affectionately

S. Hopkins

Mr Archibald Hopkins

The next extract from a letter from Sewall is the only mention we find of the War of 1812.

Paris August 1812

Dear Brother

The war is quite unpopular & I am informd more so to the westward. Numbers of our young men about here have been 3 months & have returnd with joy as soon as their time was out—

You have seen by the papers that Govr: Hull & his army were taken by the british, I am informed they have releasd: all the Militia & sent them home, but Hull & the regular

troops about 600 they are going on with to Quebeck—the accounts here are that Hull gave up with little or no fighting & that the british had cut off his supplies so that the army were almost in a state of starvation—

believe me
yours Sincerely—
S Hopkins

P. S. This must go by mail or not at all as conveyances are scarce—it is hardly worth the postage.

Now "the babe" has grown to a boy of twelve, and we find this letter from his Uncle David Curtis, advising the use of shorthand:

Stockbridge January 5th 1814

Dear Nephew

I am very glad to see your Pa & Ma here this evening with your Brother Albert. I should have been much gratified to see you and Henry here also. I am very much pleased to hear that you & your Brothers make good improvement in the studies in which you are all engaged. I trust that each of you will keep constantly in mind that the cultivation of the mind is of more consequence than any thing else to which you can turn your attention. . . .

I am glad that you have not forgotten short hand writing. It would have pleased me much to have received your letter which your Pa thought he had brought until he had got here. I hope you will take the trouble to write another. I send you enclosed a piece of paper on which this is written in short hand for you to read if you can. You will be able to find out all of it by looking at this copy. Wishing you all peace, happiness & health I subscribe myself your affectionate Uncle.

David Curtis

Mr Mark Hopkins

# PART II

In the spring of the year 1815 Mark was sent to Clinton, N. Y., to live with his uncle Sewall and go to school. From his uncle Sewall to his father:

Clinton 26th March 1815

Dear Brother

I wrote you in the fall respecting one of your boys living with me and I conclude that your letter which miscarried and has not been recd: was upon that subject—Cornelia wrote me that you wish to know what I thot: of Mark's coming—The case with me is this: I have sometimes a man 6 or 8 months and sometimes I am destitute—I have no boy at present—If you think of giving Mark a liberal education, he would be young enough to enter college at the commencement of his 17th year, if I mistake not he must be about 13 now—We have a grammar school and the scholars board about in different families—Those who belong to college live in the college and eat their meals in the hall at the Steward's house except those who live in the neighborhood. They are permitted to board at home and the exercise of walking is beneficial to their health—They pay two dollars and twenty five cents pr: week for their diet inclusive of their washing, lodging, wood and candles—and some contingent charges—10 dollars pr qr: for tuition and room in College. If Mark should come and live with me I think I could board him and fit him to enter college at 17 for the assistance he might render me, and not interfere with his studies provided you clothe him.—After he enters college his time must be almost wholly devoted to his studies except vacations—I should be pleasd to have him come as soon as is convenient and hope you will write me your mind upon the subject as soon as is convenient

—Our family are well—My health is better than it was several years after I had the typhoid fever—

Yours affectionately
S. Hopkins

The following letters are selected from the correspondence between Mark and his family:

May 28 1815

Dear brother Mark

I trust I need not tell you how much I wish to see you for I hope your affection for me has already convinced you of that, and since it seems determined that you should be absent a while it will be nonsense to talk of your return; I hope your health is better than it was last winter, mine is much the same. I began last week to go to School but I fear I shall make but poor proficiency in my studies, and grow up a poor ignorant fellow at last, for I cannot look more than a minute or two before there is such a blurr that I cannot discern one letter from another. You will therefore easily conceive that I cannot write you but a short letter, I must therefore write the faster. Pray tell me if you are contented—if you can afford uncle any assistance—Do you go to school—what do you study—how do you like the Clinton boys—what are your diversions—have you been a fishing—have you yet seen any salmon—which rises first in the morning you or the sun? I think it will be hard for you to break off your old habits of sleeping in the morning whilst the nights are so short but as soon as nights are longer I hope it will be more easy. Should uncle have to call you in the morning to make a fire, it would be as if he should go on foot three miles to get a horse to ride one mile, to see his patient—but as I suppose you rise much sooner than I do—I will say no more on the subject. I suppose you would like to hear a little about catching pickerel—when the evenings are calm there is generally as many as six or eight torches about the coves and twenty or thirty persons. The pickerel seem to have gone from the shore into

deeper water so that those who can get canoes and skiffs have better success than those on shore. Some are caught with snares but most of them with spears; some get one, some two or three, and some more yet.
Sometimes we have very good success.

Your brother
HARRY

June 16 1815

Dear Father and Mother

If I should see you I should have a great many things to tell you and I promised a longer letter this time but as you know, I never know what to write, I dont know as I shall make it out—But I must give you some particulars of our journey. The first night we got to Albany very late and lodged at a place where Mr. Barnum kept the bar. I took several pleasant walks, liked the place very much. We had a very fine day thursday. Staid at a very bad tavern that night—The next night got to Herkimer about nine o'clock—Eat breakfast at Mr. Seymours—It rained very hard so that we got only to New Hartford that day. Staid over Sabbath at Mr. C. and went to see the cotton factory. Thought it a very great curiosity but we did not see it go. Mr. Curtis was going to Clinton and brought us here where I am yet—quite contented. I go to school yet and study the same. I get a lesson in geography in the A M and parse in the P M but it does not take me but a very short time to get a parsing lesson so that there is some time that I hardly know what to do with. I am not in want of anything at present—I am quite surprised to hear that you some expect to have a college at Stockbridge—We have not a very good school house and the price for tuition per yr is five dollars. Morning and night I do chores and work in the garden. I stay at home sometimes. All in good health here. I have got over my cold, but I cant think of any thing more.

I am your most affectionate
Son MARK HOPKINS

June 16 1815

Dear brother Harry and Albert

I wish to see you very much you may well suppose—Do you wish to know how I like the Clinton Boys, why very well—Which rose first myself or the sun commonly a little, what my diversions are when I go to school, you know I play ball some &c. I staid at home yesterday to plant some pumpkin seeds and the squirrils dig up the corn very much, so I took the gun and shot a very large grey squirril which is the first that I have killed. I had to snap a great many times before it would go. I have shot at one woodchuck and missed him—I have been a fishing some but you know I always have poor luck—I am very sorry to hear you are so unwell you cannot go spearing—I have not seen any salmon yet—I have been to Brotherton where the Indians live. I went on horse back. The road was bad and the horse ran away with me but he did not throw me off or hurt me—The old cat has got two black kittens two days old. I suppose your kittens are large enough to play pretty smart—Pray tell me is Tite as fat as ever? Does he catch any squirrils yet?—Ann has got two tame rabbits black and white, very handsome.—Tell Albert I have used a quarter of a dollar of his. I have his pocket book. I expect it would go safe by Cousin Abbey C but I shall not send it as he desired me to keep it—Tell me how many chickens you have got. if you have any more calves yet. I have nothing more to tell you except as I suppose you go to school some you must give my love to Uncle David. I dont know but I shall write him a letter.

I am your most affectionate
Brother Mark Hopkins

(Aged 13.)

Stockbridge July 1 1815

Saturday morn 10 oclock—

My dear son Mark—

Yours dated June 8 I received within 8 days from the date and was very happy to hear that you was not only in good

health but well pleased with your situation. I am likewise very glad to hear that your uncle's family are so comfortably through with the measles. I hope by this time little Ann is quite well, she is a sweet child. I desire you may not only love her much but all the rest of your cousins there. Be very kind to your Cousin Mark for as he has no brother will naturally be much with you. Be to him therefore all that could be expected or desired from a brother, and by no means forget at all times to treat your Uncle and Aunt with the greatest deference and respect. Whatever you do for them be sure to do in a way and manner as shall be most pleasing to them remembering their will must be entirely yours and ever most gratefully accept from them all instruction and admonition . . .

You have doubtless heard that there is talk of having a college here but it can not be known till after commencement . . .

You say the afternoon is more than sufficient to get a parsing lesson. I would ask if you may not have an additional lesson, if not whether it would not be well to attend the remainder of the day to writing or arithmetic. But I would by no means dictate. Consult your uncle or instructor. But this I may safely tell you that time is exceedingly precious and there is not a moment to lose and I think it would be well for you not to forget the following lines.

"Let not soft slumbers close your eyes
Before you've recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet chose out the way?
What have I learnt where e'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?

These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God."

"Seize upon truth wherere tis found,
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,
On christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine where e're it grows:
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose."

Remember your prayers—read your Bible and go to church. You see I begin to crowd my lines as is common before I finish a letter. Your father sometimes accuses me of writing long letters, but I hope you will not be tired with them. If they are too long to read at once postpone a part till another opportunity—It was intended you should receive with this letter a little of the root of all evil but as very little of it grows in this part of the town it perhaps may be difficult finding it, but as you have been in a habit of using but little of it, you will perhaps not suffer the inconvenience of doing without it which you otherwise might do. Should I not have an immediate opportunity of sending this I shall forward it by the mail. I shall pay the postage but you must not pay yours as I shall do it with pleasure. Write soon if you please—your affectionate mother

Mary C. Hopkins

Dear Brother Mark

I have been reading Mama's letter and find she has gone through with the ceremony of health, love, compliments, &c, I shall therefore begin abruptly by answering your request which was that I would inform you how business goes on at home, which gives me a happy opportunity of telling you that your absence renders it necessary that much of the management of business should fall to the agency of one particularly capable, and although my health has been much impaired yet I rejoice to find that my uncommon abilities quite makes up the deficiency of health as far

as it respects business. For a good calculator will really perform more with little labor, than one who labors hard without calculation; do not think I am boasting for you know that one of my good sense would disdain every thing of that nature. I know too it is an old proverb that a wise head keeps a close mouth but I see no reason why a boy of my understanding may not write the truth and the whole truth. I shall therefore tell you that I think that business is much more forward than I have hitherto known it at this season; my crops upon the ground more forward than usual, and business so far finished as renders it hard to know what to do first. There is no spring grain within my view that appears so well as mine. Wheat, barley, oats, pease, flax, all flourishing, and my corn of a beautiful colour some what resembling that which the ancient poets called cowslips—The orchard is walled, and adjoining the wall thereof southward, round about the garden to the great gate eastward, is a stately fence—The garden flourishes, and sends forth a delicious flavour;—the timber drawn home for the cidermill—debts paid—a hundred dollars subscribed for the college &c &c, and if you can tell more that you have done I shall be very glad to hear it—No more about Pickerel. The coves are dry, and they have fled in to the deep water and we give ourselves no trouble about them. I wish I could have seen you riding to Brothertown—I shall be ever happy to receive a letter from you.

Your affectionate brother

HARRY HOPKINS

(Aged 11 years.)

Dear brother; I am very glad you have not forgotten me and it is with much pleasure that I often think of you, and wish to see you. Our first school is out and I again received the premium which for our class was a quarter of dollar. I wish I had my pocketbook to put it in as you know my purse is small.—Tite is not so fat as when you went away and not a whit more active—Dilly is quite lame, you know she is sub-

ject to lameness. Pruling and her kits grew so saucy and intruding that we thought best to give them away. They are now at Mr. T. Griswold's on the plain where I hope they will learn better manners—We have had a little rabbit living in our garden but it was so wild we could not catch it, and it is now gone we know not where. I would go as much as three or four miles to see little cousin Ann's spotted rabbits and little black kittens. Pray give my love to her and tell her that I wish her to keep them until I make her a visit that I may see them. Love to Cousin Mark—Your loving brother

ALBERT HOPKINS

I like to have forgotten to tell you that
I have a fine little pair of calves which I
expect to yoke together next winter.

(Aged 8.)

Stockbridge August 21th—1815

Monday morn

My dear son Mark—

I am extremely happy to find that you are disposed to submit to whatever your Parents shall judge fit and proper for you, but it is no more than I might have expected from a child who has ever been as affectionate Dutiful as you have at all times been. I am not sorry to hear you say that you would be glad to see us, for every good child will be glad to see his Parents and connections when consistent, but am glad you are not over anxious about it, yet I trust if you are to tarry there any time you would not yourself think best to visit us so soon, as the journey would be very expensive and beside I can not think it would be convenient for your uncle to spare you in his absence for I think there must be much which you can do for your aunt's comfort whilst he is gone, especially as she is out of health and destitute of proper help. Be sure therefore to afford her all possible assistance and should it be necessary to leave your school do it with pleasure, remembering you can never do too much for

your uncle and aunt who are so very good to you and especially should you be unkind or disrespectful at such a time you must be forever deemed unpardonable. Likewise be very kind to your cousins as I have before observed to you, all of which I flatter myself may be expected from you, notwithstanding I trust you will gratefully accept caution not to err in things of so much importance, for to do your duty in everything will afford you that sweet reflection which will daily reward you for your labor and be to you a source of joy when all other comforts flee away—

Your affectionate mother
Mary C. Hopkins

P S

Cousin Cornelia desires her love to all the family and would inform her Parents that she thinks it will be as impossible to obtain help here as in Clinton

Clinton Aug. 29th 1815

Dear Mother

I received yours dated July 21 about the middle of this month. It was left at the tavern in the village. The other dated the 14th I received soon after it was written—You desired me to send you an account of my expenses—My expenses on the road were 2$. Had one pair of shoes tapped cost 50 cents, one pair made—Uncle paid for the shoes. I study the same—as I have not been to school this some time. School did not begin until a fortnight after I came. I staid at home 1 week planting, 1 week hoeing, 7 weeks haying—Uncle is going to Utica thursday thence he will proceed to Stockbridge. I expect to carry him there—Utica. I am quite glad to hear business goes on so well at home—I hope you will have a college—Slept in the barn last night. Uncle has two boarders about my size. We have got through haying and I expect to go to school some time now—My instructor says that if I ever go to college it will be necessary for me to begin latin immediately of which it will be necessary to know on account of books—The longest journey I

have made since I have been here was to Madison 12 miles. Saw a fine country but bad road—The stockings which you spoke about my sending home will answer very well for me—I shall expect a long letter from you when Uncle comes back.

Your affectionate Son
Mark Hopkins

From his uncle David Curtis:

Stockbridge Sept 9th 1815

My Dear Friend

It is, my dear Friend, a great pleasure to me, to learn that you are contented with your situation. If discontented, you could neither receive any real enjoyment, or reap advantage from your studies. Without contentment all things wear a melancholy aspect & everything is unsatisfying.

I yesterday attended the funeral of Brother Elijah's youngest child—about 17 months old. It was indeed an affecting scene. Youth, my Dear Friend, is no security against Death. Every instance of mortality speaks to us with solemn emphasis. "Be ye also ready." Life is uncertain, Death is certain. "Therefore do I weep because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God!" Ought we not then to improve every moment as though it were our last, "when on each fleeting moment hangs suspended everlasting things."

You are now placed in a situation in life in which you need a real Friend—one who can act the part of an adviser. Such an one as I have mentioned I presume is your Uncle with whom you live. Go then in all cases when you need advice and ask it of him. He will freely and gladly give you that advice which you need. But I must take the liberty of offering a few words to you myself.—You must avoid all vicious company. You must avoid all vicious habits. Flee from those who would corrupt you as you would flee from a pestilence. Avoid all wrangling—avoid all obscene language & all prophanity. Never express any pleasure at them or

countenance them in any way whatever. Avoid them as you would the plague.—Be honest in all cases. Never cheat or take undue advantage of any one. Never sport with other's infirmities. In a word avoid every appearance of evil. On the other hand cleave to that which is good. Always Reverence Religion and never trifle with serious things. Treat with politeness Superiors, inferiors and equals. Wherever you are, observe the actions of men, you may almost always find something with which to improve your mind. Observe the conduct of well bred men and you may thereby improve your own manners. Be careful that you do nothing which may injure your reputation or stain your character. Give your self much to reading and the improvement of your mind. Let the books which you read be chosen with care that they may be beneficial to you.

Harry & Albert have not attended the Subscription School which has continued about three months. They attended the school while kept upon the town money but Harry was very little benefitted by it, as his eyes were so weak that he could study but little. His eyes are now about well. Harry has been bee hunting with his Grand Pa and assisted in finding one bee tree. He was much pleased about it I assure you.

It has been supposed that the College at Williams Town would be removed into some other Town. This was expressed by the Trustees who considered that it would be much to the advantage of that Institution. Great exertions have been made by a number of Towns in obtaining subscriptions, as it was determined that it could be removed into no Town which had not raised for the benefit of the institution not less than fourteen thousand dollars. There has been but little short of thirteen thousand actually subscribed in Stockbridge and the fourteen thousand was pledged. But after all this trouble & hustle it is decided that there shall be no removal at present. But there must always be something to ferment the minds of the People. There is to be a large Store put up this fall between the Stores of Elisha Brown & Co & your Uncle J. Hopkins's, (formerly L. Plumbs

Store.) This Store is to be put up by the combined forces of the Democratic party upon the sole and avowed principle of destroying the interests of the Federalists. How malicious and corrupt, must be the feelings of those who will thus sacrifize their own interests, solely to destroy the interests of others. It is even at the *private* interests of the Federalists that they aim. But how will this destroy the Federal party? I could not believe this to be the case were not such sentiments openly avowed. Upon what a tottering foundation then, does such a cause rest which requires such measures to support it. But it must have its course. It must unavoidably make the inhabitants of the Town very unhappy.—

The best wishes for your welfare please to accept from your affectionate Uncle

David Curtis

Mr Mark Hopkins (aged 13 yrs)

Extracts and whole letters follow:

Sept. 11th 1815

Tuesday eve. nine oclock—

Dear Mark

You will perceive by the time of night that I have not much time to write. I have been so busy in preparing your clothes that I could not write previous to this & I hope you will not be ungrateful for what you receive from your Parents, good conduct at all times & a grateful heart my son will ever fully compensate for all which we can do for you—we have had quite too short a visit from your Uncle but a very pleasant one. I can not but congratulate you beforehand on meeting your Cousin Cornelia though we are very sorry to part with her. Her society will doubtless be very pleasant to you yet I would have you remember that you are somewhat the younger. It will therefore at all times become you not only to treat her with much kindness but with respect; when speaking to her I think it would better become you to say Cousin Cornelia than to call her by her

christian name unless otherwise instructed by the family. Perhaps it might be more propper to speak to all your cousins in that way but just as they approve—I hope you have not forgotten the many tooth lectures which you used to have from your Mother. Harry is taking a special care of his teeth & says when he & you shall meet again it will be easy to determine who has been the most obedient—Harry & Albert send their love to you. Harry begs you would accept from him a pocketbook and a gimblet which he has made out of an old rusty nail. Albert is much pleased with his pocketbook & desires you would accept from him a pen knife—I wish you to put by the narrow suspenders which you wore away & wear those which I shall send you—

your affectionate Mother

Mary Hopkins

Whenever you write never forget to acknowledge receipt of your letters & the particular date

Stockbridge Sept 11th 1815

My dear son Mark

I am glad to hear by your uncle that your health is better than it was when you left home, and to hear further that you have been a very good boy. You wish to know what course to take in your future studies and whether you are eventually to go to Collidge. We have been consulting on that subject and have concluded that you had better begin to study Latin and such other studies as your instructor shall think proper for a beginer though I would not have you neglect writeing & Arithmetick. Your uncle will supply you with books he says you will want only two at present. Whether I shall be able to carry you through will depend on my circumstances. It will be soon enough for you to enter coledge when you are 17 years ould, that is a long time yet and if you improve what time you have you may be well fitted to enter by that time. We have concluded to have you stay one year or more longer before you come home, though that will be a long while. We want to see you now but if you are

contented, I think you had better stay one year more at least, but if you should wish to come home sooner you must let your uncle know it. He will write to me and I will contrive to get you home by the stage or some other way— I am sorry you had the misfortune to loose your shoes but dont mind that you shall have more.

Your uncle Elijah lost his youngest child the week past, a little girl about 16 months ould it dy'd of the dysentary. We ought all of us to be prepar'd for death—and now my dear son I must bid you fare well, you must continue to be a good boy and I hope you will make a great Man. From your affectionate Father

Archibald Hopkins

September 29 1815

Dear Father

Sir, it is with pleasure I inform you that Uncle arrived with Cousin Cornelia the Saturday after he left Stockbridge, in good health, together with the kind letter and other things which you were pleased to send me for which if gratitude and good conduct be the only recompense I am to make I hope mere tekel will not be ascribed to me—Nathaniel will start soon for home by whom I shall send this—I have begun to study Latin but it will take me a long time to get fitted for college for if I stay here I shall probably have to stay from school one third of the time—or more—Uncle says that he does not know whether the money papa gave him was five or six dollars—My latin grammar cost 81 cents and my hat 3 and ½ dollars. I have yet a pair of boots to get and some clothes to be made. It is a very rainy country here. We had quite a flood while Uncle was gone.

October 15 1815

Sunday Evening

The vacation will be about a fortnight and then if I study latin I shall be obliged to have a latin dictionary which will

cost about 4 and ½ dollars and two other small books which will cost about 1 and ¼. If I go to college I do not see but I must stay here until I get through, although I had much rather live at home. If I stay here until next spring I shall want a Virgil which I know you have and I believe that you have a latin dictionary which I wish you would send me within three weeks if possible . . .

October 30—1815 Monday

Dear Father

I went on Saturday about 4 miles after some brick. When I had got into the Village the wagon broke down. I had the brick to unload which took me till quite late so that I did not get home before pitch dark and this morning I was gone after the wagon—I wish you would write to me as soon as is convenient because school will begin in two days and then I shall need a latin dictionary, latin primer and viaroma, a small book—My expenses have been as follows Hat D3 C50 —to the Taylors D2 C3—Grammar C81—Trimmings—C28 Boots yet to be made—Aunt says that the linnen will all frit out from the cotton and linnen shirts which you sent me and that she shall have flannel enough to make me some flannel ones and that she had rather I would have them on account of washing if you have no objection. Give my love to all my friends if you please

Your affectionate Son
Mark Hopkins

Stockbridge, Nov. 9th 1815

Pray Dear brother Mark, how is it with thee,
Have you yet learn'd of latin your A. B. C.
Should you well succeed, then I'll undertake
And see what proficiency genius will make.
You know that by nature my talents are great,
I fancy I yet shall have favor and state,

For search the world o'er, and be sure 'twill prove true
That boys like myself you will find but a few:
Your pardon Dear Mark, for well might a Divine
Write after this sort, if his gifts were like mine

As we are now prepared for winter I expect I shall soon commence going to school and although for a year and a half I have been to school but a few days I shall not be at all surprised in a short time to find myself at the head of the school. My eyes are now quite as weak or more so than they were last winter & I fear will never be any better but will try to comfort my self in thinking how much less is my misfortune than if I were afflicted with a weak head—As I sat musing on your disappointment in not seeing your Uncles and the cause of it I could not help but think that the life and adventures of Mark Hopkins written by himself would be highly interesting to his family and perhaps somewhat so to the public. There would be the wonderful story of the Horse race at Brothertown your adventures through the Oriskee crick & your astonising escape from it with the loss of your new soled shoe and the breaking down of your Waggon in the Village and many other things of which you doubtless could write that I know not of but of which we will talk when we see each other again . . .

I have been two or three times Chesnuting and had quite good success so that I shall send you & my cousins a few quarts if I can possibly get an opportunity—your affectionate brother HARRY HOPKINS

(11 years old)

Stockbridge Jan. 13—1816

Dear brother

Our Uncle Woodbridge of late sent to London for a gold watch which cost a hundred and sixty five $ but last week went to Lenox Court and lost it which truly is a misfortune but the maner in which I am informed it was lost is quite laughable. I am told that he went out-back laid his

watch on the seat went into the house and forgot it, but as soon as he missed it went immediately in search of it but it was gone, and he has not heard a syllable from it since and it is feared he never will . . . Our dear orphan Cousins are all well—I hope to see you next spring.

your affectionate brother
HARRY HOPKINS

Dear brother I now go to school, am plased in the first class & stand at the head at least half of the time—at school I read spell—at home in the evening I write & cipher, beside I am now dressed in my new suit trimmed with uniform buttons. On my coat I have thirty or forty buttons which make a most brilliant appearance so that I am daily strutting about in great style. I hope I shall see you next spring. I wish I could send you & my Cousin Cornelia some chesnuts, your affectionate brother ALBERT HOPKINS

(Nine yrs old)

Dear Mark next thursday I expect I shall have to march into the parlour and be placed against the great blue post with a knife over my head as you would have to do the fourth of next February was you here. HARRY H

April 1st 1816

Dear Brother Albert I am much obliged to you for the Letter which you wrote—I wish I knew whether you wrote it yourself—I hear that you have met with a very bad misfortun lately in putting your elbow out of joint but I hope that you will bear it like a man. I hope I shall see you soon. . . .

good bye . . .

Your affectionate

MARK HOPKINS

To day I finished the
Latin Grammar & set a trap
& caught a skunk.

| | |
|---|---|
| Napt hat | $ 3.50 |
| 2 Pair of shoes | 4.12 |
| Pair of Boots | 5.— |
| Tapping Do | –.50 |
| Making coat, vest & pantaloons | 2.50 |
| Cash for Books | 1.63 |
| For tuition | 13.— |
| | 30.25 |
| Cr By $5. last fall— | 5. |
| | 25.25 |

From Sewall Hopkins to Mark's father:

Ap: 14. 1816 Dear Brother—to economise & save postage I have obtained leave to fill Marks blank space. You have said nothing in your letter respecting Marks going home this spring he is not anxious about it—enjoys very good health,—I have consulted Professor Norton about Scholars entering College & he advises to enter about the age of 17—If Mark continues with me he might be well prepard without being constantly at school. He would be able to pay for his board by keeping him out of school part of the time to assist me but there are other charges as Books, Wood, tuition & House rent—I feel desirous that he may have a liberal education & doubt not but he will shine as a scholar, he has quick parts & his Preceptors speak of him as more than ordinary in Lattin—As the expense of his going home & return cannot be less than 20$ I advise him not to go at present but he will do as you say & he wishes for you to write immediately—My love to all Friends & love to Mrs H—your Brother S. H.

Clinton April 29 1816

Dear Brother

I recd. your letter last evening of Apl: 4th. I am glad to hear that Albert has nearly recovered his health & limb again. I make no doubt that much pain and many badly set joints may be avoided by being set by skilful and experienced bone setters & if a dislocated joint is put in its place the pain & swelling very soon subsides—The inteligence Mark has recd: by your letter seems rather to cast a gloom upon his countenance he has doubtless flattered himself that he should have a liberal education—and indeed I think such geniuses as Mark ought to have their minds cultivated, and I cannot but think that it is best for you to reconsider your determination respecting him; it is my belief that a liberal education is the best portion you can give him; this will fit him to be useful in any station in life and will place him in a situation to make a better use of his talents than he possibly could otherwise, for if I judge right respecting him, he would from his present habits & genius leave college with the first honors of his class; and the expansion that science gives to the mind of industrious young men of good habits places them in a situation to be not only more useful to Mankind but to go through life with far more intellectual enjoyment than they could if they have never recd. those advantages—As to the expense I think in the ordinary course of things you might meet it without injury to your family: Should I live to be where I now am, I could board him when in College 3 or 4 shillings pr: week less than they are charged at the Stewards house. One term of 13 Weeks in the year is vacation during which time he might earn enough I think to supply him with wood, candles and Books & if you can furnish him with—$120 pr year after he enters College & his Clothes & travailing expenses, (if he should go home) it would I believe cover every expense you would be at if the times are as they are at present—If you should find yourself likely to be straightened for money after he enters College, had you not better part with some of your landed property & charge Mark with the expense of his education as so much

towards his portion; it will be better for him to make his way in the world than so much cash given him without it—George Bristoll who graduated last fall is instructing our grammar school @ 3 or 400$ pr: year. Our tutors in College get 750 & Board.

Yr: Affectionate Brother

S. Hopkins

April 29

Dear Father and Mother

Uncle has been so kind as to let me read his letter and I find that he has said about all that can be said upon the subject of my going through College—I had much rather have a liberal Education and nothing else than to have considerable more money than to carry me through—but if you want my help I know that I owe a very great debt and am willing to pay what I can—you know better than I concerning these things. I wish therefore that you sir, would send me your determination and whatever it may be I shall be content.

your affectionate Son

Mark Hopkins

Aunt sends her Love

I wish Sir that you would send me a Virgil by Mr Shepard if I stay.

Sunday Eve. Dec 31 1816

Dear Father

It is a long time since I have heard from you I have no particular thing to write but I wish very much to hear from you—I now stay at home and study and I will give you an account how I spend my time—I rise in the morning recite and do my chores which take me till ten o clock. I then begin to study in the midst of a very great confusion and study till noon—then do my chores—begin to study again at

two with as much confusion as before, and study till four—and in the evening have a very good time to study so that you may easily perceive that I make but poor proficiency—I hope you will write soon . . .

MARK HOPKINS

The next few letters written in 1818 depict the hardships of pioneering to "the Westward." They are written from the "Connecticut Western Reserve," near Cleveland—the name of the town was not then decided upon—and are from Alva Curtis, a brother of Mary Curtis Hopkins, and his wife and little daughter.

Febuary 3 1818—No C 16 range

Dear friends. You have I presume before this heard of the great trials brought upon us in this wilderness—We received your friendly letter Jan-27—Mr Curtis had gone to Cleveland to see about his goods which arrived there safe. I was alone in my little house with my 2 children which are yet left us, reflecting upon the sufferings and death of my once beloved child untill my heart was almost broke. I threw myself upon my bed and watered my pillow with tears, when I heard a strangers voice at the door talking with Mr Bradly which made me start from my pillow (for here we almost start at the sound of our own) Mr. B soon brought me in a letter from you and Brother David which seemed like a cordial to my wounded heart.

We had a bad road from Dover to this place—our teames almost worn out and our-selves much fatigued. I think Calista got her sickness the last day of our journey. She seemed quite unwell—although we had not more than 12 miles to travel we did not reach Brother Charles'es that night, but was obliged to stop 3 miles short—night came on and caught us in the woods 3 miles from any house—We had not found any place inhabited since 10 o Clock in the morning, had not warmed us neither had we any refreshment for ourselves or cattle—We had to leave one waggon in the

woods. Pamela and myself had to wade through the mire a mile and a half feeling the way and holding up by the bushes, about 7 o Clock arrived at a poor log hut very muddy and wet, but found people kind enough to keep us. Next morning Calista was quite unwell and complained of a hard headach. Mr. Curtis thought it best to go to Brother Cs and then try to get in with some family nearer the place he intended to take. We accordingly went and Mr. Curtis and Brothers went out to look. They were gone 2 days—Brother Solomons family and ours being all of us in Charles'es little room.

We should have done well enough had we all been well. I had medicine with me and so had Sister, with directions how to use them from Doc. Collins. We did what we thought most proper, but I felt very uneasy before your Brother returned. Next morning after he returned he concluded to go back 1 mile and see if he could not hire a little shop belonging to an old gentleman which almost joined his house. It was small and dark having no window but a good chimney and tolerably warm. We accordingly went there the same day in hopes that with a room by ourselves and good attention to Calista, health and happiness would soon be restored to our family. We had not had time to make a seat or any kind of a table. Your Brother went into the woods and cut some poles, made some frames to keep our beds from the floor which did very well. We had nothing for a table for a few days but an old chair which stood in the room, when Mr C fixed a board on which we could put our bread and cheese. I spread a cloth in order to get some breakfast. (Oh Ma, says Calista, how I do want to sit at my Pa's table again.) Our goods were yet behind, they had not arrived at Cleveland in season for us to take them. I had my beds and flannel sheets and a few articles of tin. We brought with us a barrel of flour—so that we had bread but nothing for our teams—In this distressed situation sickness and sorrow was sent upon us—We were 11 miles from where we intended to build us an house and winter very nigh—you can judge of our anxiety for our family especially for Calista who

suffered so much before we could obtain a physician. Yet not one complaint escaped her lips nor did she say, Ma why have you brought me here to suffer so much—She once said Ma, are you not sorry that you have come here where there is no good doctor nor good things. When I took her up and sat by her to hold her she would kiss me most affectionately but then I could not think they were parting ones—one night she was very much distressed, her Pa asked her what she thought would become of her if she should die. Oh pa says she, I should go right to hell I am so wicked.

Next morning she asked her pa to send for Deacon James to come and pray for her. He did and he came. She asked him to pray for her of her own accord. And now my Dear says he what do you want I should pray for. Oh Sir says she, do pray that I may go to Heaven—The Deacon prayed for her most affectionately.—She asked her pa to pray for her several times that day. Oh ma says she as I came up to her bed, Deacon James has prayed for me and pa has prayed for me and it is the best thing he ever did for me—At night while her pa was taking her up in his arms, Pa says she, I am not afraid to die. Why, says he, Calista, are you not afraid. Oh says she, Deacon James prayed for me. He says that Christ can save me and I believe he will—Next day she said, ma I am not afraid to die but I want to see Grandpa Whittlesey, it seems as though I must see him again, if I had all the world is worth in silver and gold I would give it all in one minute to see him—When we obtained a physician how did our hopes revive. When he returned he said she was evidently better. Her tongue which before was stiff and black with fever looked quite natural. The Doctor said it would not be necessary for him to come again—left but little medicine—here we blame ourselves for not insisting upon the Doctor coming again. We placed to much confidence on what he said. I still believe if she could have had strict attention at that time she might have been saved. The Doctor was young and had but little experience. I believe he thought there would be no danger but that she would recover. We gave the medicine he left—found she grew no better. Her pa

set out for another Doctor which attended once before, with the young doctor. It being nigher he thought he could go and return the same day. He accordingly did and arrived with the Doctor on Tuesday night who staid with us untill Friday morning when he closed her eyes in death.

Now my dear friends I would ask you to judge of the feeling of our hearts at that time in the silent hour of night, no kind parents nor brothers nor sisters near, only our doctor and a young girl belonging to the family near, when death made his approach into our dwelling, and took from us our first born child, a child who promised fair to be a comfort to us in this lonesome wilderness. She suffered much the evening before, more than I can discribe to you, but when the hour of dissolution came she expired without a groan. I would ask you again to realize to yourselves the scene of our distress. I had never seen a corpse drest and had to perform this last sad office almost alone. I had nothing except a pair of stockings with me that I could dress her in without borrowing. I sat behind her while the young girl held her up and I comed out her brown hair for the last time. Ah thought I, must I can I lay it in the grave. We dressed her as far as we had anything—as soon as morning appeard we sent for Mrs Whittlesey who brought with her a piece of cambrick of which we made a decent shroud. When I had dressed her for the grave I set me down by her to lament her fate and my loss. A most lovely smile was upon her countenance but Calista was not there, no she was gone. That tender, that affectionate heart which she possessed I could no longer call my own—She was taken from me in the morning of her days at a time when it seemed I most needed her Society—how much I had promised myself to enjoy in her company here. She had a taste for reading and a mind capable of improvement. I had brought many books which I expected with pleasure to have heard her read. Oh says she ma, I used to think I should live to be a woman (and the words still sound in my ears) dear child thought I, you probably might if we had not brought you from your native land. But all our delightful hopes and expectations

from her are now cut down and withered—Is it not God that destroyeth the hopes of man. But we do lament the early departure of a dear child in whom so many of our pleasing hopes were centered and a dear rememberance of her will be forever engraven on our hearts—Saturday we made preparations for her burial. Deacon James attended and several young men. Mrs. Parsun and Mr Scot and brothers family. Brother came with his oxen and waggon which carried the corpse of our beloved daughter, all the other children sister and myself in the same waggon drove through a wet and rugged road to the grave which was prepared a few rods from Brother Charles's house in a lonesome field surrounded by lofty trees and wild beasts of the desart. I should have thought it a great privilege to have buried her with our friends in Stockbridge but here we have the same promise as you that our corruptible shall put on incorruption and our mortal shall put on immortality.

Give my love to your honored Mother who has been a mother indeed to me and my Children and tell her that I know how to weep with her for the loss of a dear child. Tell her I am a mourner all my days. Tell her we lament ever coming into this country because we feel as though it was the means of Calista's death. Give my love to your youthful Sons and tell them not to place to much dependence on their youth and strength but remember no child ever bid fairer to live and grow up than Calista, but now she is fast returning to her native dust and her soul is in that mysterious world where none can know her doom but God alone, to whom she is gone.

After Calista's death we went in with Mr Scot's family who were in about 2 miles of where we built our house. This was a great ways to go to work and the days short. The day our house was raised was the 20th of December which was as cold as any day has been since. In 2 weeks they got it covered and we went into it in that situation. Through the wood some part of the way there never but one team passed by. Our house was very open without any chimney or door but the weather was not cold

but disagreeable to me. I felt no ambition for any thing neither had I any resolution to do anything. We built on the east side of the Vermillion river which emties into the Lake on the north 3 or 4 miles from us.

Provisions are plenty in the adjacent towns and not high. If we had money to purchase we should do well on that account, but we shall have to part with some of our clothing, many people being almost destitute and at this season give a good price for clothing. Mr Curtis has made engagements for bread so that we think we shall have a good supply and for sauce we could even obtain apples and cider which are brought down the lake, but are high so that poor folks must not think of them—We shall have no meat but what we get from the woods and rivers. I do not think of seeing a neighbor this winter nor indeed have I any. Brothers family are more than 3 miles from this.

Pamela sends your family her best love. She does not yet know what a friend she has lost. John has been very unwell for a week, has a hard cough and has grown poor very fast and does not incline to play at all—

Mr Curtis would wish to be remembered to you. Sometimes I am afraid he will be discouraged. It must be hard for him awhile his cattle are grown poor and weak and he has lost his best horse. He put out his cattle to be kept but found they had but little. Has taken them home and bought them some corn and is in hopes they will gain strength. His horses he also put out to keep for their work. He could do no better. One of them did not live but a short time. And if you have one word of consolation for our wounded hearts do send it to us.

yours most affectionately

Mrs Hopkins — Chloe Curtis

No 6 Range 19th Connecticut Western Reserve
October 20th 1818

Dear Brother & Sister—Having an opportunity of sending directly to Stockbridge I embrace it with pleasure. I now

will endeavour to give you a short sketch of our circumstances. When we arrived here, immediately after Calista's sickness we set ourselves to building a shelter which we moved into the last of December without any chimney or the cracks being stopped between the logs. It was about a month before we got our house at all comfortable. I had to spend the most of my time in running after provision and other necessaries to make us comfortable, Doctors &c—it was so late before we got to clearing that it made us late about planting—my corn is now out of the way of the frost & where it is not injured by the shade of the woods. I think it will yield from 50 to 60 bushels to the acre.—I think we may safely calculate for 200 bushels, some of it grew 14 and ½ feet high. My potatoes are poor—we have cleared about 20 acres, have sowed fourteen acres to wheat—have had two light frosts, but not hard enough to injure our vines at all, our pumpkins verry good & to conclude the subject our future prospects for living comfortable tolerable favorable —We have about 50 to attend meeting on the Sabbath & we meet in peace & harmony. When we come together we are glad to see each other & I hope we shall not take Stockbridge for an example to follow—With love & esteem yours

Alva Curtis

Capt Archibald Hopkins.

Brownhelm October 21 *1818*

Dear Sister

This place looks not quite so dreary and lonely as when we first arrived. Here is now and then seen a rustic dwelling in a field of wheat newly sown and springing up fresh and green. The tinkling of bells are heard around and even the crowing of cocks at our neighbors door; health is in our habitation and a pleasing prospect before us of the latter harvest. As yet we have no school for my children which they much lament, but the prospect is that here will soon be as good privileges as what we have formerly enjoyed. There is an Academy established in Florence 11 miles from us.

Here I find people of good manners and feeling hearts and could you meet with us in our little society I think you would like it. Imagine to yourself once what an appearance your Stockbridge friends make assembled in a small log house on the Sabbath proffessedly to worship the giver of every good and perfect gift. Deacon James opens the meeting by reading a chapter in the Bible and here are a number of pious young-men which often join with him in addressing the throne of grace. A sermon is read and we all leave each other in love.

Great favors have been bestowed upon me from my youth up—even here in this dark land I have had many of which you was pleasd to remind me—Yes and I have had an only Son restored to health after he was almost given over by his physician. I have every day found something to set before my family to satisfy hunger—and our prospects are not unfavorable at present—

Love to all our freinds

Mrs Mary Hopkins— CHLOE CURTIS

Brownstown October 21 1818

Dear Aunt How kind you was to remember me and John in your letter. I hope we shall be as good children as you could wish and obedient to our parents. I was afraid last winter when John was sick that I should be left alone without a brother or a sister, we are very near and dear to each other. O my dear Aunt I cannot forget how many pleasant visits Calista and I have had together at your house, how we us'd to love to come and see you and have some good plays with our Cousins and pretty rambles around your garden. Oh yes and some pretty walks in your orchard gathering some of your good apples. But those days were golden days, they have all fled away; but let me tell you my dear Aunt, here are some good things as well as there. Here we found mandrakes. Here are walnuts and chestnuts in great plenty. I have had quite a pretty garden this summer. I could this morning gather Aunt a very pretty

nosegay from my pinks and marygolds. I should like very well to have Cousin Harry and Albert here next spring to catch some of these large fish, I think they would like to go out two or three hours in the evening and bring in a corn basket full weighing from ten to twelve pounds apiece and I think that Cousin Harry if he was here would have a little sport with his gun for here are a great many pigeons. Last Saturday just at night I see thousands and thousands and ten times thousands flying across our field and lighting upon the oak trees, but if Cousin was here I dont know as I should like to have him disturb them they seem to take so much pleasure in flying together. I am sure they are not as lonesome as I am. I have no little girls to visit nearer than two miles but its only a little ways, we can soon run through the woods for we do not have to go up hill nor down. We find no hills, only the banks of the rivers and creecks, neither is there any mountains to be seen. This last summer I was ten years old and if aunt and I should live ten years longer I shall see her. We have heard how William Hopkins fell off the bridge and was drowned so we see that little children die in Stockbridge as well as in Ohio. Please to give my love to Uncle Hop and to my Cousins from your affectionate niece

Pamela W Curtis

Mrs Mary Hopkins

The next letter is to Archibald Hopkins, Esq., from the teacher of a school in Lenox.

Permit me to thank you, that you have entrusted your son a short time to my care, and be assured he has endeavored to the utmost to improve the time allowed him here.—His industry, his correct moral conduct, and the taste he displays both as a composist, and a speaker must surely justify the exertions you are making to give him a classic education. I have been happy in having him a member of our school, and I shall ever be happy in rendering any

aid to him, which may further his literary pursuits and make him what I am sure he may be, an ornament to your family and useful to society. Your obliged Servant, & Friend
Lenox April 20, 1820 LEVI GLEGON

After April 29, 1816, we have no letters until the spring of 1820. Then when Mark was eighteen he left home and school and went to Virginia to teach and make money to take him through college. It is not known why that distant place was chosen. The letters and extracts now following are from Mark in Virginia to his family in Stockbridge and theirs to him:

Mecklenburg Friday May 12th 1820

Dear Parents.

One fortnight only has elapsed since I left home from which I am now six hundred miles, in a chamber, in Mr Nelsons house, in good health. Nothing remarkable happened during our journey but since Ma wished me to be particular I will, as far as I can recollect, set down our progress from day to day. We started as you know from Hudson friday afternoon. We had a head wind, proceeded slowly till night, had several passengers on board and turned in rather late.

Next morning found ourselves fifty or sixty miles from Hudson with a fair wind proceeded very fast all day, passed Poughkepsie, Newberg, the Highlands, West Point, saw the old forte built in the time of Washington, had a very pleasant day, and at Night anchored within fourteen miles of New York. On the following morning we dropt into the harbor before any of the passengers were up, and when we came out of the cabin instead of open river we beheld swamps of shipping, piles of buildings, and sea gulls flying around us. In the forenoon Mr and Mrs Sherrill with myself attended Mr Springs church. Upon first entering the largest city in the United States the huge masses of buildings the burr of the hacks and the ringing and chiming of the bells excited a very agreeable surprise.

In the afternoon I attended a splendid Episcopal church and the service was to me quite novel. In the evening I wandered about the city seeing what was to be seen, the streets lighted are beautiful. Mr Sherrill fortunately engaged a passage for us in a schooner which was to sail for Norfolk next day at noon. We were therefore next morning busy moving our baggage and shopping. I found E Pomeroy and he kindly accompanied me. We called upon the Mr Sedgwicks at their office and then at the house. They all appeared glad to see me and particularly Miss Catherine Sedgwick. It was May day or the first of May and they were all moving as the law obliges them to, on that day if at all. At noon we were all on board except Mr Sherrill, the Captain waited some time and shoved off without him, Mrs Sherrill began to cry, and Eliza to entreat, but he soon came to the dock and a boat brought him on board; the Captain would not have gone without him.

The city, the shipping, the batteries and the water presented us a fine prospect as we sailed from the harbor; as we were passing out we saw a dead body floating on the waves; we then knew not how soon we might be in the same condition, but a mérciful God ordered it otherwise. . . . We met more ducks coming into the harbor than Harry could shoot in six months or than he ever saw. About sunset we passed the Lighthouse and saw the vast expanse of the Atlantic spreading before us. It is a noble sight. It is grand. The view of the ocean is to the eye, what the consideration of Eternity is to the mind. The wind shifted at night and blew strongly from the Northwest. At three that afternoon we all ate an hearty dinner except Mrs Sherill and Eliza who were already seasick: Mr Sherill and most of the other passengers were taken in the afternoon and in the evening I was down too. I slept during the night. In the morning the wind had increased, we found ourselves an hundred miles from N Y, the sea rough, and the vessel rocking so violently that not even the sailors could walk without catching hold of whatever was at hand to support them. It would dash crockery from the table, and rock us over as we were in our

chairs in the cabin. We were a sorry company, could eat nothing all day, rather cold and no fire. The vessel proceeded however at the rate of ten miles an hour. Tuesday night was a night of tossing, but in the morning the wind abated & we found ourselves in sight of land off the capes of Virginia.

We entered the Chesapeake bay about noon, had fine sailing, saw many vessels, and were landed at Norfolk a little after sunset, and were rejoiced to get on shore. Our passage was quick. Nothing can be more terrible than the ocean in a storm. Most of those who have been to Sea tell of waves mountain high. I shall not pretend to have seen any larger than the little Hill. We lodged in Norfolk and in the morning walked out. It is not as large a city as Albany or as handsome. It is situated on low ground on the bank of the little river Elizabeth. It has extensive rope walks and at the navy yard on the opposite side of the river the largest ship in the United States is building. The number of blacks is very great. I was surprised to see them take a tub of water, a dish of crockery, a trunk or anything of the kind, place it carelessly on their heads and not touching it with their hands walk off as they would were it not there. They carry everything in this way. The trees were as green as possible & we had lettuce radishes peas and strawberrys. . . .

Friday at ten we went on board a sloop for Petersburg, shoved off with a fine wind, and sailed up James river perhaps ten or eleven miles an hour. The prospect is very uniform, nothing like a mountain to be seen: but few plantations. The banks are low and covered with cedars pines and other evergreens. Should we have another flood the people along there would go quick. Saturday noon we entered the Appamattox, twelve miles from Petersburg but the river is narrow and difficult and we did not land till Sunday forenoon. The vessel had passed smoothly up the river and after having been upon the ocean and seasick we enjoyed it. We had a jolly Captain but a swearing crew. In all the vessels we lived well and had a servant to do what we wished. Mr Sherill hired a hack and after dinner we started. He gave

thirty dollars for the hack and found the driver and horses both ways—From Petersburg to Mecklenburg is eighty miles—After driving fifteen we stopped for the night. Monday we drove 36 and Tuesday toward night we were kindly received at Mr. Smiths where Mr Sherrill had formerly boarded.

The journey by land was agreeable, the roads good, the country level, compared with ours, and but very few brooks. The trees are not large and there are more yellow pines and oaks of various kinds than anything else. The White Oak, the Black Oak, the Spanish Oak, the Turkey oak, The willow oak, the post oak, the chestnut oak, the Black jack oak &c. We met large quantities of tobacco going to market: they carry it either in waggons or fix fillys round the hogsheads and roll them. Five horses to a waggon and two to a hogshead. They have some good horses but the majority of them are not as good as ours. How grinding is done on that road I dont know. I noticed several people sawing boards by hand. Wednesday morning. Mr Sherrill wrote me a letter of introduction to Mr N. Mr Smith agreed to send me as far as Major Nelsons, Roberts father. His son took one horse and myself another and after bidding Mr Sherill and his family, to whom I am under great obligation, good morning, we jogged through the woods ten miles to the young mans brotherinlaws house where he remained, and his brother accompanied me four more; and introduced me to Major Nelson—We dined there and as he happened to have company and is very rich had a splendid dinner. The man then returned with the horses. And a son in-law of the Major who lived next Mr Nelsons and luckily was there, conveyed me in his carriage the remaining six miles. In this last trip we crossed the Dan and Stanton in boats. . . .

At dusk I entered Mr Nelsons yard and found him on the porch. I delivered him the letter which he read, said his two boys were at school from home, but that I should find employment. Mr Speed was sent for in the morning. They agreed that I should board at Mr Nelsons during the year, that I should begin on Monday next, and receive the wages

mentioned by Mr Sherill. The building to be occupied as a schoolhouse was built for a meeting house, and is about a mile from Mr Nelsons, but different arrangements will eventually be made. I am pleased with Mr Nelson and his family: he belongs to the church has but three children who will attend school, Mr Speed has eight, the number of scholars will probably be fifteen. Mr Nelson like almost all others in this country lives in a small house, has a large plantation, how many slaves I do not know. Says he sowed one hundred and sixty bushels of wheat last autumn. He has a large field of corn planted.

Everything suffers for rain . . . the weather is pleasant and I suspect the climate is healthy. . . . Eliza wrote from Norfolk. My trunks were left at Petersburg when I shall get them I do not know. To be sick here would be very unfortunate. God will do what is best. Some of the scholars are large and I expect hotheaded. The inhabitents have some peculiarities, we have coffee and bacon, bread butter &c for breakfast. bacon cornbread and sauce for dinner at night, coffee milk and bonny clab as they call it. They say, mighty instead of very, and reckon, instead of guess. . . . I often think of home; all I hold dearest is there. The family I hope are well they have all of them my love. My love to all friends. Direct to Martialville Virginia. the sooner you write the more you will oblige

your affectionate Son M Hopkins

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| I purchased in New York . . . . . | 2 coats | 8.50 |
| have eight or nine | Stockings | .50 |
| dollars in cash | Hat | 2.50 |
| | 2 books | 3.00 |

Tuesday morning July the 4th

Dear Parents 1820

I had never before been nine weeks without hearing from home, and began to feel like a fearful person who walks in the dark afraid of he knows not what and very uneasy; your letter which I received Sabbath evening was to me what the

light of a good fire would be to such an one. . . .
The fourth of July is very little observed here and I shall keep school as usual. I am now in the schoolhouse and the scholars have not yet come. It is a frame, merely clapboarded, with wooden windows &c—The monday after I wrote before, I took my way from Mr Ns to the school house, through the woods alone. I found a few books, but no one there, before long, however, some barefooted boys, and three girls came in, bowed to me, and took their seats, I then questioned them with regard to their studies, the oldest of them, when asked how far he had cyphered, replied, right fur, as fur as division; he is about fifteen and heavier than myself. The rest I found knew more in proportion to their ages. After it was determined what each one should study, and their lessons were assigned them, they began with much ardor to study their lessons in the ordinary tone of conversation which made gabbling enough. They took it for granted they might converse with one another, or go out if they pleased. but I have gradually put a stop to those things, have found no difficulty with them at all and could hardly wish more tractable scholars, my school when full, consists of twelve members. When I arrived here Mr N had the shell of a framed building which he used for various purposes. He sent for a couple of carpenters who ceiled it nicely, planed the floor, put in a couple of glass windows, and fixed it off in very good style for Virginia. Mrs Nelson had a bed put up and in little more than a week I was presented with an house which I might occupy as my own. The boys sleep on a little bed at the foot of mine. After harvest Mr N will build a fireplace and chimney: here if any of my Stockbridge friends will just come and see me I will ask them to take a seat and drink some Whiskey. . . . Tobacco is the great crop of the country. They often raise 80 or an hundred thousand plants, but it requires much time, and labor. The wheat is cut with cradles and taken up by hand instead of raking. Mr Nelson desired me to request my Father if it should be convenient to send him half a pint of spring wheat by Mr Cowan. It is hardly known here, but Mr Nelson thinks it might be raised

with advantage. Their system of agriculture has formerly been miserable but they have improved and are improving very considerably—They cut no hay, the leaves stripped from the cornstalks and wheat straw is their fodder. They raise large quantities of corn, and keep but few cattle, poor enough too: my information does not extend very far with regard to these subjects, Mr N. has about 50 cattle, 60 or 70 hogs, rather a small stock, seven horses, and likewise a few sheep. The sun is setting, the North star is lower and the evening star farther North than at home . . .

Wednesday morn. Wheat is 3 shillings a bushel, tea 15 shillings a pound, corn is 4 shillings, cheese is not made here and is considered a great rarity. Mr N makes plenty of good butter, I have become fond of corn bread, but have wheat if I choose it. I dont like their bonny clabber, which is loppard milk mixed with sweet milk and sugar—It is thought a fine dish—This is a retired part of the country and I see comparatively nobody. Mr Nelson is one of your small surly men who look precisely so, from the time they are twenty five, till they are sixty, somewhat singular but persevering in his plans. He raises no tobacco, is very temperate himself, but says that nine tenths of the inhabitants drink more than they ought, it is not confined to the men alone. I receive every attention I could wish, water is brought me in the morning to wash, and my shoes brushed. Mr N, according to the custom of the country, regularly bids me good night, and good morning, Mrs N is a kind and agreeable woman. . . . I would write, for the information of Harry, that there are thousands of quail called partridges, but few real partridges, abundance of grey squirrels and rabbits, I often see them in passing to and from school, no chipmucks, or red squirrels, there are plenty of racoons and opossums, a curious animal the history of which will be found in Goldsmith—Wild Geese winter here, also numbers of buzzards, a large bird which may be a species of vulture. My opportunities for attending religious meetings have been unfrequent, I rode ten miles sometime since and heard Mr Cowan. Mr N travels farther than that once

a fortnight to an Episcopal meeting, and I shall hereafter go also. It is frequent to see people fishing on the sabbath and visiting is a matter of course, but there are many good people in this part of the world. The slaves have preachers among themselves, and are, many of them, I have no doubt, sincere christians. Seven or eight years since, the present Episcopal clergyman who was a man of large property and fine education, was much opposed to religion of every kind; one of his slaves was a baptist preacher, and officiated among the neighboring blacks in that capacity. When his master knew it he forbade him, and upon his persisting flogged him severely. The next day he was accidentally walking in a lonely place, and heard the slave praying that he might be forgiven for whipping him, this pricked him to the heart, and he is now much beloved and admired by his congregation. Slavery is a black spot upon this country. It is a source of wealth to individuals, but a curse to the community, all deprecate it, all wish themselves free from it. It is more railed against in N.E. than understood. I think from what I have seen the Blacks must be more numerous than the whites in this section of the country, ignorant and degraded, lazy and unambitious, what could, what would, or rather what would they not do, if let loose upon society. Gradual manumission if practicable would, at last, leave almost as many free blacks in the country as whites. Should they have the government, they would send black representatives to congress which will never be done, or should they not, be still in a miserable state and probably rebel. Colonization may affect it. They are treated much better than formerly, some few can read, and it is to be hoped that the combined influence of literature and Christianity will gradually cause a revolution in their favor. These last are gaining ground notwithstanding the drunkenness and vice which prevail, and should a knowledge of the Bible and pure Christianity become prevalent, particularly the latter, it is so pure and elevated in its principles, so simple yet august and rational in its plan, so magnificent in its promises, and awful in its threatnings, that wherever its influence is felt, it cannot fail

to cure many evils and to mitigate the asperities of human life—Of the fairer part of creation I have not seen and shall not in this solitary world see much; but from my present opinion of them I do not regret it—There are exceptions no doubt. They have not rosy cheeks, like northern girls, but some of them look well, and as books are not generally diffused, they therefore read little, they have many servants, and are very idle, they live remote from each other, and hardly see people enough to set in motion vanity, the mainspring of that complicated and irregular machine, a young lady, and when it operates with full force, the source of many improvements to the sex. I need nothing that any mortal can give me except money. A surtout might save me a twinge or two from the lash of pride, but it will by no means be worth while to send one. . . .

The botanical school must be a source of both pleasure and advantage to Electa and Huldah. I presume they have each a mental garden of more value and beauty than any botanical one. . . . I am twenty miles from Mr S, half a mile from the Dan river, in which I have batheing, eight or ten miles above its junction with the Stanton, upon the line between Halifax and Mecklenburg, just in Halifax. Places are divided into counties, not towns, but whereever they have a post office or a store or two it is dignified by some Ville. Mr N receives papers once a week from Marshalsvill Post Office, Mecklenburg, 8 miles hence, and in consequence of a note to the Post Master any letters directed to me will be forwarded with his papers. Marshalvill is sufficient without the County. . . . I wish to be remembered affectionately to all Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins. The family have my sincere love and best wishes.

your affectionate son Mark Hopkins

Friday August 11th 1820

Dear Son Mark

A short time after I wrote to you Huldah received a letter from Catharine a very interesting serious letter giving

an account of the awakening at Clinton & its vicinity, that several students at Colledge had become serious & I think from her letter we may conclude that Catharine has not only become serious but pious, her warning & intreaties to Huldah are very important & earnest. We expect soon to have a good school of our own for some of the gentlemen being very earnest to have a permanent school established have persuaded Major J C to engage in it provided they would procure him thirty-five schollars & that they should give him five dollars for those who studied the languages & higher branches of Mathematics, & three dollars for the remainder: they have accordingly engaged nearly or quite that number in this town & several from abroad. If he has more than forty he intends to have an assistant. There now is & has been for two or three months past great attention to religion in Pittsfield so that balls, parties & visiting as formerly are now done with, they have frequent meeting & a Prayer meeting at the Meeting house every morning at five oclock where a great number of people punctually attend, there is also much attention to things of a serious nature in several towns not far distant (vis) Canaan, Richmond, Lebanon &c.—Friday—The girls have today been with a large party whortleburying, brought home half pint each, & in their absence had left them by Mr T & E Pomeroy, an invitation to drink tea at the Docts that afternoon, but did not return soon enough which they much regreted. Mr Theod P—— calls very often & I think I can hardly doubt either his object in calling or his success with H—— but perhaps it is mere politeness, time will determine.—Tuesday eve—This morning, the Doct, with Mrs Pomeroy & her family, accompanied by Mrs Sedgwick of Albany called to see us, before noon two other friends, & in the afternoon whilst the girls were preparing to go to the village there came unexpectedly one after another to spend the afternoon Catharine W, Margaret, Francis, Pamela, Susan &c. Afterwards Egbert who took leave of us, & will set out for New york tomorrow. Soon after the company of Beehunters came with no better news than line upon line. Does not your heart sicken at the

thought of so much confusion at home, will it not help you to love your little retired room in Virginia? I think you cannot in Virginia have more noble watermellons than I there saw, quite as large as a midling sised Pumpkin or a ten quart pail—But speaking of Lenox brings to mind the questions which E & H asked me. They desired to know if I had seen your composition, you know I could not but answer in the affirmative, they appeared very much to regret that they had not seen it & said they could not see why you did not shew it to them. I told them you never was fond of shewing your composition & that I had gained it by importunity. They said H Goodrul had seen some schollar who said it was the best piece they had ever heard spoken. I could not but be pleased to see their curiosity—(Speaking of a friend a long time ill.) So drop away your friends as well as mine, which seems emphatically to say, be ye also ready, & however indifferent we may feel respecting the solemn scenes before us, to one unprepared, the change of worlds must be dreadful, but to those who are prepared O how joyful, freed from sin, & ever more beholding him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, & whilst unprepared let us not consider ourselves reasonable rational creatures since no more is required of us than to love a being who is in himself infinitely lovely; I desire to be thankful that I wuld not ask for salvation upon more reasonable terms. How can we withhold our hearts from one who is altogether lovely, all glorious, & all sufficient? Who would not wish for such a friend, is he not just such an one as we need both in time & eternity, has he not promised to do for all his friends more than they can ask or think, since then there is none other like him either on earth or in heaven, let us seek him earnestly whilst he may be found, for we can no more be happy without religion in time than in eternity. Could we gain riches & honors, kingdoms & crowns, all earthly treasures with the dearest of friends, still we must feel notwithstanding every effort, a painful & distressing void which nothing short of an interest in the blessed Redeemer can ever satisfy, & O how infinitely precious must be a Saviour in that trying

hour when all worldly comforts fail, & the earth fades away. Yet we must remember that we have no promise of a saviour if we do not earnestly seek for him. Let us then work whilst the day lasts knowing that if we seek with all our hearts we shall surely find—I will if you please tell you a little about Mr Ludlow. When he went away he told a young lady if there was an awakening where he was going & if she wanted religion he would bring her a pocket full. He went & whilst there, heard a Mr Nettleton preach whose preaching is often blessed, he was quite alarmed, went home to Lebanon. Mr N soon preached there & was the means of an awakening there. Mr Ludlow who was one of the first converts, immediately sold his library & expects to study Divinity. I know not where he now is but he has been so very zealous that some were ready to count him an enthusiast. Soon as he went into an house or if he met any one in the streets no matter who,—would enquire of them the state of their mind, would most earnestly warn & entreat & insist that they should promise to pray before he left them if he found they were then in an unconverted state. I have never heard of any one like him, should his zeal continue he will make perhaps another Whitfield,

Your affectionate Parents

Sept 3

I have erased several lines from the bottom of this letter that I might fold it as you will see.

Stockbridge Sept 1820

Dear Mark

Mr Coan has preached here two or three times he is a very earnest and excellent preacher. I have tried to get him to come over to our house but he has not yet been I hope he may call yet before he returns. I understand Mr Coan & Sherril are agoing to move nearer to you—their society will be agreeable to you. I hope you will pay strict attention to your school, that your employes may be satisfied with you. The year is fast slipping away, it will soon be gone—we all

want to see you. When you return I wish you would put a roll of virginia leaf tobacco in your trunk for me. my paper is gone and I must bid you

farewell. Yours affectionately

ARCHIBALD HOPKINS

Sept 5 1820

Tuesday

I shall begin as I suppose your schollars do with their lessons exactly where I left off, & tell you that we had an uncommon pleasant wedding, all parties being united, having a plenty of cake & wine, every guest appeared happy, of whom there were about seventy. Those in the street through the village were many of them there, Mr Sedgwick, Burrils, Perrys, Williams's &c, but few from the north part of the town as they were reserved for the wedding party which is to be when the new pair return from Connecticut. Wednesday eve—they returned from the mountain about noon greatly elated haveing found a bee tree, they then went toward the east mountain & returned with hopes of finding another tomorrow. You wonder that Harry can be so much at leisure, he has enough to do but having finished haying, harvest & faul sowing all in the month of August, leaves him more at leisure than at some other times—Thursday eve—I will now just tell you for your diversion that the hunters have again returned with the sorry luck of having all day followed a line which at night handsomely introduced them to a marked tree which they found last spring, they were in good spirits, eat a hearty supper, six or eight mellons & retired to rest with fresh hopes of good success tomorrow—Friday eve. They have just returned from the east mountain & found another stock. All things go well with them, they are far more happy than kings; have told their stories, eaten their mellons & gone to bed. I will take up no more of your time with Bee hunting—Saturday—you know that Saturday is generally a busy day with us but I suppose a leisure time with you. I hope you have some good sportsmen

there who can sometimes go with you, for I think it would be very solitary always to go alone, but if the heat is as extreme today with you as with us, I think you will not go far for diversion or exercise for both yesterday & today apples which were fair to the sun both on the tree & ground many of them baked so as on one side to have the appearance of having been in a warm oven. In the midst of our summers drought the thermometer for several days stood between ninety seven & an hundred, two days to an hundred. I used often to hear it said I do not believe it is near as hot in virginia where Mark lives—I am very glad you can have the privilege of attending church with Mr Nelson & should there be any thing offered which ought not to be accepted I trust you will feel disposed to reject it—The change of times (should they continue) will be very favorable to your present calculations, for Henry says that the common price for board at williamstown is now eight & six pence & may be had for less—Thursday morn—I have now good news to write you, good indeed, for we have this morning heard that Mark Hopkins of Virginia is in good health, which brightened every countenance, for as we are not at present expecting to see him, when we hear he is well, we esteem it a great blessing, & are satisfied.—Monday—yesterday attended church, heard Mr C in the morning, Mr B in the afternoon, & Mr C again in the evening, Mr C—without any exception is in appearance the most earnest preacher I ever heard & in prayer I think he may be truly said to agonize. It brought to my mind the dreadful scene of the garden of Gethsemane, for the sweat fell from his face like raindrops. Both the meeting house & Schoolhouse were crowded with hearers, I hope you can sometimes hear him.—I will now tell you that there is great attention paid by your family to the preservation of the teeth that they be kept perfectly white & however trifling it may appear to some I trust it will not appear so to you, but that you will give daily attention to yours, I should be very sorry to see the least defect in them; when L was at Troy the Doctor told her if any one would be careful soon after they rise every

morning & after each meal to thoroughly rince the teeth they will never have the least defect. I am sure you can not help visiting Mr Coan, & should he enter his closet & shut to the door & pray with his earnestness for your salvation I am sure his Heavenly Father would hear him—. That you may have every blessing both temporal & eternal is the sincere wish of your

Affectionate Mother Mary Hopkins

Sept th9

Stockbridge Sept 21 1820

My very dear friend and Cousin.

I am not expecting to give you any news because all your relations will write or have written you every thing which can interest your feelings,—indeed I almost envy you your pleasure when I think from how many sweet girls you will have letters, and how many soft things will be said by them which will make your heart flutter and anticipate the moment of meeting. By the by, let me take upon myself the office of adviser because I wish to speak of weighty subjects, subjects which may have an influence on your future life, you can easily imagine that *love* is my theme. I would advise you never to fall in love with a southern girl for this plain reason, because you can get a better wife at the North. If you ask where, I say in Stockbridge, I mean a beautiful, rosy cheecked with hair that curls most elegently, an elegant form, a beautiful face, and such a pair of eyes as would pierce you through as often as you could catch them. Her age is sixteen, so that you see she is a beauty. If you do not know who I mean, I can tell you. She lives about a mile and a half from my fathers, and I *think* in a westerly direction. If you do not know now who this is you must come and find out. But perhaps I may be wrong in writing this because you may fall in love and come home, then I am to be blamed for spoiling you, so much for nonsense, now I must use my thinkers a little. I suppose that you have read a hundred times over to day, that your friends are well, that they hope

you are so, that you must write often, come home as soon as consistent, and that there is no news, but at the same time write half a sheet full, to all which I add that they are my feelings, though I can tell you no news. You have had advice I suppose as good and as long as the Moral Law—summarily comprehended, that you must beware of fornication—and all uncleanness, to get up early, wash your face, say your catechism like a good boy, and comb your head, go to school or what is all the same in Dutch keep school. &c. I find I am getting into my old strain of nonsense but you must excuse me because you know I am famous for being lightheaded. Nothing new at College all goes on well, large class entered just now, more expected. I can say no more but I hope soon to get a long answer to this in which you must tell all about, around, over, under everything that comes into your head. A great deal of love to you from this family with my own.

Your most affectionate Cousin
HENRY HOPKINS

Woodbridge
Mark Hopkins. Esqr. School master

September 24 1820

My Dear Brother

It has now been a long time since I saw you, except at night you have often been at home. I don't recollect how many times I have seen you coming home with your book under your arm—one night I dreamed I saw you coming as before. Albert & I began to joke & hoot & laugh at you—said you had kicked out—but Pa was almost over-come. I think from your story your scholars must be a set of as I suppose you would call them great gumpheads. I should like nothing better than to call at your house take a glass of whisky spend an evening at some of your bonny clabbers &c &c. But I think by this time you are tired of dreams & unstable wishes. The 4 of July (while you was writing to us) was a day of as much joy to us, as it was highly celebrated in

Stockbridge. I will in some measure give you a short detail of the proceedings of the day. The procession was formed at Mr Hicks's with a band of Music, from whence they marched to the meeting house & after usual services an excellent oration was delivered by Mr Bryant of Gt Barrington (lawyer) The singing was beyond power of language to describe & everything done in good order. We then marched back to the Inn where an excellent dinner was provided. Albert & I partook. When through, toasts were given Dr P & repeated by Mr Sherrill Vice President of the day, & after getting almost tipsy with wine & punch we came home & thus ended the day.

Grandpa is often going down town—he thought he would whip over here not thinking of going bee hunting but on going to his wagon I always find his boxes & hatchet. Since haying we have been out several days. I found 4 trees. He often has his faint turns yet, the other day after being almost gone with fatigue & hard labour, coming home he said if he only had about a qt of spirit he would have one scrape getting drunk & stay out all night—After coming a little farther I being some distance behind, looked and he was getting over a fence when all at once he fell like a log, flat into a ditch. I laughed until I could hardly stand; at last I saw him peeking through the fence to see if I saw him; I soon came up with him & he said he had a fall almost equal to Adam's. A few days ago a couple of men came from the swamp to borrow a pail—they had found a bee tree & were going to take it up. It was an old stock & had 40 lbs weight of honey. I think when Grandpa hears this he will groan in spirit & be much troubled. But I shall fill the small space I have to write in, with so much nonsense that you will know no more concerning us than if I had not written. We expect to feast next winter evenings on our walnuts (if they are not all stolen) as the trees bear exceedingly full this year. Pa thinks it doubtful whether we make all our apples into cider it being I am informed, only 50c a barrel, and we have Pa thinks, enough to make an 100 barrels if all saved. But I am obliged to break off as Albert occupies the other side.

Please to look over mistakes as I have no time to look it over. The chest is being routed tomorrow.

your affectionate Brother HARRY

Mark Hopkins

My Dear Brother

I think that Stockbridge academy will soon be celebrated we have now fifty scholars fourteen or fifteen from abroad. Miss Frances Jones is the assistant. Ashley and I went up to head quarters the other night to eat peaches there. We had fine times.

your affectionate brother

Mark Hopkins ALBERT HOPKINS

I shall send you a little pop corn.

In the next letter from Mark is a long description of the raising of tobacco, the principal crop there, which is omitted. "One man in the county had 20,000 acres of land, 300 negroes—raised every year 500,000 tobacco plants." "They despise pumpkins" but "Timaters are a fine vegetable."

Halifax Hotel
October 6th 1820

Dear Parents. The joy testified in your last at my welfare which is spoken of as if a treasure has been received, caused me for some time to attach more importance to myself than I am accustomed to do: The people here expect that a teacher from the North will be in all things the reverse of the Instructor here, acquainted with and able to teach every thing. I have been several times asked at what College I was educated and surprise was indicated when I replied, at none. Last week I had an examination, several persons were present, three or four ladies. The Parents appeared satisfied with the improvement of the children. I had each of the boys learn and speak pieces in which they succeeded tolerably for the first time. The examination was said by a gentle-

man present to have been equal to that of Mr Taylor at the Court House. I shall probably have another about Christmas. My constitution is becoming more settled than formerly and I begin to feel my own entity more than I did. But I think my person has rather grown worse than improved. I am still long shanked &c &c. But you know I dont mind these things. The world is presented to my mind under as many shades as there are from the blare of noon to the darkness of midnight, from those ecstatic visions which fairy fancy paints, and with which it gilds the prospects of future years, where all is happiness and joy, to the deepest wretchedness, a life of toil, a death of woe. I am far removed from those who are scholars and probably shall be for some time. I do not therefore find my situation very favorable to the attainment of those studies which I expected to pursue, any book which I can lay hold of I read with avidity. I have now Citizen of the World, and Sillimans Travels. But I find many difficulties in Greek—have no Instructor, can seldom pursue it long at a time, and predisposed to lose my care. I have too much lost the little ambition and application which I once possessed and sunk into a state of indifference with regard to study. A letter from home wakes me up and does me more good than any thing else. I have thought but little with regard to the young gentlemens opinion of my remaining another year. I would be regulated by the advice and authority of friends. It may be best, it may not. I am convinced that half the time things of that sort may as well be determined by the turning of a copper as in any other way. But there is time enough to think of these things by and by. I suppose Uncle David has by this time finished his visiting and is settled down in the solid comforts of matrimony. Please present my compliments to the bride upon her assuming a station which has a claim upon my affections, and my felicitations to the groom that he has at last obtained what is usually thought so great a desideratum under the sun; "For whosoever findeth a wife findeth a good thing" and that so great a sweetner of human life as connubial felicity is

mingled in his cup. I am pleased with the Virginia ladies in some respects—those whom I have seen, if they are not excessively refined are free from affectation. They are plain in their dress, a belle here who rides in a coach will wear a calico frock on a visit to her friends which many maids in new-England would think hardly good enough to wash dishes in. They are neat notwithstanding and are certainly in the right in suffering their persons to cast a lustre upon the dress rather than to dress as if they thought their dress conferred dignity on them. I usually attend church once a fortnight. Mr Ravenscroft is an excellent preacher let him be an Episcopalian or what not—there are but few good preachers here. It is fifteen miles to church. We usually cross the Dan and Stanton which we do in boats on Saturday, remain at Major Ns over night and return there to dinner, remain over night again and cross to school Monday morning. The Baptists are the most numerous sect here, the Methodists next, the Presbyterian next, after them the Episcopalians. Socinians have not yet found their way here. I have seen and conversed with one of those monsters called Atheists who came from Massachusetts—Sunday October 8th—Yesterday I kept no school, I sometimes hear Mr Ns children a few lessons in the forenoon. This day I have spent part of the time in reading two books given me by a Roman Catholic lady, now at Mr. Ns, and whose daughter attends my school. I am inclined to think more favorably of this sect than formerly—there is no end of difference in religious opinions. She is positive she is right. Mr N. is, when his family are well, as regular in family worship as the sun, which is more than can be said of every professor in Moral New England. A chapter is read in the morning and also a prayer—all the whites of the family being present except the Catholics. At Night after the children are gone to bed a chapter is read then a psalm. After having read the psalm over, he begins again and reads two lines which both sing, then two more and so on. This is the universal method of singing at church and all meetings, arising from ignorance

and want of books. No tune is mentioned, no one beats, one begins, or strikes up, and the rest fall in . . .

your affect. Son M. H.

Oct 11 1820

My dear Son—Sabbath eve—have this day attended church & heard Mr Clark deliver a very good sermon from the following four syllables viz. ("Let us alone)"—you know that our Ministers who have good sense & tollerable ingenuity are generally ready to give us a pretty good discourse from allmost any text. He concluded by describing the dreadful consequences of being finally let alone, which consequences I think must be dreaded by most of the inhabitants of this town for notwithstanding all the sermons & prayers which are here offered, the greatest stupidity prevails. There has since your absence, been but one church meeting, when your uncle David alone offered himself for admission, now stands propounded, & will without doubt soon be admitted.—Nov th16—If you have good health & comfortable weather I pray you to be content till the winter is gone & the singing of the birds shall come for here it is now like the month of January, 8 or 10 inches depth of snow & most of the time for a week past as cold as when you came from Richmond through the drifts to visit us, a visit which I often think of with sympathy & yet with much pleasure, for it was a fresh proof of your attachment to home which I am sure must delight any Parent, & beside, if a happy reception could have been wished for your trouble, you must have been richly compensated. Col Dwight is elected Representative to Congress—Esq Woodbridge has gone to Boston Convention for the purpose of some amendment in the Constitution.—Last thursday was our yearly Thanksgiving about two weeks earlier than it was last year, though you was not present with us you was not forgotten by us. In the evening the Mr Pomeroys called on us with your Cousin Henry Woodbridge & R Brown, you will recollect that H. was last winter much disatisfied with Williams College, but he now speaks very favorable of it & thinks it in

a very flourishing situation—lest I forget it I would now ask you to bring us two or three of your sweet potatoes that they may be planted, for I am sure I should like them. We have reserved for you a fine parcel of excellent walnuts—Last Wednesday completed 7 months since you left us, & we are beginning to think you will return soon. Mrs Charles Sedgwick this week dreamed that you had already returned with a Virginia wife who had made you immensely rich. Had I not great confidence in your wisdom I might perhaps fear that her dream was ominous, but I now believe you will first get your education. Last Wednesday Major C had his first examination which was much to the satisfaction of all the directors & spectators, Dr P says it was the best examination he ever attended, John Henry & Jared were first brought forward & passed an excellent examination in Historica Sacra & Albert in english & lattin grammer & in Virgil—But before I fill my paper you will like to know a little of our own family. Huldah will go to school no more till next spring, Lucinda & Mary will next week go to Mrs Jones's for the purpose of attending school this winter. I hope Harry will be able to attend school soon, as for the evenings they are spent much as usual when we have no company. Soon after tea the tables are drawn up & the books are brought on, the girls seat themselves at one side of the room, & before the fire is a table with a candle, spectacles & Encyclopedia which your father pours over till about nine oclock. When they are weary of studying the boys bring on their apples or nuts, so that the evening is usually passed pleasantly. Harry is at present reading Plutrarch & Albert, The American Revolution. Albert regrets that he can not spend the evenings at his lattin & thinks he shall have a little satchel made for the purpose of bringing home his books at night, he expects to begin the fifth book in virgil next week. Frances is the first, she talks of studdying greek awhile & next summer is going abroad to complete her education.

M C H

Mark Hopkins

I expect to send this to the office next monday morning

Extracts from many long serial letters follow:

Mecklenburg Oct 20th 1820

My Dear Parents

Yesterday I received the package of letters, sent by Mr Coan, at which I was very much rejoiced. I do not expect the like treat again while in Virginia. I like so well the plan of writing what daily or weekly occurs that I would not only not wish it discontinued in those letters which may hereafter be sent me, but I intend without wishing to become either a journalist or a diarist to pursue it in some measure myself. If nothing important is related it gives a better idea of what is passing at home and makes me feel more as if I were there than anything else, & though what I may actually write will not be rendered interesting by those associations which belong to things related of *home* I may mention some things which would not otherwise occur to me, and perhaps give a better idea of the manner in which I pass my time than in any other way. To begin then. The chimney to my house was finished yesterday the hearth laid and there is now a fire in it. The building it employed two masons several days besides the labour of hauling the rock, the Virginians call stones rocks. All chimneys here are built outside of the house usually one at each end. Saturday—Last night I was diverted by some stories with regard to the former rude state of society in this part of Vinginia. In comparison with their frolics a Newengland negro dance is refinement. There is not far hence a house in which it was customary for them to meet very often (every man with his wife or belle), and a game cock under his arm, and when assembled nothing could equal the swearing, and drinking, and dancing, and sometimes fighting. They danced nothing but jigs, and the ladies at first danced barefoot but as that was thought ungenteel a pair of shoes was procured, she who was to perform put them on and when the jig was finished ran into the corner to pull them off for her successor. I am informed this was done by people who now ride in coaches. In the same neighborhood they hung a man because they happened to

dislike him, and no notice was taken of it.—Wednesday eve. Mr Nelson has just returned from a muster or training which I have happily escaped. It is however a small affair, no one pretends to carry a gun, the soldiers lay down, talk, drink, and do pretty much as they please. Some of the officers read the commands from a book.—Saturday morn— This is a day of leisure with me, five days I labor, and the sixth, I do what I please. The gentlemen here are many of them very fond of hunting foxes after the English manner, on horseback. They go through thick and thin, and it is against all law to shoot a fox. He must be fairly run down and caught. Three oclock. just finished dinner which does not materially differ from N.E. except that a boiled ham is invariably placed at the head of the table, all other dishes give place to that, and after dinner a cup of milk is, with pie, warm corn bread and sweet potatoes handed by way of desert. The wealthy Virginians live very well. They seldom eat any part of the pork except the ham or shoulders, the whole is smoked and the remainder given to the negroes.

The six months past do not appear upon review very long but those to come are tedious in prospect. (Not that I have any thing of which to complain, further than naturally results from any situation, on the contrary I am treated with kindness and attention on all occasions, and find no difficulty in managing my school.) The progress of the scholars is satisfactory, quite as good as could be expected from children in their condition. Sunday Eve—From a regard to the custom of the family in which I live, I have determined to regard Sunday night in the light in which I did Saturday night heretofore. Did I consider it as a matter of importance which particular night should be observed, I certainly would on no account swerve from my former habit; but I cannot as well spend an evening in a serious way, when the family do not, as when they do. and I really see no reason why Sunday night is not quite as proper, not to say the preferable night. Last Sabbath eve. I was walking by one of the negro huts, hard by, in which there was a meeting. I stopt and listened to a very appropriate prayer by an old negro and also some

singing. Upon enquiry I found they met there once a week, & as none of them can read & their opportunities for becoming acquainted with the Bible, the fountain of truth, are small and few as it is possible they should be in a gospel land, I determined to propose to their elders that I would at each meeting read them a chapter, which I accordingly did: They readily accepted my offer & I have just returned from the meeting at which I read the 5th of Matthew. When I had finished they thanked me and said it was beautiful reading. They are mostly Baptists, very sincere but extremely ignorant. After reading I left them to pursue the worship in their own way and now while I write I can hear the voice of their humble praise mingled with the hoarse howling of the winds.—It has been my custom since the commencement of this school to begin and close each week with prayer in the School, which is a circumstance I had thought not to mention, but dont know why I should not. Not that I suppose any material change has taken place in my moral views or feelings but sincerely believing that there is one Infinite and Allsuperintending Being who is continually round about us, it appears no less rational than Scriptural that, love or no love, we should acknowledge Him at least, and I hope the time may never come when I shall be either ashamed or afraid to confess my dependance on a power by which all things subsist & to which we must all finally bow—Saturday morn. Last night Mr N. finished shucking his corn & I assisted. He challenged me to a strife of fifty ears in which I beat him, two. There were fifteen or twenty negroes and it was lively work, such a noise as they make singing I never heard—(The crop will exceed two thousand bushels.) The shoes I might have done without, but if they should suit me, they will not come amiss. I would at all events express my thanks for them. I have had my shoes soled once for which I gave 75 cents and they now need it again. One of my shirts has given out and my coat cuffs begin to be ragged but I did not come here to make a figure. While on the passage I forgot to take my watch from my pocket and while undressing it fell and broke the crystal if

nothing else, and it has lain in my trunk ever since. Gentlemen here send their watches to Richmond to be repaired which would cost more than it is worth. (This is a pleasant day and I expect to spend it agreeably in a lonely lazy way which may be called thinking vacancy.)—Sunday Eve. Read according to appointment another chapter to the servants—Wednesday eve. in consequence of the removal of the Brotherinlaw of Mr. N I have lost one of my best boys and the school is now reduced to 21 scholars but in these short days I contrive to be quite busy all day. Sunday Eve. Today for the first time since his arrival I have seen Mr. Cowan. Mr N. and myself rode ten miles to hear him preach.—Tuesday 28th By the papers I see that winter has set in unusually early at the North. We have as yet had no snow but probably shall soon, snow however seldom remains long hardly a man in fifty has ever seen a slay and hardly know what it means—I have this evening been reading over Harry's letter and it is so much like the old yake that I cannot help laughing. he will hardly expect an answer. I am alone here & would at any time spend half the forenoon for a letter from home—Wednesday. We have this morning hail mingled with rain which for the first time whitens the ground—. Saturday morn.—The snow is about two inches deep but is fast wasting. There are now at Mr Ns three Navy officers dressed in their buttons and blue who put me in mind of Lieut. Webster. Electa mentioned in her letter that it was not probable that I should see Electa Hopkins again.[1] They may perhaps be now married. I should like to hear. An influenza prevails in this neighborhood but is not attended with serious consequences.—Today I intend to study Greek. P M. I have been introduced to and dined with said officers. The dinner consisted of 1st soup, 2d Turkey, 3rd Bacon, 4th Beef &c. They have rode off in their carriage.—Thursday eve—I had expected to see a great number of

[1] Electa was one of the three "orphan cousins" whose parents died at nearly the same time. They were much at Cherry Cottage and the boys' father was their guardian. Electa married Mr. Nelson Webster, Huldah married Mr. Theodore Pomeroy and Lucinda was the first wife of the Hon. David Dudley Field.

pedlars in this part of the world but to night for the first time one has come from Adams in Berkshire, one of eleven who came in company. Though gratified at seeing a countryman I had quite as lief he would not have been a pedlar as they are universally despised; he lodges with us. I shall now close this motely mess which as I have no room must excuse itself. The sooner another letter the better

MARK HOPKINS

Wednesday Dec 28th 1820

Dear Mark

As your Father is absent on business, the young ladies gone to Pittsfield with Theo & George Pomeroy to attend a ball & the rest of the family at school, I can no way spend my time alone so much to my own satisfaction as by again recording the 28th day of the month which I each month am careful to do with much more pleasure than you would be apt to conceive, & perhaps I do it with less trouble than the heathen number their moons & count their sticks in case of an absent friend, each date seems to encourage a hope that we shall not wait forever for your return—It was recommended by all our clergy that friday of last week should be observed as a Thanksgiving in commemmoration of the landing of our forefathers on that day of the month in America. It was accordingly observed, & in each church a Century historical sermon given; at dinner when the wine was brought on, you being absent was by the family toasted & your health drank abundantly. I suppose you have this week fine times as last monday was christmas, & I am told that where you are they observe it till new year. You will recollect that we have several years been invited to spend christmas in Barrington but for the want of sleighing did not go. Last christmas was invited & went. Christmas eve the church was illuminated & the bell rang all night, a sermon was at the same time preached & the church much crowded. The next day we heard an excellent sermon, after which had supper at Major Whitings, & in the evening returned home very glad that we had spent a short time so

pleasantly from our own habitation. But whilst there, an unhappy circumstance was related which as I now have time will acquaint you with. A Mr Thompson of Goshen who married your Fathers cousin had a young son who wished to go to the westward to purchase a farm. His Parents told him as they had property enough it could not be necessary, but as he much wished to go they at length consented. He accordingly went to New connecticut last spring, purchased a farm such as he chose, spent the summer upon it & in the faul returned to visit his friends. When it was thought proper he should return, his Father gave him about eight hundred dollars to pay for his land, he then took leave of his friends & was heard of about fifteen miles from his Fathers, & as they could not after that get any other tidings from him, they sent a man to his farm but have never since heard a syllable from him. As he was a young man of good habits, the conclusion now is that some one valued his money more than his life, & since it has often happened that life has been taken for a much less sum than his, it is truly important that those who travel should keep their property concealed. You doubtless already perceive my object in giving you this relation—A few weeks since your Father was at the store & being called by name it was enquired whether he was a relation of Mark Hopkins, when he was found to be a young Mr Roseter from Richmond who had attended your school & appeared very desirous to see you & beged you would visit them whenever you return—Jan 1 1821—Dear Mark. Your brothers desire me in their behalf to wish you a happy new year & will you permit me to say may this year be to you a source of more happiness than you have ever yet enjoyed. They likewise desire me to tell you that their school was this afternoon dismissed, that they might have a skating party on Negro pond which they have highly enjoyed, but would have enjoyed much more could they have had with them that strange looking fellow described in your last letter,—H. is studying the surveyors art & A today began the 7th book of virgil—Mr Fairchild the clerk of Mr Williams' is preparing for a Methodist priest, the mention of

which puts me in mind how much the family were diverted because when I came home from Christmas I said I did not doubt if Mark lived he would be an Episcopalian Minister—Had a stranger attended our church last Sabbath they would have thought that we had a very zealous people for the Saturday preceding there was two stoves placed in the church which caused many more people to attend than usual & instead of the uneasiness which used to appear on so cold a day, every one appeared as easy & comfortable as if sitting by their own fire side—We now for the second time have our Tayloress to complete all garments necessary for the winter, I wish you could share in them, but since you can not I have reserved for you my best piece of blue—Yesterday went to Mr Burrills to a very large party—Mr Lewis Dwight has just come from Clinton, stay'd at the Docts 1 night, left them well but brought no letters—Jan 6 today Albert began the eighth book of Virgil, this week we have had a large party, your Uncle & Aunt David &c &c—Last night when your brothers came from night school they brought the wished for letter & as I was sitting quite alone we had the perusal of it without interruption & were as happy as good news could make us but when we finished were a little perplexed because we could not for our lives read your lattin to Albert, he said he thought if he could read it he should be able to construe it, but as a knowledge of your health was the heighth of our wishes we agreed we would not trouble ourselves too much about the rest but wait till you come for an explanation yet still should have been much gratified to have known the contents.[1] I am also very glad to hear that you can be useful in reading the Gospel to those who can not read. I think they will be sorry to part with you & however much you may be pleased with the thoughts of visiting your Father's house still I think it will be hard parting with your schollars & other acquaintances there . . .

Jan 17 Wednesday—for two weeks past there has been a continual noise & buzying amongst the young inhabitants here for Mr Johnson the Dancing master has again come to

[1] A translation follows.

town & advertises that he will positively commence his dancing school at Mr Hicks's on the 16 of January at 2 oclock in the afternoon for ladies & at six in the evening for gentlemen, he accordingly commenced last evening. His terms for each one is four dollars per quarter, or fifteen dollars for a family, he had more schollars last evening than at the commencement of any other school this winter, had thirteen ladies & twelve gentlemen 2 from Mr Palmers, 1 from Josiah Jones, Francis Jones, Margaret Dory, Emely & Jonathan Hicks, a young nephew of Dr Pomeroys who boards with Mrs Jones, & a young son of Mr Ashbourner who came from england here. Doctor Pomeroy sends seven, Theodore, George, Watson & four daughters, & your Father sends six, Electa, Huldah, Lucinda, Harry, Albert & John, & if you was here you might be one of the number. But perhaps you would not wish to be as you may possibly spend your time more to your own satisfaction. They meet once a week & have Jacklin for their musician—When you write again pray write one page to Harry for I perceived he was a little hurt at not receiving a line in your last, the daily or weekly occurrences will be as interesting to him as any thing, & equally so to us when written to him as we shall naturally have the perusal of them. It will be very acceptable to him as he will not know that I have requested it—Since you have cool weather I am sorry you did not take your brown coat which you know was a good one, but in your trunk you will find good blue pieces for cuffs to the coat you have which allmost any one has ingenuity enough to put on—We have not this winter had very deep snow but steady good sleighing, it has rained two days only, the rest of the time has been so very severe that there has been scarcely a day when it has thawed in the least, I am glad it is not so where you are, the boys often wish they were in Virginia with Mark that they need not continually suffer with the cold—Albert has at last to his great joy read & construed a part of your letter but not all—pray write soon—

affectionately M C Hopkins

love from the family

The following letter was written in Latin, and edited by Professor Wild:—

*Literal Translation*

Jan 1821

Dear Brother Albert

From a desire of answering your letter, my ardent affection for you & the recollection of the pleasure of our childhood, I am induced to write you briefly in Latin which I hope you are now able to read well. Since the time I have seen you I have attended very little to the study of this language & so shall not write it grammatically. If not, you know I am delighted to hear that you attend the school taught by a man so capable as our uncle; and I know when you have such an opportunity, you will not suffer a moment to pass in idleness. Without diligence there is no enjoyment. And certain I am that you will never see the day when you will say that you know more than you wish to know. I am pleased that you speak in school & I hope you also write compositions. My boys speak & if they have been sufficiently instructed I compel them to write also. In speaking, like Cicero be eloquent, in composition be charming.

Remember, I pray you, the vanity of the world, the shortness of time, the day of death, and not to be puffed up with pride which certainly was never made for man. Pray for the divine aid & in the day of adversity you will obtain it.—Man is as nothing; a shadow & a vapor is his life. You will say that I am a priest, not a schoolmaster since I write in this strain. I answer that I am human & am endowed with reason. But surely there is a time for all things. When it is proper, be cheerful, be merry. Eat, drink, sleep, laugh. It is a saying of Horace, "It is pleasant to play the fool at a proper time." I greatly desire to see you, & if ever I return I hope to see you blessed & enriched in all good things. I pray you to give my love to all my relatives, & in particular to our brother Harry. Give him my thanks for his letter & say to him what I also say to you, that he must write when-

ever an opportunity presents. If ever you shall be able to read it I will write you a letter in Greek. I enjoy good health. Think of your absent & affectionate brother. Farewell.

Your brother MARK

My dear Mother.

Jan 2d 1821

Eighteen hundred and twenty one now assumes in dates the place of 1820 which with all its bustling scenes with all its anxious fears, its enjoyments and its pains, its gravity and laughter its wisdom its madness and its folly, with all its confused mass of guilt and innocence with their infinite gradations and never ending variety, is now merged in the eternity which is past, and shall hereafter present them for adjustment in that which is to come. Since I have returned I have been desired by Mr N. and Speed to inform them whether I will remain with them longer than the present year. They say they are determined to keep up a school and are anxious to have me conduct it till the next Christmas at least, & that on account of employing another teacher they wish a speedy answer. If it were certain that I could enter with the Sophomores at the end of winter vacation it would probably be best for me to remain, but my age is now such that should I not be able to enter with them I shall hardly finish my education at all. Should I have my health and continue until next Christmas my wages would amount to six hundred and forty dollars. My extra expense for clothing may be thirty dollars—the expense of returning should I go by water, will be thirty five dollars—if by land as I probably shall do, sixty. At any rate I can lengthen my stay till the middle of July by which I shall be enabled to return with four hundred at least, clear of expense. I could then undoubtedly enter at commencement. I am sensible of my deficiency in some things but should they not be very punctillious I imagine that by studying some here alone though my opportunity is small, and some when I return I might enter at the

vacation. Should nothing transpire more unpleasant than heretofore, perhaps I could on the whole keep a school no where more pleasantly than here. I have but few scholars and those tractable. Mr Ns family with whom I shall board live well, and are ready to oblige me in any little matter. I have a horse when I wish &c . . . I shall however by remaining subject myself to the influence of another southern summer but I have passed one safely and should feel little more apprehension on that account than if at home. I feel the want of society also, there is not a person of my age, with whom I am acquainted, and would associate with, within ten miles, it may therefore be expected that with my natural turn I shall become any thing but polished or a fine gentleman before I see home, and a December journey would not be as agreeable as a summer one. For six sabbaths I have not attended either meeting or church and shall not for two more. Sabbaths are not kept here as in Newengland, visiting is very common and they think it is no harm for their children to shoot crossbows, hare hunt &c. The other side I shall devote to Harry. The matrimonial hint was superfluous —beauty is a rare commodity here and I do not think it a very good field for a fortune hunter. No one knows however what may be, time and chance happen to all. Your Affct Son Mark Hopkins

Mecklenburg jan 14th 1821

Dear Brother Harry

In my former letter I had only room to thank thee but not as I wished to answer thy kind epistle and it is with much pleasure that I now, reflecting on the many pleasant hours we have spent together direct my thoughts towards thee for that purpose: for notwithstanding thou mightest know all things concerning my welfare by my letters to others, I wish to hold a direct communication with thee as it tends to stir up that fraternal affection which I hope always to cherish towards thee and which however strong, may for want of excitement become in some measure

dormant. It is long since I have seen thee & thou wilt hear by this that it may be still longer before I shall see thee again. I wish thee to take the case into consideration & give thy most sage advice upon the subject. I was pleased to learn that thy success in hunting bees was so good, but when I came to the fall, almost as great as Adam's I was nearly as risible as thyself. I wish I had been there not only then but when they were taken up, for though out of the bees come forth stings yet out of the trees comes forth sweetness. If the augmentation of thy corporation has been and shall be until I return as rapid as formerly, thou wilt not only overtake me in size but perhaps be able before my return to overtumble me in wrestling though I suspect I could down both thee and Albert now. I can remember exactly how thou didst look when we shook hands at Hudson and can seem to see thee as thou didst stand in my schoolhouse door in Richmond (Mass.). If the winter here affords a criterion by which to judge of the weather at home, you have much snow and cold. I suppose the stove is kept up and hope it will not be very tedious to get wood. There is, I dare say, fine skating which is a fun of which the boys here know nothing. They have no sleds no slays &c. Yesterday I saw a man ploughing. The people hate snowy weather of all things. I suppose thou now pursuest daily the same track which I have travelled and for the same purpose. The opportunity for learning all things necessary is a very good one. There are no doubt in the Academy both speaking and composition, both of which I would advise thee to practice since if it does no good it can do no harm. I think if thou improvest thy time well thou wilt be qualified to teach by the end of winter, though thou perhaps never wilt.

I would counsel thee also, though contrary to my own example to make one in slay rides, and attend parties and moreover to be particularly attentive to the young ladies for as a good soil, without it is presented to the sun produces nothing so thou by the ameliorating influence of their company wilt show forth excellent qualities. Moreover thou wilt be more easy in thy manners which is not to be wholly disre-

garded, notwithstanding it is more important to have an upright mind than pleasing manners, and more desirable to perform a right action than to make a handsome bow. Much love to all friends. Thou wilt say I have written thee a stiff letter but answer it nevertheless for the sake of the writer. I should have written more but there is now a gentleman here who will take the letter immediately—adieu

M Hopkins

Stockbridge Jan 20—1821—

My Dear Son

I now have not time to numerate all our friends who have called on us today, the Sedgwicks, Pomeroys, Woodbridges &c &c which I just mention that you may know a little how time is passing, . . . Sabbath eve. Jan 28. This day completes nine months since you left us, at which time how great were my fears that before this time some dreadful disaster would have befallen you, but now I can cheerfully hope that when four months more have passed you will return both safe & happy, T. P. is now here on his usual visit to Huldah, your Father & Electa sitting with them, Harry gone to singing school, John sits printing the alphabet with a pen & Albert who has just been up stairs to get Solmans Geography to read the story of the serpent but must first look at the maps, is now therefore fretting because you & Harry tore them in such a manner when you were little fellows, so passes this evening—Jan 31—the family again gone to dancing school. Last week they went, but their teacher did not come on account of a previous storm & drifts, last night was therefore their second school or lesson, for time to come they are to have two lessons a week. They last night had more than a dozen new schollars. Albert has not been able to attend school again till to day it was hard for him to leave his virgil, today he finished the tenth book.

M. H.

Albert expects to finish
virgil next monday

Feb 15 1821

My Dear Son

Saturday,—last Thursday made our appointed visit at Pomeroys. Had a very pleasant party which consisted of Mrs Jones's family, Mrs Sedgwick & our own, which together with the Doctors made towards thirty, & that we might complete the week in visiting, were invited last evening to Mr Sedgwicks, accordingly both went & came home in the heaviest Northeast storm which we have had this winter so that the snow was two feet in depth this morning, which is more than we have had at any time this winter, but as we had a pleasant visit thought but little of the storm.—Sabbath eve—Two or three of our family who were more zealous than wise have today with great difficulty found way to church, the rest were very glad to stay at home—Monday—today T Pomeroy has come to spend the week or untill friday when they will all go to the dancing school.—Sabbath eve—Last evening a comet was observed in the west setting like the sun with the blaze exactly upward which doubtless you have or will observe.—There is a funeral & a dancing school attended to day, it will make to Old Beelzebub a curious display . . . Feb 28 I have now ten times recorded the 28 of the month since you left us, the months seem quickly to pass but still a year, how long! you mentioned in your last that if you could be sure of entering with the Sophomores at the winter vacation it would perhaps be best to stay, but could you at that time enter the Seignor class I think you would hardly get your Parents consent to stay so long. I have ever since you went away a little flattered myself that you would return at the expiration of the year & enter with the Sophomores in June but as you talk of remaining there longer I suppose you do not think it attainable, but we shall know of your determination in your next—March 4 Sabbath eve—Last Sabbath we had a sermon to the elderly people, today a sermon to the youth, to morrow eve. a concert of prayers, next day evening a meeting of prayer for an awakening in this place. There is a prayer meeting every week for the same purpose though as

yet their prayers are not answered.—As I mentioned the commencement of the writing & dancing schools I will now tell you that last week they were concluded, the dancing was ended with a public ball & Harry Hopkins was one of the managers. H. likes well to dance but Albert seems to consider it rather trifling business & when it has in the least interferred with his studys would be quite in a fit & wish he had never attended the dumb dancing school. It is now seven weeks today since I sent you my last, & seven weeks last monday since I received yours & when one week more is past I shall send this whether I receive another or not—April 8 . . . Some think there is a risque in staying till the middle of July, as you will perhaps get to Norfolk about the commencement of their contagious fevers. Pray take every precaution to escape them for should you be sick & escape with your life, it would be all they would allow you, & it might be difficult for you to get home, Mr Kup was sick at the southward & his Physicians bill was four hundred dollars —Dr P says you must not expose yourself to the evening air. Pray accept much love from us all & from your aunt Rhoda who has come to visit us.

your very affectionate Parent

Mark Hopkins Mary Hopkins

Mecklenburg March 30th 1821

My dear Mother

Since my last I have begun a new year and Harry also and as for Albert he is almost fourteen. Harry must on the fourteenth day of next July give him fourteen sound thumps for me, if he will not treat. I have I suspect, since my stay here increased both in latitude and longitude. Saturday April 7. On Monday last I received the much wished for letter which like all others brought me that most welcome of all news that my friends were well and I feel a satisfaction that in spite of dreams and omens I can communicate the same to them with regard to myself. I suppose our family must by this time have become tolerably proficient in that art of arts, dancing. I should like to see Harry dance a

figure. I am glad to hear that he thinks of attending the Academy another quarter. I think this an important year with him and I hope he will attend to every study that is either necessary or desirable and should he wish to attend school longer than it may be convenient to spare him from the farm, recollecting my own feelings when in the same predicament, I will, and gladly too, when I return pay the wages of any one to take his place. He may laugh at this but I am serious, and do not think that a few dollars are to be put in competition with the advantages of a good education. Youth never comes but once. Albert it seems gets along finely with his Latin he will be almost a man and a fine scholar before I go back. Harry and Albert must write if there is room. I was sorry Albert could not read my letter the fault was no doubt in the latin.

MARK

Monday April 23 1821

My Dear Son

As it is possible that the articles which we have sent may never reach you I shall think propper here to numerate them that you may know we would not fail to do all for you which you can ask or need. We have sent you a Blue broadcloth coat & Pantaloons, a pair of thin pantaloons, a vest, two shirts, two cravats & a pair of gloves. I thought there could be no risque in making the coat as we had the measure of your surtout, but Harry put it on & found the sleeves rather small. I therefore fear it will be so for you, but trust you will be able to wear it. Should your thin pantaloons be too long it will not be best to have them altered till after they have been again washed, if they are then too long, instead of taking off a piece have a broad hem. You may perhaps think the quality of the cloth not good, as it has the appearance of gingham but it is very durable, the blue part of it being either worsted or something similar to it, rather expensive & very fashionable. Should you need them to put on occasionaly, I should think you had better get another pair, for allow no distress of that kind when you can help it. If

the gloves are too small perhaps you can change them. I could not send you a surtout but as soon as you return you shall have one, & should you find your health declining, I beg you may have no engagements which shall prevent your immediate return. (I could not but be diverted when I was packing your clothes to hear one & another say I wish I could fill Marks pockets with something which would make him some diversion but they could think of nothing which pleased them till the bundle had gone, then H wished she had sent him a piece of Mrs Dwights wedding cake with names that he might dream over them, E wished she had sent something else which she thought of, & Harry was very sorry he did not send a famous jack knife which he had given him last winter, as he was sure there could be no such in that part of the world, but as it was then too late, I suppose you must accept the will for the deed, & empty pockets instead of their nonsence)—

M. H.

Dear Brother

The winter though it has been an extreme cold one has by me been spent very agreeably & what rendered it more peculiarly so was the dancing school with which I was much pleased. There were six went from our house & had you been here there would probably have been seven. The number of scholars was about 40. We shall probably have another dance some time in this month. I must confess you are in a very secure place to make known unto Albert & I your enormous strength by declaring you could overtumble us but when you return it shall be decided, for you know that the proof of the pudding is in eating the bag. Adieu

Harry H.

Stockbridge May 28th 1821

Monday eve

My dear Mark—

Today is doubtless the most delightful day we shall have this season, the air is cool & serene, & as I am alone there

is not a sound to be heard except the faint rustleing of the Poplars before my window, whilst the trees of the Orchard & Garden around me are almost bending with blossoms. Such a delightful prospect affords good encouragement for me to hope that I shall have an abundance of fruit for you when you return. Last week we had a large party of gentlemen & ladies at tea—had you then stepped in I am sure you would have rejoiced to see so many of your friends together—Wednesday June 28—ten days since I told you of a visiting party, but I must no more talk of the visits of mortals, for the Lord God is now visiting us, he is evidently in the midst of us shedding abroad the influence of his holy spirit, prostrating his rebelious subjects at the footstool & melting their hearts like wax. You will wish you was here, but the Lord is as ready to give his holy spirit in one place as in another if asked in sincerity—June 27 Yesterday attended a preparatory lecture preached by Dr Hyde, after which was a prayer meeting & an exortation to the awakened, to the convicted, to the converted, & then to stupid sinners warning them not to sin against the Holy Ghost. There are now meetings every day & every evening in the different parts of the town, some lectures, but most of them prayer-meetings at which great numbers attend. Four or five weeks since, they began their Sabbath schools & it was with difficulty they could get scholars enough to class, but last Sabbath the classes were very large for they flocked into the sanctuary like doves to their windows—With respect to the manner of your return, we see no need of any anxiety, for if your trunk is not sufficient, you have only to exchange it for one large enough to hold all you have, & with yourself place it in the stage & come on your way rejoicing, having no regard to the expence, for if we can but once more see you alive & well we do not much care for the paltry pelf.

I am informed there is to be a Theological institution established in Amherst, President Moore of Williamstown is invited to go & will go next faul contrary to the wishes of many. It is thought he leaves there on account of former difficulties for it certainly can not be for the want of a

sallary, as he receives sixteen hundred dollars in cash every year which he receives quarterly. They have not yet I believe done any thing about getting another President. It will make but little difference with you how it terminates as you would likely enter Junior at Newhaven.

I am very glad to tell you that Albert can now read your lattin letter perfectly well, he is now studdying the greek testament but as he has had no respite from his studies since last faul is now to leave school half a quarter, both for his own benefit & to assist in harvest which they began last monday— Major C has employed Miss Pierson of Richmond who occupies a lower room & teaches painting & drawing. John Henry wishes me to tell you that he is now studdying the fourth book of Virgil.

M. H.

1821

Dear Brother Mark

I should like to write you a long letter but the short space allotted me will oblige me to be extremely concise. A few weeks ago I had a very pleasant ride to North-Hampton accompanied by Mrs Sedgwick. Spent one day at Mrs Dwights & returned the next. It is said to be the handsomest country in New England. I crossed Connecticut which is there about 70 rods wide, went on Mount Holyoke from which there is the grandest prospect I ever beheld, this to a person so little accustomed to ramble as myself, with a variety of other scenery appeared to me quite novel.

Harry

T Pomeroy has gone to Albany & will exchange your money for silver.

Saturday

My dear brother Harry

Whether your quarter is out or not I dont know but when it is you will I suppose return to that course of life in which

I am persuaded, if necessity or avarice do not goad too hard, a man may enjoy as much, as in any other, and I should certainly prefer a good farm at the North, and to labour myself, to being a Southern planter and having slaves at my nod. I find that though money is more easily procured here, hard times are as much complained of as any where and money, money, is the cry from every mouth. I know not what you may think of what I just mentioned in my last but I can assure you I was sincere and can very well do it. not that I suppose you *cannot* go if you wish it, but whether you *will.* A good education is certainly a most valuable acquisition and religion excepted, perhaps more so than anything else. Some of my scholars get along very well and others are dull, I do not wish you the happiness ever to teach school, I have not very frequent opportunities of going to church, last Sabbath I heard the Bishop of Virginia preach an excellent sermon, he staid at Mr Ns and I was introduced to his reverence. He is an old man, fat and plump and reminded me of the words of the Poet, not goosee goosee, but, "plump as stalled theology," he told a great many anecdotes and very good ones too. When he found that I was from Mass. he said, "depend upon it let me go where I will I find the Yankees." He is from New york. Had I known sooner of Mr S. going I might perhaps have sent 2 or three hundred dollars by him but I dont know as it is wished. I look forward to my journey back with much pleasure. no news. when Ma writes write too if you please, or write a letter entirely (any way only write) here or elsewhere

your affectionate Brother Mark Hopkins

Saturday June 16th 1821

Dear Parents

I do not in these solitary times cook and set the table but when Mr N is gone I make the tea and do its honors, I suspect with much more gravity than grace; so that if irremediable necessity should compel me to be an old bachelor,

I seem to be in a fair way to learn to take care of myself: I hope however that Mrs N will return in a week or two. The things sent fit quite as well as could have been expected. I do not know what sort of a fellow Harry has become if the sleeves of the coat were too small for him, for I should prefer to have them smaller for myself, but it fits very well, the pantaloons were also rather large; the walnuts &c were very acceptable, and the little poem of the bucket when it turned up, produced its intended effect, indeed I think it caused more sensation than anything else. I found in the vest pocket an invitation from the Miss Whitneys to a tea party, myself being included by way of Postcript. You ask how do other children get their education if I teach but two families, the fact is the body of the people are very ignorant in this section of the country, and I am informed that not more than half of them can read and write. It is extremely rare for a black to read, at the time I read to them there was some religious excitement but in a few weeks it gradually died away and their meetings with it. Greek by itself is very hard and besides I think I might squeeze through the walls of a college, though it is true that unlike the pilgrim who would get through the strait gate, the larger budget we carry the easier we get in, yet regular employment is certainly a blessing and absolutely indespensable to a happy life. My love to the family, by no means forgetting our cousins, I can not write particularly but it gives me pleasure to think of them all one by one and recollect their looks which I can do so distinctly that were I a painter I think I could draw an excellent likeness of either of them.

Mark Hopkins

This side was eaten by the mice before it was forwarded(!) P. M.

Saturday August 17th 1821

My Dear Parents

I think I am gratified to hear of the revival in Stockbridge, for notwithstanding the bad heart which I was formerly told I possessed, I cannot persuade myself that I

am not willing at least if not glad, that every body should be made better and consequently happier. I trust Albert will not have so great a load of poverty on his back that he shall be obliged to hover as long and as vexatiously about the doors of a college before he shall be able to enter as I have done. . . .

I should be glad if the rate of discount in the Carolina banks at N. York could be ascertained and sent me, either from Mr Sherrill, or from the N. York papers, for, as for silver, there is no such thing, and very little Virginia money in circulation, and I expect to be obliged to take Carolina money at considerable loss; But perhaps I shall not get back with any money at all; not long since some one came into the room where I sleep, took my clothes from a chair at the head of the bed, got my key, opened and ransacked my trunk; But fortunately found nothing which he wanted except two dollars which he took from my pocket Book, I am surprised he did not take my watch at least. . . .

I have been obliged to write the above in some haste this morning as Mr Ns family are going part of the way to church and I am to ride ten miles to dine at Mr Sherrills where I expect to stay over night and go to church from thence and I shall now since it begins to grow hot, stop writing and finish my letter there. . . .

your afftn Son M Hopkins

Sept 11th 1821

*My Dear Son Mark*

I will just mention that a few days since we had a scene rather novel for this place. Your Uncle J had his exhibition at the meeting house & as many were here from abroad, the house was much crowded, but as it is rather a time of seriousness here there was no music allowed but sacred, & as many of the schollars had never spoken in public it was not thought best they should speak original pieces but well chosen extracts which were truly spoken to admiration. They likewise acted one sacred drama called Daniel. The

characters were King Darius, Daniel &c, &c, your friend Kup who went to the southward, was well chosen to personate holy Daniel, & had you seen him I am sure you would not have forgotten him soon. He was dressed in an elegant black Episcopalian robe which was perfectly becoming to him & gave him a most interesting appearance, so that I imagine he appeared much as did the Priests of old time when they were about to enter the Holy of Holies, but I say no more of it now. He is going to Williams College this faul, & as I told you in my other letter that they had lost their President so I will now tell you they have chosen a Dr Griffin of Connecticut who they expect will accept their invitation—

Before you receive this you will perhaps read in your newspapers the dreadful destruction by an almost unparalleled storm in the harbour of Newyork, the sea driven back into the streets of the Citty with great devastation, the steamboat sunk, & not far distant, other vessels with many lives lost. I pray you will read the account & by no means think of comeing by water. If you finish your school in Oct. & have no misfortune you will probably be here by the twentieth of Nov. & perhaps sooner if you do not tarry by the way, but I should think you would like to make a short stay in Washington, in Philadelphia & in N. York, for you can have but an imperfect idea of those places from passing directly through them in a stage—Mr Harry Sedgwick expects you will call on him & says he shall detain you a day or two. . . . The New york papers say that at Newyork the discount of North carolina money is from three & a half to four percent, & that South carolina money is from one & a half to two percent . . . I think that the rude conduct which you met with in having your pocket book robbed will render it prudent for you to let your wages remain with Mr N. till the time of your departure, & after that, constant prudence, care & attention untill you reach home will be indispensibly necessary, for how many for believing every body as honest as themselves have lost even their fortune for life.

your affectionate Mother

Mary Hopkins

The long exile in Virginia from a dearly loved home was now over and the following from Mark's uncle Sewall Hopkins to Mark's father and to Mark speaks of plans for the future. If Hamilton College had been decided on instead of Williams, how many lives would have been different!

Clinton 21st Decr 1821

Dear Brother

I recd: with much pleasure your short epistle with Cousin Marks attachd to it—I am much gratified to find he has been so very successful in his enterprise & has returnd to the bosom of your family in good health & handsomely rewarded for his services. I hope & trust that there will now be no difficulty in gratifying his wishes respecting a liberal education—His reasons for prefering Williams College are good, he can see his friends at less expense—& probably oftener than if placed here. I know not but the advantages are as good there as here—Our College is flourishing, we have 100 attendants—Board is had for 10s our currency, at Boarding houses in the vicinity without washing or lodging—We have no common—the scholars board where they choose—We are about building another College for want of room—Our grand Canal progresses beyond the expectations of its best friends & in one season more it is expected to be navigable to Schenectady, it is done to the little falls so that boats pass; it makes a pretty appearance at Utica & has increasd business there considerable. We now buy salt for 2 dollars p B: at Utica. I trust your curiosity may yet be gratified by making me a visit in a passage boat on this grand inland water communication—Give my best respects to Mrs Hopkins & tell her that if she should again visit us she may when this canal is done step into an elegant boat & be at Utica the day after leaving home & may knit, sew, read, or sleep from the time she enters the boat until she is landed at the Village of Utica—As my paper is not full I shall say something to Mark & am your affectionate Brother

S. Hopkins

You will be so good as to accept my thanks Cousin Mark, for your letter lately recd—after so long silence—That you still adhere to your plan of going to College is I think wise, & at your age you will probably receive more benefit from your studies than if you had entered at an earlier period—I have flattered myself that you would make Hamilton College your choice, but your reasons are good for preferring Williams—I know nothing of the repute of that institution but presume it is good—We have scholars from N. Jersey & Board is had very reasonable & good—Our professor of Mathematics workd on a farm until he was 16 years old before he thought of an education—We have a new Professor of Languages & he is much esteemed, understands french & is teaching it, also understands Hebrew & some other Languages; he is from Detroit & has been settled as a minister there but is a young Man—the Seniors & Juniors hear a course of Lectures on Chemistry the 2 last years. I attended last winter with Catherine, we were much pleasd—I must bid you farewell & am your affectionate Uncle S. Hopkins

## PART III

The fall term of 1822 found Mark a member of Williams College, having entered the Sophomore class. Extracts follow from the correspondence between him and his mother and brothers.

Williams College Feb. 28

Dr Brother Harry

I intended to have written to you last mail but neglected too long. I am now fairly settled by myself in the fourth story, have furnished my room and live quite snugly. This is a leisure afternoon except more than an hour which is spent in the chapel in hearing one or two from each class speak. The faculty are all present and after each scholar has finished they give animadversions, one by one usually beginning at the younger. Their criticisms are verbal, minute, and I think tedious; particularly those of one of the tutors who makes his remarks in a very dogmatical manner, apparently more for the purpose of displaying his own acuteness than of benefitting the scholars. They sometimes disagree in their sentiments, and what one builds another frequently pulls down. The President is in his criticism acute, judicious, and sometimes facetious. To one he says your bow was good what there was of it. To another who was formal in movement, when you move dont pack up your baggage. He tells them they must bow their backs and not their necks, but when he tells them where they fail and then endeavours to speak it in a proper manner himself, I think he does not always hit the mark which shows how much easier precept is than example. He is certainly a powerful man in the pulpit, but I dont like his reading at all. He endeavors to read in a very pathetic and impassioned manner, so much so that he sometimes becomes altogether

too soft, and occasionally, when he anticipates what he is about to read, and has adjusted his mouth and tones he goes on very well till he finds he has mistaken the sense and then finds himself in a ridiculous predicament. He is much liked by the students. I have just received a copy of the laws of College which I am to read and then go to the President for his signature. I board at the Hotel kept by Mr. Hawkes. He has 16 boarders, board is 8 shillings. In coming here I was considerably chilled, the next day was unwell, more so than usual, and have not since been as well as I was the week before I left home. Study hours are six every day. We recite three times and spend perhaps two hours in all the recitations. I find myself able to get my lessons without difficulty in study hours so I go to bed when I please which is half after nine. Some of my class sit up till twelve and one. The class consists of fourteen though only 9 are here. I fear the sleying went off before you had finished getting wood but we may have more. The bell is now tolling for prayer, and that we must all obey. I hope you or some one of the family will write immediately. Tell me of the awakening of your society, of your questions &c. Love I need not send for the family all have it now. Your Brother M H

March 17 1822

Sunday Eve

Dear Brother Mark

You requested me to tell you of the Society, of our questions, & to tell you the truth I have not attended a society meeting since you left. I find it so great a task to write a debate & as for extemporizing I cannot, so that I have entirely thrown it up. My talent for holding an open debate is much like yours for singing, so I shall not try to make myself what I cannot be. All men have different parts & I think I should like to change some of mine for some I could mention—but all mankinds difference makes all mankinds happiness. A short time since at Grandpa's request I took my bee boxes & went to an old line on top of Monument Moun-

tain—after two or three searches I found them on top of a precipice in a small pine. Two or three days after Pa & I went out with the horses ropes & axes, & cut it down, & after infinite difficulty we conveyed it to the slay and brought it home.

HARRY

When you write again do not trouble
yourself to pay the postage

Dear Mark

I am desired to tell you that if you can find any one who will change board with you & come to Stockbridge academy we will be very glad to make them one of our family, as Albert & John both attend I trust it would be pleasant to almost any one to go with them.—When you write again tell us if you do not wish us to send by Mr W. to New york for you a leghorn hat as he will doubtless go before you return. I believe H & A will send by him—they are very comfortable in warm weather—Mr Hicks has received another letter from Mr Sherill,—his Schollars had that day most of them gone to the execution of the black boy who was mentioned in the paper before you left us.—Love from all the family M C H

Tuesday Evening March 21 '22

My dear Brother Harry

There is considerable seriousness in College and two persons think they have recently become pious, one a member of my class, a very reasonable and estimable young man. There was perhaps never a case of conviction of sin and conversion with more circumstances calculated to convince a disbeliever in such things. It was a case of deep feeling without the least enthusiasm. The Faculty of the College are some of them quite engaged, converse occasionally with the students &c. The President has just sent for me I suppose on this subject though he has never before said anything

to me. I will therefore stop here and tell you what he says when I get back . . . I promised to tell you what the President said to me but it would take too long—he spoke seriously and feelingly and I think he is more interesting in conversation than in the Pulpit where you know I do not much admire him—He mentioned our obligations the foundation of which he says is a rational soul and light. Said something of the chances according to human probability for our salvation which you may be sure he made much against me, and demonstrated as he said, that one sin deserves eternal damnation for says he, if one sin deserves a punishment of a thousand years two will of two thousand and so on, and you must find an end of the punishment however many sins you commit, but the Bible says there will be no end of the punishment therefore one sin deserves eternal punishment—For the rest he enquired something of my habits of life and thought and said several very important things, things well deserving all our attention. You know that I am not in the habit of utterly disregarding serious matters, much less of making sport of them but I do not know that I am more thoughtful on these subjects now than heretofore, however the stupidity of the world in this matter and my own stupidity have often been to me matters of amazement—surely we are all in a great dream and where we shall awake I know not. I am quite persuaded however that the drama of this world in which we are all actors will have a very serious catastrophe—I hope we shall both remember that in these things every man must bear his own burden—My health is I think as good as it was when I left home.

We are studying Astronomy among other things and I have some new ideas, but on this subject you know more than I do—I purchased a few days since a small philosophy which I think a good one, and if this goes by Mr Nash as I expect though I have not seen him, I will send it, as I think you will be pleased in attending to several things contained in it—Your affa. Brother MARK

Wms. College Sunday Eve—
1822

Brother Harry

I have been thinking what day of the month it is that I may date my letter, but I keep no almanac and in fact I do not know whether it is October or November—Forty five scholars have entered College much to the satisfaction of Dr Griffin. The Dr perseveres in his old folly of requiring the scholars to look at him in his preaching. I sat today directly before him and was leaning my head on the bench before me when he said that he should expect as a mark of good breeding that the scholars would sit up strait and look at the preacher. The former I did but the latter is what I never will do when I am not inclined and what I wonder he is not ashamed to require.

Your affc. Brother M H.

Sunday Eve April 13th '22

My dear Mother

When I wrote before I had not time to answer your kind letter. I neither do nor have disbelieved in a change of heart, as it is declared in the Scriptures—Death makes no change in the character, it is a mere passage from one state of being to another, and it is not in the nature of things that men governed by such tastes and passions as they commonly exhibit should be happy in such a place as Heaven—there would be no accordance of their faculties with their situation without which no one can be happy. This, those christians who are not daily acquiring a taste for heavenly things would do well to consider—

You say you believe that I supplicate the throne of Divine Mercy that I may be led into the *truth*, and I should be sorry to say that I did not, in a manner, however imperfect—I hope that we shall both devote some portion of each day to praying earnestly that ourselves and those whom we love may both know and do the will of our Father who is in heaven—And now I will tell you how I came to put up the

first serious prayer I remember to have made—how old I was, I do not know, perhaps ten—
You was one Sunday afternoon in the North room alone, and after having called me, you said that you did not wish me to make religion a strange or distant thing but wished that I should think and talk freely about it, and said that it was reasonable, perfectly reasonable, that we should ask of God those blessings which we daily needed at his hand.—
You said but little but felt what was said deeply and I saw it, and those words have influenced my life to this day—
A letter from my Mother would be very acceptable to your
Affc Son MARK

this will go tomorrow morning by Mr Byington.

Monday Morn—June 21st

Dear Brother Harry—

The number of objects that require my attention is such that I am not able to attend to any as they require—I am now busy preparing for Commencement and have besides, several other things to write. I ought to review the studies to prepare for the approaching examination for degrees before the high and mighty Corporation of this College and I wish to give some time to Botany, Mineralogy, and French —So you see I have reason to be as busy as you ever was when the farming business was all behind and you had half a dozen machines to make—In fact I can hardly find time for a nap after dinner or as you would call it a noonspell—
Indeed I do not know but we shall have some leisure this week for I hear this morning that our President is going to attend some Association and will be gone till friday and as Professor Dewey is not here, I hope we shall have nothing to do, though you must not suppose that in that case we shall do nothing.

Leisure you know Dr Franklin says is time for doing something that is useful—

My health is much as usual—Albert I think grows fleshy

upon it. I wish I could say as much for myself, but I cannot—I sometimes have a swimming kind of feeling that your strong nerves know nothing about and which I think resembles dissolution.—I shall expect to hear from you soon—
Your affectionate Brother MARK

Wmstown Dec. 5th

My Dear Mother

Professor Dewey has to day given us a most excellent Thanksgiving sermon, pointing out, as he is well able to do, the wisdom and goodness of God in adapting the senses and appetites, the intellectual and moral powers of man to the corresponding objects which he has created, and by which they are gratified—Mr Field, Benjamin tells me, is sick so I suppose Stockbridge people have heard today nothing about the fat and the sweet to give them a good appetite for dinner. I presume they ate heartily enough notwithstanding, for I think this custom of making so much parade and eating so much is but a poor kind of thanksgiving.

Friday Morn. Since writing the above last night I have reflected more maturely on spending the vacation here and believe I had better. As I then said, I cannot be what my friends have a right to expect, and I think the sense of this will after the pleasure of meeting, tend very much to make me melancholy. I write this with tears but I think it had better be so, I think I had better stay. It will therefore be unnecessary to make any arrangements to send for me. I am in want of nothing except I should be glad of a pair of shoes which I mention because I believe they are made—Remember me affectionately to all the family—I desire to hear often from you all—Your aff'ate Son MARK HOPKINS

Dec 8 1822

Sunday Eve

Brother Mark

Although my mood of life is very much altered of late yet I find that time passes away very agreeably. I am hardly conscious of having a school under my care, I am home very

often have an old fashioned chat & in the morning return.

But there are some inconveniences which I think if I were to take another school I would not submit to. It is expected that I shall board at every house in the district which is very large, consequently I can board not more commonly than 4 or 5 days at a place and sometimes not so much. Now the thing itself is not only unpleasant but it almost entirely disconcerts me about reading, for where I am so short a time in a place it is regarded only as a kind of a visit, & consequently I am obliged to devote my time to conversation. Last week on Tuesday eve. Huldah was married by Mr Field, the wedding party was small but pleasant. E & G Pomeroy performed the office of Groomsmen & Lucinda & Pamela the Bridesmaids. About nine o'clock a party of us escorted the Bride & Groom to the house of C Sedgwick where after spending an hour drinking wine passing a joke & a compliment, we left them to enjoy the sweets of matrimony.

Thanksgiving eve. a small party of about sixteen couple assembled at Hiota Inn & spent about three hours very agreeably in my favorite amusement you know what.

Albert has this moment come in with a letter from you. I was extremely glad to see the letter but sorry to find you have determined to spent the Winter in Williamstown. What can have biassed your inclinations to stay in that gloomy place alone. If you wish to study can't you prosecute them to as good advantage here as there or do you imagine that you have not a friend who will welcome you to the place of your nativity. Be that as it will, the result will be the same. Besides the expense of board & candles washing &c will make some impressions upon your little stock. But I shall say no more. Mother is going to use her influence.

Your affectionate Brother
H Hopkins

Dear Mark
I am persuaded that nothing in this transatory world can ever make you happy, that you will never be satisfied with

anything short of heaven & since that is not to be found here below upon this dirty earth I know not of a better way than to make the best of our lot & to look well to it that we are prepared for a better—you very well know that we always wish you to do that which is on the whole for your happiness but neither your Parents or brothers can think it best for you to spend the vacation in that lonely deserted College, & your absence has to us been already too long, beside I see not why you may not spend your time as proffitably here as there, as you can here have every convenience for study & Albert is delighted with the idea of being your roommate as he does not intend going to school whilst you are here, & I can not but think that you will pass the vacation here very pleasantly, at any rate your return will add much to our happiness. We shall therefore venture to send for you unless prevented by another letter. I hope it will be sleighing as I think you could hardly endure to ride at that season in a waggon—Albert has not been able to get Roman antiquities or Greek(?) & would be glad to have you get them for him if you can without too much trouble—

Yours M H

As the bottle which contained your syrrup happened not to be ours you may if convenient bring it. Dec. 8

Sunday eve.

Williams College

My dear Brother Harry

We have eight or ten lectures in Chemistry a week, for you see I begin with that, imagining you will find it a better commodity than the other two,[1] and I can assure you I am much interested in them. I have seen the wonderful experiments of making bubbles explode,—of making iron burn like a pine stick,—of solid bodies formed from gases and a great variety of others of which I used to hear with wonder. Curious they certainly are, but knowledge and familiarity always put an end to wonder and now that I am acquainted with the laws of operation in those cases, they appear like

1 The other two were Latin and Greek.

common events. I saw an experiment a few days since that really surprised me. Alcohol, which is rum or brandy highly purified was, on throwing off the volatile parts found to consist of more than half of the coal we see in the fireplace—and loaf sugar is more than half of it nothing but black coal.

Professor Dewey is on the whole a fine lecturer a little given to story telling and fun, but that which would appear contemptible in a man of less knowledge and weight of character is entertaining in him and the more so as it is natural. He was formerly a great hand for tricks—

The electrical lectures were in the evening and several pretty experiments were performed, such as making paper ladies dance,—making bells ring and sugar phosphorescence. The next night lecture was on gas lights which were made to burn beautifully in many shapes; the gas principally burnt is the bicarbonated hydrogen or olefiant gas,—it is made by distilling coal, oil, pine knots and other substances—

The last evening lecture was on phoshorus, a substance with which I was previously unacquainted, it takes fire by the heat of the hand, and mixed with sulphur inflames of itself. It was made to burn with a bright flame under water by supplying it with oxygen gas—A curious gas is formed from this phosphuretted hydrogen, which on coming from the water under which it is kept immediately takes fire and explodes and forms a beautiful ring of smoke which all ascends together revolving very curiously.

Letters written with phosphorus shine like fire and can be read in the dark though not in the light, they are indeed fire as there is a slow combustion—When the lights were all out the Professor came round with some phosphorus mixed with a little sweet oil and smeared it over our faces and hands and made us look like people on fire.

The last line or two of your letter were very interesting as they mentioned what I did not suspect that you had become—a schoolmaster. I might if I had time perhaps from my own experience assume the prerogative of which most

people are so fond vis. that of giving advice, but having observed that many circumstances arise peculiar to every person which can only be determined by his own good sense and perception of things, I should be deterred from advising even if I had not so much confidence in your abilities as to believe it unnecessary. One rule however I have found serviceable and I presume you have adopted it. When I remarked a scholar doing that which was slightly wrong, if he did not know that I saw him I usually passed it by, because a punctilious exertion of authority in small matters is sure to destroy it. A school master should therefore know when to see things and when not.
My health is not quite as good as it was when I was at home, but perhaps I am better here than any where else because though I have the highpo ever so much, nobody cares for it. —Farewell.

Your Affct. Brother MARK

Ps I had like to have forgotten to tell you that I was appointed by a society in college last night to hold a public conference next term.

Albert entered the Sophomore class at Williams during the year 1823-1824, and graduated in 1826, when he was nineteen.

Williams College
March

Brother Harry
I have been here now three or four weeks; and have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted in a measure with my class, in which there are some very clever fellows; and also with a college life, which differs little from what I expected. Going to prayers and recitations and meals, keeps one trotting nearly half the time. There is no studying Saturday after-noon, nor wednesday. Saturday we draw books from the library which is very large, and wednesday speak in the chapel; which does not take half the afternoon. The rest of

the time we do what we please, play ball if its dry. Last saturday we had as good a game as I ever played there, perhaps twenty on a side, and the game I should think lasted two hours; we had three or four bottles on the carpet, and some of the fellows got pretty well on towards the West Indies before we got through. We have had one splendid exhibition since I came, that of Doct, Lane, who is an Irishman, and pretends to be a great orator. He said, "he was desirous of delivering a few lectures to the students of Williams-town Anniversary on oratory," and appointed an evening to exhibit in the recitation room. The room was crowded: and after having waited some time, he at length entered bowing to the floor, walked up to the table, took out his papers and made his preliminary observations. He then said that if it was agreeable to the audience he would commence and accordingly took his stand on the floor, and began in so curious a manner, that his audience could not restrain their laughter. He said he should expect the most profound taciturnity; and having finished his oration was clapped by the audience. There was an oration delivered last week, in the meeting house, by a senior on the subject of the Greeks: and a contribution was taken up in the society to the amount of 37$, and in the Colledge, the amount of which I do not precisely know; perhaps 70$. For myself I think I do well, if I can get along without giving to Greeks. Of the ten dollars which I took, only one remains; and I owe half that, by the end of the term I shall have incurred a debt of nearly 70$. I board at Noyens, and like boarding there very well, he has ten, or twelve boarders. It has become very fashionable to board in colledge, there are nineteen, or twenty board themselves in the other college, and quite a number in this. They board for sixty or seventy cents a week. Some fellows boarded themselves last term for ten cents a week. I have no room mate at present. A fellow by the name of Calkins placed his bed in my room, two or three nights ago, he only sleeps here. He has been very sick with the mumps since I have been here; which by the way puts me in mind to mention that the small pock is in Adams; and

there is some apprehension that it may get here. Sunday evening. Doctr Griffin preached in the chapel to day the students said, about as well as they ever heard him. He had however to stop, and "request the attention of the young gentlemen."

your affectionate Brother A. Hopkins

Williams College, July 20

Brother Harry

I dont know whether it's best to write to you this evening or to-morrow morning. But whether I write this evening or tomorrow morning I shan't write for nothing. Somehow or other I feel like striking off deep. My thoughts you know dont run shallow, they move on the bottom—they stretch in among the deep lines—They feel the extremity of things. So I told them last Christmas—one night I walkd out before the door, there turnd round came in and sat down. Blasting and mildew says I—blasting and mildew that's all I said that night. Another night I went out, lookd up. The stars twinkled dim—the black clouds shot over,—the winds whirl'd the leaves round there in the corner of the orchard. I eyd 'em, movd slowly in and sat down. What did you see out?—Death of some great man in the land . . . Where's Jefferson—Where's Adams?—an'te it in the Blackbook . . . But let these things pass . . .

Do ye saw well on the fiddle?—do ye draw the brush neat? Hah!!!!! my love to Miss Dunham, he! he-he Limbershins!!!!

By the way, you say you calculate to swing the scythe—there's hardly enough to wipe a scythe here. But I should like to be down there, And what is more I shall be there I hope in a week or two.

What kind of a Commencement we shall have I don't know—there will be no Ball. I think it will be therefore a pure literary feast. Probably not as many ladies as usual will partake of it. However we must strive to please the taste of the literati—I shall have to present as you know, a dish of philosophy. I hope it will not choke those who swallow

of it, if it does choak let it and artichoke. . . . I don't know whether I shall be able to do much on the farm. I'll do what little I know. I must get my hand in against Pa goes to the westward next fall. I hope he'll not break a good resolution—Give my love to him and Ma and Pamela if she is there. Week after next you may expect to see

A. Hopkins somewhere in those *parts*

Williamstown August 7th 1823

My dear Brother Harry

The lectures on Optics with the experiments were very interesting, we are finely situated to form the camera-obscura or as the Professor calls it the scioptic ball. He formed a landscape which covered the sheet of a bed, the objects very large and distinct—I had no conception of the effect produced by the magic lantern, it is one of the most amusing exhibitions I ever saw. By means of little images painted with transparent colors upon glass, the images of all manner of things were formed upon the wall as large as life and made to pass along in groups. I have for a day or two been busy about eclipses and shall be a day or two longer, it is a troublesome business to bring every thing exact nor do I expect to do it now. I wish to get just knowledge enough of the practical part to enable me to apply it with accuracy should I ever wish it. Perhaps you have heard of the scrape which the students had upon choosing moonlight orators or declaimers for the night before commencement. It was in some respects a more serious one than that last year on the same occasion. The Faculty forbid treating. The orators determined to treat and thereby students from the two lower classes a thing never known before, left College in a body and marched with their liquor about a mile from College and there had their treat, they then returned through the street with considerable irregularity and noise and the footing of several as they stepped seemed rather precarious, however they returned, most of them attended recitation, and all was quiet till perhaps half after eleven,

when some one of them set on fire a certain small college out-building—as soon as it began to go, they rang the bell and cried fire. They rousted several towns people and all College, and after seeing it quickly burn down they were still. The next week an examination was commenced by the Faculty which extended to every member of College and though there is no doubt but many know they were unable to discover who communicated the fire.—The Faculty however fined those who went into the fields some of them 5 some 3 some 2 and some one dollar according to circumstances; on this they considered themselves mightily aggrieved, entered into a combination and drew up a petition and list of grievances &c &c. I do not pretend to give you circumstances but it is not yet settled. The end of it will probably be, some who are most dissatisfied will leave college now or at the end of the term. The declaimers from my class of whom I am one treated, but in a regular manner and without any very great outrages and were suffered to go clear. The members of the Senior class have all passed their examination successfully as is usual on such occasions—They say that the Reverend and Honorable examiners nodded and slept half the time though in their declaration they say after "diligent examination had" &c &c. Our examination in all the studies which we have pursued since we entered College will take place in a little more than a fortnight—Professor Dewey says that if Albert is coming he should have a room secured at Commencement.

I had like to have forgotten to tell you that among other things I devote sometime every day to French. Tell Ma that I have but little highpo, that is comparatively, and remember me to the rest of the family

yours Affly Mark

August 17th 1823

Brother Mark

You conjectured right concerning my having an uncomfortable time coming down. I came as far as Proofseters when I stopped until I had read the only Newspaper they had

over & over again, got the number of cracks on the floor and ceiling all by heart, it continuing to rain like a thunder-shower, I at length enquired for the book of which if I had been aware of the value I should certainly have purchased, it having the unestimable quality of getting one to sleep quicker and easier than any author I ever read. I however started on about noon when it slacked a little after which is continuing constantly to rain not being inclined to stop long again, judging of my future from my past entertainment, I at length arrived at home about dark, my face being beautifully varigated with mud colour & green stripes which had made their way from the green ribbon on my hat, but I will not enumerate any more miseries of my journey, leaving you to conjecture the rest. Although I work hard, yet time with me passes away very agreeably. At night I am ready for a caper, can lay bob on his back, read 'til nine or ten o'clock, then rest sweetly until I hear Pa's voice "come Harry get up, it's just noon &c." It gives me a great deal of pleasure to hear from College affairs, especially scrapes of which I like to know the particulars. It appears to me that the Faculty are very foolish in attempting to prohibit that which they cannot do. I suspect that you have not told the whole of your own story of which everything seems to be so calm, for I cannot see why you have not infringed the injunctions of the Faculty as much as any one, at any rate the play concluded with quite a comical catastrophe. I anticipate a good deal concerning light, optics, & electricity, when you return, of which latter I don't like to handle without a better knowledge of its properties. The academicians are making great preparation for Exhibition which is to take place in about a fortnight. I believe that uncle Jared is very anxious concerning the issue as two Dialogues which he has very assiduously been employed in composing are to be spoken on the occasion. It is not asscertained yet what conveyance you will have to come down. Albert is not inclined & for several considerations I don't care about it myself at this time. I heard Ma mention to Pa that as Uncle Jared was going up he could

take the waggon instead of one of us, "No" replied Pa "that he wont, I'll warrant you he'd kill the horse and starve him to death, no no that he won't," but after expostulating with him for some time he consented, whether it will be so or not I don't know.

Your affectionate Brother
H Hopkins

The following letter is from their cousin Electa who is now Mrs. Webster and living in Charleston, Mass.:

Charlestown June 21st 1824

Dear Harry

From the first part of your letter I thought you was almost crazy from *novel reading*, but before I came to the close I was convinced that you still retained the use of your senses, and could talk in your usual style. I am happy to learn you are pleased with Scott's works; they have afforded me so much pleasure, that I wonder how any one can say any thing to their disadvantage. Ivanhoe is my favorite novel, but there are none of them that I dislike.

The new meeting-house in Stockbridge will give it a handsome finish and in fact I think it will then be an enchanting village.

Well Harry how did you enjoy yourself Election day and what is your plan of amusement for the fourth of July? We have holydays in abundance here but they do not afford me much satisfaction. Two Election days have been celebrated, and the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill on the seventeenth of June—The military companies were out, and two elegant standards were presented there on the Hill, with appropriate addresses for the *place* and *occasion*. The Governor who was in that famous battle honored them with his company, and received much attention from the citizens of Charlestown. A band of music escorted him on to the Hill and played before the house while he took tea with one of the senators from this place. I had the *honor* of seeing Mr Eustis when he stepped from his carriage. Wonderful! Wonderful!—

We talk of going on a fishing frolic the fourth of July, provided the weather is warm and Nelson can be spared from the Rendezvous. I have had a number of excursions in a man of war's boat about the harbor, and think it delightful. The forts and islands together with a fine view of Boston and Charlestown, render the prospect very fine particularly at high tide. Last Sunday week, Lieut Ward gave us a ride out to Roxbury. We stopped at a Mr Honeywell's who has a palace of a house there, with gardens and yards to correspond. I had not seen so much of the country since I first came to Boston, had seen very few flowers & trees—it appeared quite like home to me. We have had a number of invitations to visit acquaintances only a few miles from Boston, but in consequence of Mr Websters duty at the Rendezvous, we are not able to ride out on week days, and Sundays *ought* to be spent in a better manner. . . .

Tell Mark I congratulate him on getting the valadictory—Give my love to Uncle & Aunt, Mark & Albert, John & my sisters, and all other friends. Believe me to be your sincere friend and cousin . . . E. H. Webster

Write often, but do not pay the postage—

Thursday July 1824

Dear Brother

I received Ma's letter last week, which contained a copy of a letter from Col. Dwight dated West-Point. The result of the application I was very well apprised of before. But what may be the probability of success in renewing the application, or whether it would be judicious in me to leave my present situation here, could I obtain admission at West-Point, I do not know.

The scholars have made a petition to the President this morning to go on the mountain to day. He has granted permission to six from each class: The faculty having determined to permit no more to go at a time. I think I shall go sometime this summer.

I have obtained a boarding place with which I am much pleased. There are about twenty at the table, and we give only a dollar. I had forgotten to tell you that I attend to French some, there is a class of eight or ten.

Your affectionate Brother A Hopkins

Williams College July 2d

My dear Brother Mark—

Having investigated the mode of finding the lateral surface & solidity of eight cones and(?) I am at your service until eleven. My mode of teaching Day differs a little from that in which I was taught it. I require not only the answer to such sum but the several steps of the process *in figures*—This mode I find better fixes the principles and makes a more thorough work of it altogether—The Algebraic demonstrations also are given on the *board* (suffer me to scruple *your having actually worked out a great many examples*) Nearly all of the study hours in this recitation are necessarily occupied—I hear also Tytler and Chemistry. The lectures of Dr Torrey are given at 5 P. M. I attend and like him well. He is master of the science, states principles in a neat and concise way and is quite successful in his experiments. He has a crowded audience not only the Faculty but nearly or quite 2 decades of ladies—You were not mistaken in thinking I should like Torrey as a man, sound judgment unaffected simplicity in conversation and manners, well sprinkled with the spice of humor and seasoned it must be added with the salt of wit—is no ordinary or accidental compound. Nature makes a raw pudding, education throws in the seasoning and experience does the baking. Some spoil in the dough—sour sauce throttles its thousands, still more fail in the *bake*. The full grown character (without a figure) is the result of so many heterogeneous simples —operated upon by so many divellent (rare) and conflicting forces that perfect symmetry is scarcely to be looked for —except in fancy's pottery.

But to return—last Saturday Torrey and I agreed we

would *go out*. So having gone to the South part and found old Dr Emmons we made for the woods. Torrey was all Coriariace—every little grass was some great long Beccabunga or other, and had to be laid up for use—finding myself mum on that score I commenced shortly heaving in upon the roots—This is good to reduce a crudity that stands for bleeding at the lungs &c, by this expedient I retrieved myself, throttleing them both without difficulty. Torrey is not excelled probably as a botanist by any in the country.

It was my intention to have attended some this summer to mineralogy, as yet I have had no time. I think however I shall yet turn my attention to that Science.

You ask how we come on here?—Well—not a dog has opened his mouth here this term as yet, quietness has reigned undisturbed—Would I could hope it should be so always. The aspects however in my view are at present rather lowering. The case is this—The Students (about 20 of them) sent in a petition to have a dinner on the 4th—the matter of course had been talked of previously, considerable interest been excited and some arrangements made—This petition the Faculty rejected, not in accordance with my wishes or vote. Soon after the Ode upon which as well as upon the tune adapted to it, much time had been expended, was rejected by D. E. though it had been criticised and approved before by one of the F'y.—This has harrowed the feelings of the S're. Class and I should not be surprised if some dragons teeth grew of the harrowing . . . However . . .

. . . there . . . is not that a good long letter—write and give an account of that Chicken dinner—I would join you there if practicable.

Your Brother as usual A. Hopkins

Williams College Nov. 15 182(?)

My Dear Brother Mark

When I had Cotton Mathers Magnalia out I used when about to commence a letter to take the venerable sage—and

having read till I found a passage which suited me—commence by observing that Cotton Mather somewhere in his Magnalia remarked &c . . . This method while it was highly easy served also as I afterwards found, to spread the opinion that I was more than ordinarily imbued with ancient lore . . . The truth is I have a taste for ancient lore. I always had an unconquerable desire to ascertain who the first great Plymouth ancestor was—to trace the pedigree down through old governour Hopkins where I supposed it ran and then make a *tree*. Judge then of my disappointment when the same Cotton says that governour Hopkins with his wife and family after a few years residence returned again to England—so far therefore though most honorable branches, we must be content to let the trunk rest.

Mr Field says that Mr Huet is to preach in S. next sabbath. Good! I say! Did you hear that man—He is without doubt a great orator—I could not but contrast his eloquence with that of the Griffinion School. You probably know the effect of his discourse here—No liquor is now sold at the stores, in the street nor to topers at the tavern.

Hewit you know does not decry wine very much. Accordingly a day or two after he left, the students got together and voted that they were on the whole under a mental delusion when they signed the old constitution. And having rescinded the sixth article which forbids the fifth ever to be altered, the way for altering the fifth was then opened—ha! ha! The old Society is nearly defunct and a new one has been formed which may seem a flimsy thing perhaps to the staunch advocates of the cause. I strongly doubt however whether if Societies become fashionable, they will deem it either prudent or practicable to push the principle much farther—

Everything here goes on pleasantly and we hope will continute to. Religious students exhibit I think a greater engagedness than usual. And there has been one case of deep seriousness and I hope of genuine conversion. The young man who entered this term exhibited I think previous to his

conviction as fair an example of uncorrupted youth and virtuous simplicity as I have ever seen. He however possessed that carnal heart which in all places and at all ages is enmity against God.

I am glad to hear you are going to New York—that is the place for you—on the whole whether you know it or not you can put yourself among the most eminent physicians in this country—Do you hear it? I should be glad to receive a line when the Dr (who is as clever a fellow as ever lived) comes back if convenient.

Your Affectionate Brother A Hopkins

Stockbridge Mar. 10th

Brother Mark

Our domestic circle is now very small, so much so, that I have almost an opportunity of putting to the test your so much desired mode of life, Viz solitude, & from the little experience I have had that way, I must confess that your ideas on that subject are not altogether without foundation. It is extremely pleasant to be alone in a little family without any of those cumbrous ceremonies which fall under rank of high and fashionable life, when ceremony is the height of refinement, friendship but name, & all those undissembled joys arising from the social fire-side are unheard of, & unknown. With a plenty of good & interesting books, and now and then a friend to spend an evening relating his store of village anecdotes, and stories, which never fail to produce interest unfeigned, our hours flit away without being numbered, leaving us possest of all that independant happiness which arises only from a pure conscience and the inestimable blessing of health & plenty. My journey with you to Williamstown being one of the most remarkable events of my life, I will warrant you I had a story to tell as long as from here there, which was listened to with a great deal of attention and interest by Father & Mother while I related every prominent part of it with much confidence, being careful to

make nothing much less than it really was, having spun it out to a great length through every crook and turn, I at length brought myself back on to the old ground without any disaster. Next came the questions (you know Mother) a string to which the length of my story would bear no more comparison, than the distance from the house to the barn, would be to the distance from here to old Halls (the most distant place I know of.) Without anticipating the length to which she would carry it I began by answering and making remarks on each question until I found that I could not stand my hand in that play, I then began yes'm no'm yes'm &c which I have kept up about ever since.

This is curious weather indeed for the season, we have not been able to do anything worth naming since you went away—our woodpile is very small, our logs we were so anxious to have sawd must again be summered over, it rains every few days. I never regretted having a good rainy day, one sufficient to keep a person within doors, that is desirable any time in the year, but this drizling slipslop weather when it rains just hard enough to keep a person in suspense every hour or two—getting on your great coat, drinking a large draught of cider, and then going on slowly with our axes on our shoulder to the swamp, looking continually at the clouds—Pa every minute asking my opinion of the weather (trying to get a favorable answer) but I always remain firm by saying we shall get wet through before we get back. At length we arrive and strike about three strokes apiece it then beginning to drop fast we conclude that we shall be justifiable in quitting work when it rains, so we shoulder our axes and run for home it raining a torrent, but just before we get to the steps it breaks away. We change our clothes and start again . . . Our military schools are now almost closed there being only two lessons remaining, & that is two too many . . .

I am quite sick of them, it is very evident to me that I was never moulded for a military person, the small sword the most interesting part of it by far, I have entirely lost since

you went away having no one to practice with. I had much rather sit by a good fire than I would to poach over there in the mud and labour hard for several hours for the sake of the privilege of giving away two or three dollars. Yes, Yes, he may have the money but nothing more . . .

truly yours HARRY

Mr Mark Hopkins

Williams College
Monday Morning

Brother Harry

As one line free from postage is as good as a half a sheet with, I send this with the expectation of its giving you as much pleasure as a long letter by the mail. There has been a general epidemic here upon the students which owing to the stability of my corporality I have fortunately escaped. Times here rather dull. My room mate however makes some music. Chum had a real blow out the other night. He and another fellow got scuffling but soon growing sick of that they betook themselves to the water pail and discharged the contents of that onto each other "alternately." When the water was spent you might see water pail wash bowl and drinking glass sailing swiftly by each other and encountering their craniums with terrible percussion which together with the roar of about half the college who had assembled at the field of action, and Morgan lifting up his voice like a pellican in the wilderness, with lot of ayes and fury made no small sport. The case was tried by jury who sentenced each to pay a pint. But thinking a wet back a sufficient punishment they agreed to waive it.

I hear the petition for a bank has been granted. I suppose you begin to feel rich already, if you do I wish you would send me five dollars for I am out of money or at least expect every day when I shall be, and I must pay for anatomial lectures besides various exhibition expenses. Tell Mark to write to me if he is not occupied in writing for the Star.

I suppose the next letter I receive from you will be dated Boston or New-York. Success to your travels

ALBERT HOPKINS

Mr Hopkins
Sir,

I am directed by the Faculty to inform you they have voted to nominate you to the Corporation at their meeting in September next for the office of Tutor. We are desirous you should take the Junior class; but shall not make it an indispensible condition of the appointment.

Your acquaintance here is such as to render it unnecessary for me to say anything in the way of information respecting the situation, its duties or its compensation; and I will only hope your purposes may not be such as to prevent your consenting to the nomination, and that you will authorize us to expect your presence and assistance after the fall vacation.

It is a custom with us, as you know, to preserve an entire silence respecting any changes in the tutorship until after they shall have been made.

We shall be glad to hear from you, as soon as you can find it convenient to reply.

With respect,

Yours

E. KELLOGG

Williams College
30 June 1825—

Mr Hopkins
Sir.

I am directed by the Faculty to inform you that their wishes and purpose in regard to your having a tutorship here remain unchanged by the consideration mentioned in your letter. They hope and trust your health may be such as

to enable you to do the duties of the place with advantage to the class, and without hardship to yourself.—and you will be nominated to the Corporation.
I will only add the expression of my own satisfaction at the prospect of your being with us—

and my respectful regards—

E. Kellogg

Williams College
21 July 1825

Mr. Mark Hopkins
Stockbridge

Brother Harry

Not having heard a word from home for six weeks you will not think it strange that I begin to grow somewhat impatient. But I have been always disappointed and reduc'd to the sad necessity of returning to my room and making news for myself, by imagining the most probable situation of your affairs. For instance, such a wet day as today I figure you out to myself drawing up Cyder, running the old stone boat against the front gate post, rolling the barrel up to the horse and trying to put it on. But there you have come to a dead set . . . You want me there for that. You know I can put a barrel onto that horse, and you know I did do it last year fairly . . . So again if it is a rainy day I imagine you are threshing provender and singing, "Of all the work that ever was done" &c threshing is hard work enough to be sure, but I would alter the song a little and sing it thus; "Of all the work that ever was done, By either you or me, Going to prayers is rather the tuffest, That ever I did see—O That ever I did see." It is in fact rather hard to get up every morning before sun-rise and go clear over to that west college, in the cold, to hear prayers—which do not warm any body very much. Moreover it is not half the time that we can hear the bell; which is not accepted by the Faculty as an excuse for non attendance; and in consequence of this two or three of our class have been fined. So

the money goes you see. I have had to lay out six dollars in books this term which I never thought of having to buy before.

Our studies are pleasant especially Chemistry. We had a lecture upon electricity one evening, in which thirty or forty of us were electrified. It struck both the elbows like "ball." The Professor in all these exploding and electrifying experiments pretends that he does not think they will work; till at length they go off terribly. That suits him. The fellows have been trying all the evening here in the hall to touch off a bottle of powder. It went off just now as loud as a gun. I went out with a candle, the hall was full of smoke, the floor covered with glass and the fellows in their rooms expecting the Tutor. But he has not shown his head. In fact, you must know that the Tutor is not exactly the same man he was before the late riot. He is as complacent and obliging as you please, and the class so far like him very well.

The late riot has been instrumental also of cooling down some others of the Faculty, in fact I believe it has been five hundred dollars benefit to the students, though an injury to the institution. For the present Freshman class consists only of twenty three. Our class has received an addition of five, one of whom has a wife and family.

I take in connexion with two or three others the Spectator. It is as good perhaps as any other paper in the country and thinking it would be interesting to Pa as well perhaps as to you I have sent it on and shall continue to. I have hardly room to subscribe myself your Brother

ALBERT HOPKINS

Wms College October 24, 1825

Brother Harry

. . . To be serious though, I hope you have'nt given up painting—The study of the fine arts is becoming a much more honourable as well as lucrative employment than it once was—

The Academies of New York and Philadelphia are well known and endeavours are making to establish one in Bos-

ton, whether this goes into operation or not, the friends of science are everywhere exerting themselves and nothing is wanting but young men to take the brush—If a young man (says the North American Review) wishes to distinguish himself in almost any department of the fine arts he must exile himself from his home and repair to some place where facilities for study may be had!! That seems to accord with your notions on the subject, it does also with mine—

As for news from Williamstown you will not of course expect any. "What's this dull town to me Robin Adair?"—One thing though happened rather curiously.—Without any hopes of obtaining it, we petitioned for the 26th—the canal celebration—The Doct—gave us the day and we celebrated it in the Chapel.—A Hopkins, Chairman . . .

ALBERT HOPKINS

Williams College

Brother Harry

I enter into your ideas perfectly about these things. A man never can obtain a finished education or a just knowledge of mankind by staying at home, he might as well claim a knowledge of a whole book from reading only one leaf. We must shake ourselves from the dust and ashes of our own chimney corners, make our views large, and our aims high, and if we fail at last we shall at least fail in a good cause. . . . I never wanted to get out of state prison more than I want to get home. its' cold here and every thing else that ever was yet. I must try though to squeeze along through the term if I do'nt get expelled before it's out . . . This I write after 9 oclock but nonsense always flows freely from the brain of—

ALBERT

Dec 1 1825

Dear Brother Mark

You have ever manifested a brotherly solicitude for me anticipating my wants even beyond what I myself could have done and I can assure you that no sensibilities to my welfare from any one, much less from a brother has ever

been bestowed upon me without awakening in my bosom feelings which I cannot express. Whether I shall ever be in a situation to relieve the wants of others I cannot tell but should that ever be the case it appears to me that I could have no greater happiness.

The money which you sent is precisely what I should have borrowed within a few days as I expect to start for New York on Monday next or in the beginning of the next week. . . . By uniting what few resources I had I have been able to rig myself with a new coat vest shirts &c. I am now tolerably well equiped for an enterprise & as I said before, I intend going first to New York & if I light upon nothing which better suits me I think I shall enlist in the Academy of Arts & Sciences. I understand that a new Institution is established there for the greater encouragement of those who are willing to devote their talents to that pursuit and that besides every other facility they have Insruction gratis, of this though I am not particularly informed. But I tell you that I have an increasing desire to enter upon that from which I cannot force my mind. Miss Sedgwick went down last week & with her Pamela the *fair* who expects to spend the winter there. Night before Thanksgiving there was a great cousin party at Mr Sedgwicks. Thanksgiving night another at Doct Pom (Pomeroys), on both occasions Mrs Nicolas recited. I never heard her before—she is in my opinion a woman of rare power that way, & gives some nicer touches than any body else could do. A great many however pretend to be disgusted with her but I dont hesitate to say they have no taste.

It is now considerably a time of leisure with us quite too much so. I never desire to be in any business when there is not constant employment, it is not only unpleasant but dangerous to one in ever so good habits, but there is very little danger of a Farmer being obliged to become dissipated for lack of something to do . . . Aunt Thankful left here sometime ago & is now at Grandpas.

From your Affectionate
brother HARRY HOPKINS

P S When I wrote the above I expected to have been on the North River at this time but was disappointed of my ride to Hudson. *Fare thee Well.*

Williams College Dec 2d
1825

My Dear Mother

When Albert went away there was some seriousness in College, indeed there had been more than usual through the term, but since he left us it has very considerably increased. Last Sabbath the visit of Mr Field and Dr Hyde to this town was mentioned as appointed for today, and the church in town agreed, for there has also recently been more attention to religion in the town than is usual, to set apart this day for fasting and prayer, and the seriousness in College increased so much that it was thought best that it should be observed by the Students also. Morley who was with me in Stockbridge has been for several weeks in a state of concern greater than I was till to day aware of. I had had no conversation with him till this morning. I met him accidentally and asked him to call upon me, which he did. Immediately upon sitting down he began to weep and continued to weep almost incessantly till he left me which was towards half an hour—he expresses no hope—At a meeting this morning in one of the rooms of College the students were nearly all together, and quite a number were in tears. They were addressed by a young man in a very few but striking words, named Hathaway, who supposes himself to have experienced a renovation of feeling, and the effect of that together with the other exercises was quite perceptible —Hathaway was at my room this evening and talked with great candour and calmness. He is of my class, in which I think there is more seriousness than in the other classes— With regard to myself I do not think my religious impressions as vivid or my feelings as strong as they have been at some other periods of my life. Religion is necessarily brought frequently into my consideration, but it certainly

does not have the influence upon me that it ought—I am however at present inclined to hope myself a Christian—I could to be sure write down many things and say all these are against me, but when I think of Christ and his character I think that I love him—when I think of his gospel I think that I approve of it. I do not say this confidently and I am conscious that if I were in my present situation, to profess publicly my faith, my life could not give the weight it ought, and which might be reasonably expected to my profession. My dear Mother I hope you are not at present slumbering with regard to those things to which you have been so often awake—I hope that all the family pay more careful attention to their bibles, more careful attention to their lives . . .

Your very affectionate—Son

MARK HOPKINS

About this time Harry went to New York to seek his fortune and to become "a painter" if possible.

Mr. Harry Hopkins [1]
New York
Politeness of Mr. Hull

[1] Painter

December 22th 1825

My dear Harry
I am every anxious to hear from you again, partly because I have just heard of the dreadful fire which you have had with you, & I am fearing that you are suffering in consequence, & partly because I wish to know what business you are pursuing, & beside, I wish to know of your health, for I have just suffered many things concerning you in a dream. I am ashamed to think any thing of dreams when my children are at home, but when they are gone every singular dream is like a scare-crow. I have been told that Mr Andrus will return at Christmas, & I wish more to see christmas that

we may have a letter from you, than the little children do their presents from Santaclaws, I hope he will call to see us—I have had much anxiety about your present embarassment, but your Father feels much disposed to assist you, wishes to be remembered to you, & desires me to tell you that if you pursue painting, and can reasonably judge that it will in future be proffitable to you, as soon as your present resources are gone, if you will let him know, he will send you what assistance you need untill the heat of summer, when we hope you will feel disposed to visit us, or at any rate will at that time leave the City. I shall leave the remainder for Albert.

Your very affectionate—M H

Our South Room. Thursday Eve—

Pa and Uncle Tom have been making such a thundring noise here all the evening about their old Bear and Indian stories (Once in a while you'd hear Uncle Tom "About forty years ago," then by and by "growling and snarling" then Pa'd say "Ha! yes growld and snarld they did" then Uncle Tom would say. Then by and by "old Coon Vandeusen") that I could not write any. However I'll try to say a little something (see the next page) If I can think of it—that is. But if I can't, I'll say something else, that is to say I think I will.

Next page . . . Something or nothing . . .

The true secret of getting into business it is not every one that understands. Some 'presses right into the midst of things and then again there is them that's always rustling. I did'nt use to know which of these classes you'd finally come under. I viewd you, I ey'd you on this side and then on that. First I thought you'd belong to this class, then to that. Then I thought again, no he wont said I, he'll belong to the other. But the case has of late been pretty satisfactorily determind. A man that dines under the Seraglio and gets assassinated by a band of Music the first day he gets into New York must I think be classd among them that presses right into busi-

ness. Advice—don't be pressd out of business till you get ready to go, nor then either without you are a mind to. . . .

Andrews then I understand talks of going to England, now is your time. If you wish to study the statues of the ancient kings, the busts of philosophers and heroes, if you wish to view the armour of the ancient knights and the shields of the mighty men now is your time—

Launch forth into the Ocean of life with a piece of white paper for your chart and a paint box for your compass, steer aloof from the mud hole of 'daubings' and the quick sands of bad taste, and enter at last into the post of perfection—yes, my brother, follow the dictates of nature and be assured that so doing (to change the figure) the capshief of eminence will finally vent on the skull of genius. . . .

But I suppose by this time you begin to wish some domestic news. The other night all the Captn's family came up here and last night we went down there. The Captn had on his mug of phlip and Rod he was Rod. (Pa's just been down cellar and got a pitcher of cider and some great greenings, he sits there by the stove now pearing.) Pa and Mr Goodrich have been surveying the south town line. Sam went with them. Sam he was Sam and Goodrich with his hat turnd up behind.

I forgot to mention that I have had a cold. I took some boneset just before I went to bed in about a gill of rum, made me sweat like a dog . . . From Williamstown, Mark is well. Ash and Pitt Beck or Hubbell consider themselves as good as any other Christians. Almost all the students are either good or serious.

Your brother A. Hopkins

New York Jan 2 1826

Dear Brother Mark

You have perhaps thought it strange that as I owe my being here entirely to you that I have not taken the trouble to let you know whether I am alive or dead—The fact is I thought that by putting it off a little longer & a little longer

I should be in circumstances to give a better account of myself, that is of the time I have spent in this City. As to myself I am just what I always was and always shall be. I now begin to see with too much certainty what Mother always told me, viz that I never should be any thing in this world, that same slackness that same love of ease & recklessness which was always my characteristic when at home, I find is vastly improved on being in a city with a plenty of money & nothing to do, plenty of money I said—not so very very plenty either but it is all one to me as long as it lasts, I have got to be a firm believer in the destinies since I started from home—that is to say I dont believe I shall die till my turn comes, when my money is gone I shall probably live somehow, or rather stay . . . I have been in agonies ever since I have been in the city at seeing my money leak or rather stream away at such a rate without a possibility to stop it. And I have not until of late made the discovery that it goes just as fast whether I fret or laugh, a circumstance which I shall not fail to turn to account— At present however, to keep up the original figure I have been able or rather my friends have done it for me, to stop in a measure the stream before spoken of whereas, there is nothing now but a heavy leak, a leak (to use another figure) which no vessel is without in this City. I shall proceed to acquaint you of the stoppage . . . Mr Harry Sedgwick & wife last week on Thursday went to Boston leaving Miss Sedgwick Miss Peakmoun & children at home. He very kindly invited me to stay there while he is gone which will be probably about a fortnight from the time that he started. I have no room at his house but a bed room so that I spend the most of my time at my original boarding house which is about a mile up Broadway from his house, a very pleasant walk. I have not entered so soon into the fine arts as you might have supposed, as it will be attended with considerable expense and with my present stock of money I could not stay long enough to make it my object—I am in expectation however of obtaining a place in the Registers Office which if I do will handsomely support me & have some

time to myself. This is uncertain however, but I shall know on Monday next and will write more should I obtain it . . . As you have probably seen my other letters you know as much as I can tell you with regard to my situation. I will however add that living with D Field contributes greatly to my pleasure, he is very kind and uses all his endeavours to get business for me. He is so fat that he is a sight to behold. The Parson is a fool to him—He spends the days in the office and the evenings at home, when not elsewhere.

New Year & Christmas are great days here particularly New Year. As soon as dark the night before, the boys and even men collect with blankshells, toothorns, drums, and horse fiddles, and every kind of instrument for noise, then all they want is noise noise, in the lot, that is all they want (if you dont understand that refer to Pa) I sallied out between ten & eleven & walked through broadway. They had formed a solid column of about five hundred, completely equipped and in hot action. Woe be to the mans ears that are not secured in passing the streets. They keep it up all night without cessation. In the morning it is the custom for all those who wish for the continued friendship of others to call on them, the Ladies staying at home. As I had not many friends to call upon my days work was soon completed, that is my calls not my days work. I was with David favored with an invitation to Robt Sedgwicks to dinner, dine I should say—at the early hour of quarter past four—always an hour sooner than expected. At the time appointed we were on the ground, the streets were all lighted up. Upon entering the room I by a fatal forgetfulness when saluting the Ladies said good evening instead of Good afternoon. Although it was in fact evening, yet I instantly saw my mistake but it was too late, they had got it. What can I do thinks I to myself. I will stick to my text which I did to the great amusement of the company & when I got through I defyed them to prove that I was not right which no one attempted to do . . . It would be in vain for me to undertake to enumerate the number of courses but woe be to the man that fills his belly the first round for justice must be done to every dish, I merely mention this

if you should ever come into the City as things to be guarded against & things as I know by experience a countryman that is one, is very apt to be guilty of. Luckily for me however they did not sit as long as usual but rose from the table at half past nine oclock—Coffee of course came earlier than usual, at the ungenteel hour of eleven after which we sallied out to make calls—When returned, as we drank only nine bumpers of wine apiece at dinner they had very kindly prepared a large quantity of hot whiskey punch that we need not take cold which *must* be disposed of, no is a word not understood here to my great confusion. I will leave the party here, for I never shall get them home, that is I thought I should not last night—Give love to the family with great affection your Brother HARRY

P S D Field sends his love to you.

Williams College Jan 3d 1826

My Beloved Brother Harry

This is the last day of our term & tomorrow I think I shall go at least part of the way to Stockbridge, it will seem odd not to see you there, you who have always, when I have returned from my wanderings, been there to greet me.

My health is poor though nearly as good as when I came here, & it is still doubtful whether I shall ever be able to be of much service to myself or any body else—but I am more resigned at the thought and happier than I was—

I have been pleased with my class & so far as I know have satisfied them, they have to day presented me their thanks in a gratifying manner, and the term has passed without the least trouble or disturbance—You have, it is more than probable heard of the revival of Religion in College the past term, a revival in which my class have been especially interested—by which I think I have my self been benefitted & for which I desire to express my thanks to God—Ashley, Beckwith & Palmer are subjects of it & of two of them at least it may be said that they were very unlikely ones, but this has not been like common revivals, there has been noth-

ing of noise or ostentation or vanity, it has been deep and solemn and still & I really hope will result in the best effects both here & hereafter. It has led me to feel more fully the reality & importance of religion, & to take in it a more decided stand. As I said before I do not know where or in what mood this will find you, but my dear Brother if you are without a part & a lot in the religion of Christ you are feeding upon husks away from your Father's house.—you lack the proper aluminant of your nature—the essential ingredient of happiness & I hope that however you may be employed you will let nothing prevent your acceptance of Him as your only Savior without delay—I do not wish to preach to you, judge for yourself—I certainly wish your happiness—your highest happiness—I feel morally certain that you find that only in Christ—

I shall be entitled to 100$ more at the commencement of the next term—. I do not expect to want the whole of it & if you should think that your happiness will be promoted by pursuing any business in New York which will require a little money you ought not to hesitate—it is probably the turning point with you now and I should be sorry that your wishes should be frustrated for the want of 50 or a 100$. I do not think you will be rash, I hope you will remember how many lose by an exchange of a farmer's life for another, now your money will not be thrown away—Still if you wish on the whole to stay in N. Y. you ought not to be prevented unless the expense will evidently be too great, write me your circumstances, wishes prospects &c—together with your adventures, Farewell—

Mark Hopkins

Stockbridge Jany 20th 1826

Dear Harry

You mention the pleasure you used to have with Albert in the ould swamp loging, burning ould roots and shouting. I remember it well and enjoyed it with you. we still go in there after logs and yesterday smashd the ould bob sled. The

new shed is a very convenient building. We want you here to help eat those fine apples you gatherd last fall and help us drink the excellent cider you made. I am glad you remember your Native Land with affection and those pleasing scenes you have pass'd in the swamps and on the mountains with your young friends and your dog & your gun. Your dog never was in so fine order and fat as he is this winter—
You say you fear we have forgotten you, it is not so—every thing you have made for us about the House brings you to mind, the pictures, the ploughs the Cider Mill & the Sheds. You say the City is a solitary place without a friend and so indeed it is, although it is crowded with people. I hope you may never want for a friend in whom you can confide—I cant understand how such a multitude of Coaches Horses & drivers can be supported standing drawn up in a line before the City Hall. I think few of them can find anything to do—you say you wish me to come to New York in the Spring if you continue there. I thank you—the expence I know would be trifling but you will recollect that when Spring comes there will be a great deal to do on our farm and I have no help but Mr Brown, and I find ould age is coming upon me and I cannot work as I have done. Give my respects to Cousin Robert Sedgwick and tell him I thank him for his partiallity to me and if I ever come to N. York I shall be delighted with his company round the City, He has been so kind as to envite me there when he was at Stockbridge. I have no doubt if I were at N. Yk I should see many curiosities but I would give more to see my dear son Hary than to see them all. You say your market over-flows with every thing good to eat—where do they get their wild turkeys geese & ducks. I thot they had all flown away—here I am writing to you sitting in the south room and Mark & John are studiing and talking which is one reason of so many blunders, (boys stop your noise) I am sorry that you cant find any business in so great a city. I was sory I could not help you when you went away. I fear your money is almost gone—I have receivd nothing yet of A. Yale but I shall

enclose in this a ten dollar bill which I hope you will accept from your affectionate father

ARCHIBALD HOPKINS

Mr Harry Hopkins

Stockbridge Feb 18th 1826

*Dear Harry my son . . .*

We are weary with waiting, but now can guess at the cause, had it not been for the letters which our friends in the Village have received from New york, we should for four weeks past have not known whether you was in the land of the living. When your friend Morgan came with no letter from you we at once determined that you had not received your Fathers letter, which we were very sorry to believe, in the first place, because we knew you wished to hear from us & would be apt to accuse us of negligence, in the next place if the letter miscarried it is ten to one if your Father would ever write another during life, & lastly he enclosed in it a ten dollar bill which he thought you might perhaps find use for.

Last Sabbath Mark made a public profession of that faith which he has so long manifested, & in the prayer after baptism you was faithfully remembered. I hope upon that point he is now at rest, he expresses much anxiety for the family & appears to have our best interest much at heart, he mentioned in his letter that during the vacation it is thought as many as seventy or eighty were converted in that town. I hope & trust you will write immediately after receiving this. Last tuesday was ten weeks since you left us, a long time.

Yours affectionately

M H

Sabbath Eve Feb 19, 1826

Brother Harry

To begin then you must know in the first place that I am half sick (one consolation as the old woman said and that is

that every body else is sick too) I shall therefore probably be somewhat snappish throughout the sheet, that is to say I shall probably snap once in a while. In the next place the more sick the more rum—that is to say every night just before I go to bed I take boneset in a gill of rum except night before last then I took red pepper in a pint of cider. Why don't you write and tell us what you are doing. I have heard that you were drawing figures of some kind I know not what. Perhaps you are working at the draperius(?) or it may be at the vectus(?) do you find any of the Graces there —I fear if you stay there till spring they will take you in their net. But find what you will you won't find a countenance so fair as mine. I am not fit to keep school and Cutler does not pretend to keep . . . Horace Weston died a few nights since—he is supposd to have died of the night-mare as he was well when he went to bed . . .

If you grumble at the dryness of this letter
Write a better . . . A Hopkins

New York Feb. 19th 1826

My Dear Brother Mark

Know then I am in that part of Newyork called the Bowery not very far from the centre of the City snugly tucked up in the third story of a private dwelling house with Andrews who keeps Bachelors hall and lives very cheap. Spend my time principally in drawing though to very little advantage having no instruction nor models. When Harry Sedgwick returned he asked me to stay there still, which you may be sure I did and am there now, but have removed from Fields room to Andrews which is about a mile from Mr Sedgwicks—a pleasant walk. I hardly ever pass up and down without seeing something to amuse me. If I should return in the Spring to remain at home I shall never regret having spent the winter here

One thing which operates strongly in favor of my going back is the increasing old age of our Parents who it is not

probable will very much longer be able to do but little for their own support. In that case it would certainly be a great consolation to them and a pleasure to me to be there and do what is in my power to render old age as pleasant to them as possible. I am sure they are entitled to all and more than I can do and I am willing to sacrifice if sacrifice it can be called, any anticipated scheme of life or pleasure which is necessary for their happiness. H Sedgwick is anxious to have me pursue painting and not go back to the Country— With proper advantages I could I have no doubt in a short time be able to support myself by Pourtrait painting but I am yet in my doubts about it. I find that the best of them are poor though many in respectable circumstances, whether this is to be attributed to the faults of the Painters or the profession I do not know. At present I am drawing and have made considerable proficiency this week. I am going in to Harry's with my pencil to draw the whole of them and then to Roberts. Harry every Sunday Night has a party of Gentlemen and Ladies commonly about a dozen, and a supper of Oysters about ten oclock. I have made some acquaintance with Gentleman who will assist me gladly in any thing I need and to whom I am already indebted and probably shall be more. . . . The influenza for a month past has been universally prevalent I have not escaped but had it tough enough about three weeks ago and have not entirely recovered yet though am fast gaining. It affected my eyes so as to cause the loss of one week. Notwithstanding I have my board gratis yet washing, wood, room, and candles, beside contingencies wear upon my little stock pretty fast but I have yet about $30 left which will last me some time— I dont intend to need any more from home, if I should however I shall not hesitate to let you know, as I know it would give you pleasure to assist me. The reason I have not written before is that Mr Watts has been expected every day for about three weeks past to go to Stockbridge but has not yet gone.

Your truly loving and affectionate Brother Harry

New York March 9, 1826

Ha! Ha! Ha! Well here is to Bob! . . . Yes to Bob. I wish he had been there last night—Ah, that would have suited him exactly Ha! Ha! Ha! I thought that I should have been squshed to death but could not get out neither did I wish to . . . Did you see that fellow that fainted close by the side of mr. L. no—I thought I should have fainted myself—Well you heard the door crash—yes . . . Well that was when I came against it—at that moment I felt a fellow's fingers hooking into my pocket—Did? Why did'nt you smash him—Ah, sure enough Why did'nt I,—I could not stir my arms no more than if they had been in a vice or I should. Well he did not get anything—No we were so pressed he could not get his hand in—Oh Keane forever—Keane forever—all the actors that ever I saw are fools to him—but I must go—Exit Andrews—

Enter Bob—Well how are you—I think I very well know—staunch and stiff as a poker trudging backward and forward to your daily labours like a Lion in a cage, and how are all the rest of our family—I have forgotten how they all look though my mind is almost constantly there. This endeavoring to talk with a Brother who is 150 miles from me is like feeding upon ashes, it is an aggravation it comes so much short of reality. But as you have lived from home it is not probable that I can give you many new ideas upon this subject and as I have no remarks to make upon what I never hear from, viz our family, I shall proceed to tell you something with regard to my own situation. I room and draw with Andrews but board still at H. Sedgwicks, how much longer I shall stay there I cant tell but when I do leave there, I think I shall go in with Andrews if I stay in the city which is yet uncertain. I have not yet got any business and have not been particularly anxious about it as my expenses are not very great though there are a thousand little contingences which wear away upon my little treasure pretty fast. Tell Pa I am greatly obliged to him for the ten dollar note which he sent and although I was in no immediate want of

From a Pencil Drawing at the Top of the Letter

it, yet probably will make considerable difference in my calculations, though at present I have no calculation about any thing, but the Spring will determine one way or the other what I shall do. Mr Sedgwick is anxious to have me pursue painting and not return to the Country to stay. I have no doubt if I were disposed I could get before long to support myself by Pourtrait painting but it would require long practise before I should be able to arrive to the nobler branch of the art viz Historical Painting. I find that most of the painters though in tolerable circumstances are in nothing more, whether that is owing to the painters themselves or their Profession I do not know. I have not yet been so long a wanderer as to be entirely wreckless of my future condition and shall before I take any desperate step, take the consequences into serious consideration. But if I should return in the Spring (which is uncertain unless my Father should request it) I shall never in the least regret having spent the winter here. There is hardly a day that passes but I see something very amusing and a thousand little things which no person can have any idea of who has not actually lived here. I am not in circumstances to take the best advantage of seeing every thing there is to be seen only that which is seen without money. I have indulged myself at the Theatre but once which you may have some idea of by the commencement of my letter. Other shows I have not been at. Tell Pa that if he wants to see me very much he has only got to send two or three more letters like that he sent, for when he spoke of the old swamp, my dog and my Gun the Mountains, the old south room and apples and Cider I was upon the point of packing up my duds and starting right off. I thought that after being from home as long as I have, I should in a measure become weened and care nothing about it, But I am convinced that no length of time place nor situation will ever in the least abate my affection for my native land— Then next came my Mothers letter the beauty of which was that it was so characteristic. I wish I as well knew what was best as she says I do.

Your affectionate Brother Harry

Stockbridge
Saturday Eve. March 19 1826

Brother Harry

This day closes the concern—"Yes—the concern"—Let me see—72(?) dollars—5¼ for making a coat—a bran newone—Half as much for(?) bills—yes so it goes . . . In other words I have finished my school this day and never was I gladder to get out of it—as you may well suppose the examination took place last Tuesday—Dave and all the force—I wish you could have been there and heard Daves speech. For the sake of illustrating he supposed a case—Ha! I sat there in my chair kind o' as you may well suppose—This fore-noon as I remarked, closed the concern. This afternoon I made my calls (Miss Nicholas &c) Monday I go to College if I can get away. It is a real serious time up there.
In May we shall probably be down all hands and as your knowledge of the fine arts will find you with spending money would it not be a good plan to take a trip round this way and so all plank in together. I merely suggest this to your consideration . . .

I now draw out from behind the looking glass where it has been kept for the inspection of visitors—your epistle. We had a real time when that came. Morgan got here about 9 o'clock in the evening and laid the letter on the table. Think says I what does that brown cover mean? . . . But I was not left long in doubt for on opening the first thing that struck my eye was you with your hat kind o' turnd one side—glass in hand—(Hurra) Next Andrews with the old white laying back—glass elevated and grinning most facetiously—(Hurra)—Then bottle on table Abanzo! Hurra—Ha! Ha! Ha! . . . Morgan says that you wanted to take Andrews slobbering. But he refus'd thinking it might be detrimental to his character in these parts—Tell him there was no danger of that—His character is establishd—And that reminds me of an observation which I made the other day. Over in the Bar-Room says I By (Byington) By say, I hear bad stories about you—What, says By, Says I, they say you are getting into bad habits. Bad habits? Yes says I that's

what they tell me—Who, says By. What? Says I, tante best to tell is it John? No says John, I rather guess not—So we kept By oh ever so long. Nix-Punts laughd awfully. Finally I told By he'd better treat and be O K.

Morgan says that you and Andrews are tucked way into a garret somewhere. Garrets seem to be propitious to the development of genius at least many have coug'd in garrets—Brother Harry, as in thunder storms one dreadful clap follows another and so when a house burns or a person dies—so I look upon the frontis-piece which you sent to me only as the precussor of some thing greater to come, something perhaps which will come under the eye of the world. I learned from Watson Pomeroy that you have of late been trying your skill upon the ladies . . . faces. He remarked that his sister Pamela "had sat to you." You succeeded to perfection I presume—If she sat fair that is—to be candid though how comes on that lady with the two hundred thousand—make a raise for her (as Frink says) she will be worth more than you and I both can save if we live till we are as grey as Methuselah's cat (as they say).

The weather for some days past has been kind o' slick—warm—ground dry—bees kinda humming round the wood pile—flowers up—ducks, muskrat &c. Gerage and Stiel went 'way down to the Perry bridge but were obliged to cease their game, and bring their boat home on a cart.

To conclude, it hails now and looks likely for a bad day tomorrow but be that as it may you must write when I get up there—I would not advise you however to send such another drawing for if you do I shall most certainly come right down there and in that case you might lose some of the contents of your bottle— Albert Hopkins

Williams College June 10, 182(?)

Brother Harry

It is now a fortnight since we left you. I have not for some time enjoyed myself better than I have some portion of the time since I have been here. my health has been better than

usual & you cannot conceive how much difference that causes. I hold it however by a very precarious tenure and do not know but I may be miserable tomorrow, My Class are here and have commenced their studies with good spirit, and I cannot but hope a pleasant term—There is a great deal that is pleasant to me in a College life though you think it so dull, if my life always passes as pleasantly as now I shall have no cause to complain but still I should not like to connect myself permanently with College—Since I have been here I made a jaunt to Bennington to an ordination, and had a pleasant time—The furnaces there are large works—You had I hear an interesting time when the Association met. I suppose it made a good deal of talk, and all that—The masons are to celebrate St. John's day on friday in this town, they are to have an ovation Sermon, processions, &c. I suppose we shall have a holiday as half the students are masons. I have some notion of joining myself—

I have a bible class in the Sunday School here of ten or a dozen young Ladies—I had two objections to this. one that I did not feel myself able to do them justice, the other my age compared with theirs. I do not like to put myself in a situation to be the subject of that light conversation, bordering on scandal, which sometimes arises from such things but I could not well avoid it, I hope it may be of service to me, and to them. In the ordinary state of feeling in a Village it is impossible for one who is not a permanent resident of the place, to mingle much in the society of anybody, and more especially of young women who have much spare time upon their hands, and they possess very liberal and elevated minds, without its giving rise to many personal remarks and much unprofitable conversation. For this reason I have kept myself as much as possible aloof from such intercourse, and still, at least while here, intend to do so. I hear who and who are in love, and if not all, a good deal about it, I see the bickerings and contentions of neighbors. I witness the little workings of vanity, and attempts to show off, I see with these things much that is valuable, a great deal of real good will, and kindness of heart, beside a good deal of serious and

straight forward pursuit of a better portion than this world can afford, in short the cares and anxieties, the hopes, and fears, the competition and pursuits which spring up from a Village Society are going on here, as they are in Stockbridge, as if there was scarcely another place in the world or at least as if this were the most important—This must be so, and one village will be very much the counterpart of another. Something new in the aspects of nature I hope to see, something in the relations of science, something in the progress of art, and much in the government and mercies of the ever blessed God but in human intercourse I anticipate little that is new under the sun—there certainly are some miseries in being settled, which your profession is like to free you from. When Mr Cutler told me he would take a letter I did not think of writing six words, I hope you will read it, if for no other reason, because I wrote it. I enclose 5$ I meant to buy for you, the morning I left, a pair of those white pantaloons, but it escaped me, 2$ 75ct is a small price for a portrait, but if you think that too much I will agree that you pay me when you paint for 100$ a head. The money is by me useless, if you want it, use it, the future will take care of itself. I hear you are to have a dance the fourth of July—if so you will be a great man, you can't help yourself—I shall be nothing at all, considering what I was last year. I wish to hear from home as often as I can and especially what you are doing—I should like to have you write me something of your religious prospects—one thing is needful, you know I cannot like to have you a mere man of the world; conversant with the forms of material beauty only, but would wish you to admire the perfection of beauty in Him who is altogether lovely—

Your very affect Brother

Mr Harry Hopkins — Mark Hopkins

Thursday Morn. Aug. 3d 1826

My dear Mother

Yesterday they closed their examinations, Albert's was very creditable to him. In the evening there was an exhi-

bition and after the ordinary services, I delivered an address on the occasion of the deaths of the late Presidents.[1] Since I wrote home before, my health has been much poorer. I don't know but I may be obliged to work a year on the farm, but I hardly know how to afford the time—your Affct Son

MARK HOPKINS

Stockbridge Sept—7—

My Dr Brother Harry . . .

I came down from Wmstown yesterday and am to start for Utica this morning—you misunderstood me in supposing that I am not to continue in College any longer—I am to ride two months and then return—One reason of my wishing to remain there is to be able to let you and perhaps Albert have money to some small extent which may be of considerable importance to you *now* just as you are starting in life—I have great hopes with regard to both of you, but with regard to myself there is hardly sufficient prospect of my doing any thing to make it worth while at present to think much about it. I can let you have fifty or sixty dollars now as well as not, having nothing else to do with it and it being the purpose I had intended it for. You ought to have some more advantages and that without embarrassment and you must not hesitate if you are at all in want—
Grandfather stands by the table where I am writing with his bee boxes and honey—he and Albert are just starting off—He is mightily pleased with his picture [2]—It is well done and so are the rest—very well done—I think you can do anything you are a mind to—without it is to make experiments on coal dust—I have no time to write—I think whether Albert is an engineer or not that he had better go to New York this winter, if he can do well there he is young enough, he will find out more about the world and business, will im-

[1] President Jefferson and President Adams, who both died on July 4th, 1826.

[2] The portrait which Harry painted of his grandfather, still owned by the family.

prove himself and get some money and then he may do what he pleases—You will of course assist him if you can—

Your very Afft Brother Mark

The money will be left at home and if you wish it you must send for it.

New York Sept 23

My Dear Father

The noise & excitement which is produced on first coming into the City causes a person almost to forget every thing he ever knew, but this with me has for a long time ceased, & my recollection furnishes the strongest proofs that there is such a place as Stockbridge & that that is my native land—

I think if I had a son & should take him over the old hill the Meadows & the Swamp & he should sleep all the way—he would find a very different person to deal with from what I did in going with you—What I want more than any thing else is some of the Old Cider or as Mr Robert call's it the real old twist and They dont have any such here—But they have immense quantities of the finest apples I ever saw & all kinds of Fruit—but it all costs money so you may judge how much good it does me.

I yet stay at Mr Robert Sedgwicks who has returned—he is very kind & I like him very much. We went last night to Castle Garden to see Mr Robeson go up in the Balloon—he ascended at Nine oclock & left thousands of Spectators gazing after him, he was very soon out of sight but after he had been gone about three minutes & had ascended a good many thousand feet we heard a great explosion & far in the blue sky we beheld a great shower of fire falling, but was so high that it scarcely appeared to view—Very soon the fire works assumed the form of a great star with Points, that soon burst & formed what is called a fountain which spouts showers of fire in every direction. By this time the fire which first of all had reached the water, formed a column of fire balls or large sparks from the water to the Balloon—It was splendid beyond description, Mr Robert said he wished you

had been there—He says that you will sit & hear him tell stories about New York & not believe a single word to be true—

I have been mostly employed in experiments on the Coal & I think have ascertained all that can be known on a small scale. It is yet uncertain whether it can be made sufficiently hard to bear transportation—I dont know how much longer I shall be employed in this business but I think not much longer & am yet uncertain whether I shall come home this fall or not—I wish however that if you have an opportunity you would send the money which Mark left for me & then I can do as I please.

I have made enquiry about the Scratch, their price is from ten dollars to 25 & will not give more than one for the old one. Such an one as you would want would probably cost about fifteen dollars. If you conclude to have one they want you to send the measure of your head.

Please to give my love to Ma, & believe me your

Affectionate Son
Harry Hopkins

Coal Mine Office

Portsmouth R. I. Nov 5 1826

My Dear Mother

I trust it will not be trespassing so far on the scruples of your conscience as to cause you to deny the reading of a letter from me if I tell you that it is written in what is called in Massachusetts hallowed time, but here, be it called what it will, is more of a Holiday than any other—& in fact I could hardly find any other time for I must tell you if you can believe it that I have of late become the very pattern of Industry, but that of *course* you wont believe. And Pa will drop the letter as quick as he did a favorite story of his when he found it was fiction, if all I write is not true. . . . About a week ago while I was at work at my office, (as I call it the Place of operation) I had word that Mr Sedgwick had come. I accordingly went up & found Mr R with a bundle for me

which contained a fine parcel of stockings & something better than stockings which on inspection I found to be one of your *first Best* letters as also was Alberts—This was Saturday & as I was very busy I read them over but once that day but on the next which was a beautiful one I went & sat on the Sunny beach of the Ocean & conned them at leasure. You could not have surprised me more than by telling concerning Pa's intended visit—I would have given anything to have known it beforehand for I would have waited in New York until he had finished his visit then he could have come on as far as Newport with me & gone home by the way of Boston. Then he could have written a book—that at any rate must be his route when he does come & I shall insist upon it that you come with him. *New York* the *Steam Boats* the *Ocean* & every thing else would be a New World to you—But perhaps My Dear Mother you are waiting until I with an Independent Fortune can go along with you—

Now with regard to myself—our passage was sublime beyond description as we had a heavy Sea caused by a strong North-East Wind. The waves were not quite Mountains high but high enough to justify a moderate story teller in calling them so. The Passengers were most of them, particularly the Ladies cascading over the sides of the Boat but I could laugh at the whole of them for I felt nothing of it.—We arrived at New Port Sunday Morning between 9 & 10 o clock. We rode 9 miles—one of the most beautiful rides in the United States to the Coal Mines—I board in a pleasant family & have every comfort I could wish. I feel almost discouraged with regard to my Art. I have got to be so old & so poor with fingers stiff as pokers working in this line &c, I dont like to think of it. My pride though together with my desire for adventure I think will prevent my returning Home yet—Your loving & affectionate Son

HARRY HOPKINS

I succeed as well as I expected in the business I came here for.

Stockbridge
November 22 1826

My dear Brother Mark

When I was in College I usd to expect a great deal in a letter from home. but somehow or other though I received many good letters I could not help remarking that they containd very little after all. The fact is Mark, you know that Home and its concomitants can never be put down on paper. If the image does not exist in your own mind language can never produce it. I hold the case of the man who is waiting for a letter and thinking if he were at Home he could write a sheet, like that of him who has the tooth ache . . . In other words it is difficult telling how easy it is to sit in a rocking chair . . .

I have become this fall a more sturdy farmer than I ever was before I believe. Study has not diminishd my relish for work. We have made about 70 barrels of Cider beside as much other fall work as usual. Somebody must have done something—Who?

You may perhaps recollect that commissioners were appointed last session of the Legislature to enquire into the practicability of a Rail-Road between Boston and Albany. At a meeting held some weeks since in Stockbridge Mr Richard P Morgan offerd his services to explore a route between Springfield and Albany. His offer was accepted and a subscription accordingly rais'd—He made choice of me as one of his attendents. We commencd taking our levels and surveying in West Stockbridge. This was week before last—Last week we commencd running eastward—passd through Lee—Becket—Otis—Blandford &c—The particulars of the route you will not care perhaps to know—We arrived in Westfield night before last.

As we were going along those steep hills for which Becket and Chester are so famous the trace of the off forward horse unloosed, this twich'd the driver onto the neck of the rear leaders. Both horses then sprung and extricated themselves from the carriage. In the mean time the off wheels ran off

from the bank and the Stage pitch'd. I saw we were going somewhere, and knowing there was a steep bank below squar'd myself accordingly. The Stage struck first on the top and smashd the staves, it then rolld completely over and landed in Westfield River. All this was done in much less time than I have been telling it. We had just crossd a bridge and the Stage was going very rapid, this in fact was all that savd us. For while our heads were down had the whole weight of the wheels fallen upon us, it would have crushd not only the staves but us too. As it was the centrifugal force of the heavy part prevented half the weight striking at first— None were injur'd except Squire Blell of Springfield, and he not seriously. We broke down again that night but no damage ensued. I have had applications from all quarters amongst others to teach an Academy here. In your epistle I see you advise me to study law. If course if cutting satire could form a lawyers nature, cut me for one but something else is necessary. I have however Industry, which is the surest of success and could no doubt succeed if undertook. I shall probably go to Albany next week with Mr Morgan and perhaps make some enquiries there with regard to engineering—that business too I'm cut out for I believe. Ma wishes to write some I know not how much—I shall therefore close here for this evening

Thursday evening

I now resume my letter. There has just been here an agent of the American Board. He took tea and Pa subscrib'd.

You may wish to know how I have spent my time evenings. I must tell you that during the whole month of October I scarcly sav'd a night from husking, shucking walnuts &c. In respect of book knowledge therefore I am stationary or detrograde. As for you you have become the Pro. Tem. President of Wms College—I hope in the true eloquence of nature you shower forth the workings of your metaphysical mind upon that numb-headed class whom it is your lot to instruct. By the way tell Ashley I sent him a letter by Mr Clark which he has not been careful to answer. This perti-

nacity in delaying, savours of most intense and perverse sottishness (and I must add) praestiginousness

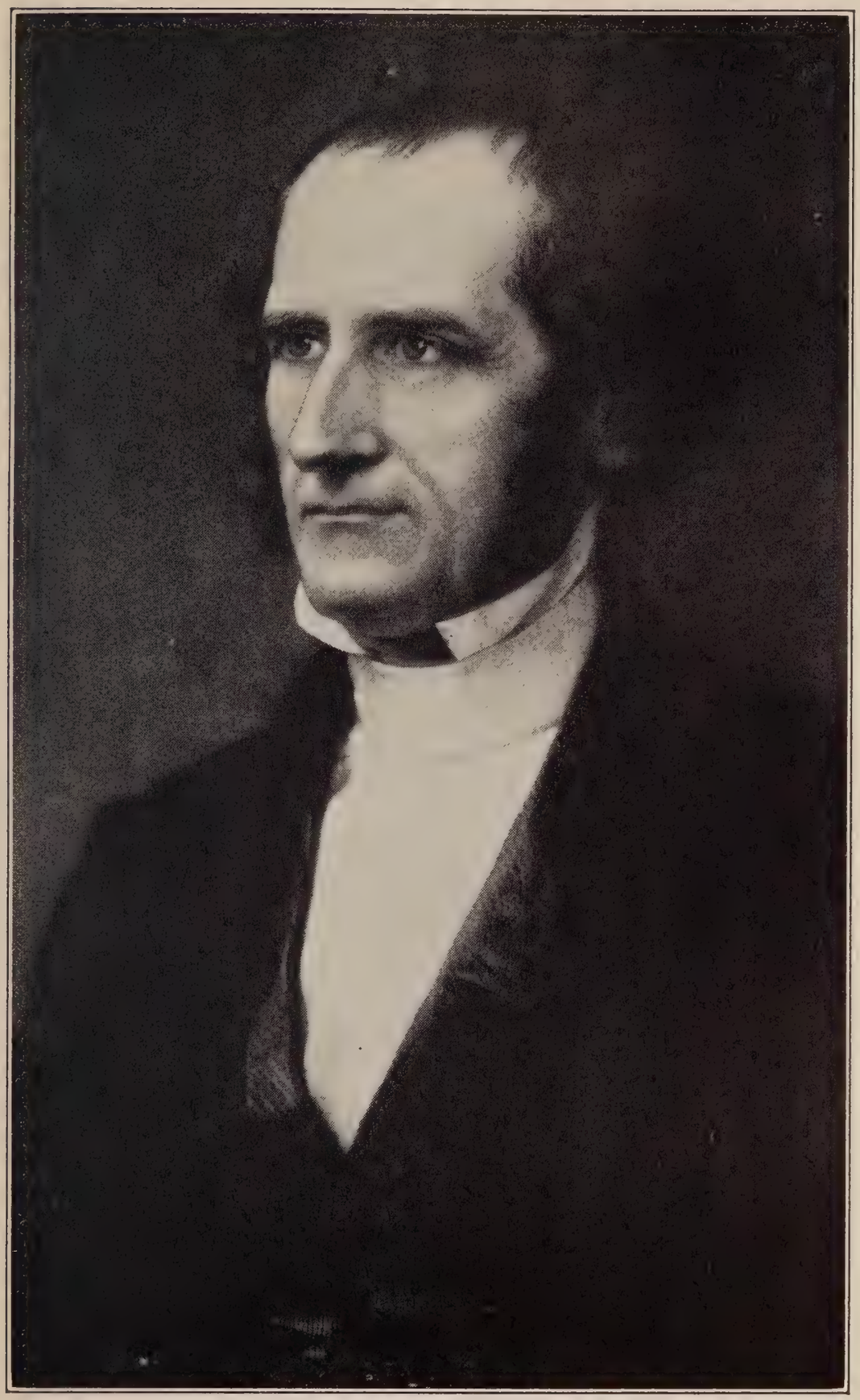
Your much esteem'd Brother
ALBERT HOPKINS

Albert graduated at Williams in 1826 when 19 years old. He was very soon called there to be tutor, and in 1829 elected professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy was added later.

Williamstown Nov 26

Brother Harry

I have been for the past 3 weeks so busy that to have written a letter to any man would have been rather too much like "robbing Peter to pay Paul"—this noon however I had got myself gathered up for the business when suddenly I heard a log roll down stairs. The noise did not arouse me—in about five minutes another started & as I judged lodged—having learned therefore from rolling down rocks on Monument Mountain what the result would be—to wit—that the fool would go & start it again—I hied me out & caught a glimpse of a mans back just as the door shut. I immediately entered & found four very deaconly young men sitting round a fire. They all rose up with great respect & with a look as much as to say—what would the tutor wish? not to have my face (word illegible) over with mortar—I clapped my hat down on the table—says I, my business here is to find out who roll'd down that log.—did you do it? No sir—do you know who did it?—No sir—Did you—No sir—Thus it went round, no one did it nor knew who did. Turning then to the first—I suppose its allow'd on all hands that one of you four did it—you allow that do you? Unfortunately he did not know whether he did nor not. Having therefore cross questioned sufficiently—I turned to the fellow & says I—"*Friend*" . . . If I'm not much deceived you are the man that rolled down that log. Youll own it won't you? I saw the flesh begin to quiver, then you see I pinched—Come says I



ALBERT HOPKINS

From an Engraving Made in Middle Life

—I'm waiting—Now the fellow had denied plumply & repeatedly that he did it or knew who did. The case therefore was a hard one & I saw that in order to compass my end I must sink down into a principle of human nature—so throwing myself right onto a level with him in a laughing kind of way "come come" says I, you may as well own it. Seeing me look rather good natured he said tremblingly that as he was coming up stairs the log lay right on a tippee he just touchd it & it rolled. Then planting myself on my heels says I—Neighbour—youll find it cheaper to tell me the truth the first time. I'm one of them sort &c . . . thinking it best however not to kill the second time a man already once dead, I left the room only remarking that I did not know whether I should take the matter up or not.—Accept this account from your loving brother. A Hopkins

P.S. They say that Scipio has returned from Carthage —look out for breakers! . . .

Monday evening

My dear Brother Mark

Should I put off my epistolary creditor & predecessor in office with the mere stuffing in belief of a love or a memmento I should fail as much in duty as in etiquette—Nor do I suppose that such slighting on my part would be pardon'd by a man who has arrived to that in the scale of being where he can by the powers of his eloquence draw both turnip pumkins squash & whatever else of esculents either garden or field produces, to dance a jig before him the one day & mould to his will the discordant elements of a Jackson Caucus the next . . . But to quit sport I found things here as you left them except the fish & Euclid. The stove which was in the room E. K. refused to let under two dollars even if he should not want to use it. A day or two ago he concluded to want it, & left me to a fire-place which must be repair'd before fit to be used. The weather here for three weeks past has been the most bleak imaginable so that within & without my situation is not much to be envied.—the students of this Col-

lege are those many of them with whom I desire not to have much to do. The Freshmen are many of them mere boys, thinking it great fun to make disturbance, unfit of all places to be together in a College. I have now three recitations per day—I thought it best to bend at first than to break at last—The Sophomore Class has had an addition of six—the Junior of four—I had forgotten to tell you of an ingenious device of mine which is that Tutors be excused from Chapel wednesdays—should you have thought of that had you stayed your third year? Tutor C & I are invited to dine with the Dr. tomorrow. The Dr has *gone back* I believe to porter & cider though we shall probably get no wine. . . . I am happy to hear that you have established yourself where you have, nothing external can be wanting to make your situation pleasant—Could I muster coppers I would verily visit you in the winter—but that is out of the question. The term is so far advanced that I shall not perhaps write again from here. I am greatly anxious to hear the state of medicine as well as of the fine arts. Write such as you wish to be written to. Yr Affc Brother A Hopkins

Portsmouth Dec 4th 1826

My Dear Brother Mark:—

To me there is a great pleasure in this itinerant way of living—but you will call me a sentimentalist & that will spoil all my fine cobwebs so I will go on to tell you what perhaps you will be more willing to believe . . . In the first place I will tell you that I yesterday had a letter from D Field informing me of your return & also of the loss of your Saddle Bags, Hurra . . . Pardon me, I dont know what you may have lost with them but the very incident is worth a hundred dollars—I was very noisy when I read that, I can assure you . . . I should like to have been the bearer of that news to Pa . . . Such misfortunes as those are worth more than money for every body knows that they happen only to great men with *absent minds.* Hurra again—so you must console yourself—the strangest thing to me is not in

the losing but how you came to find it out, write about that. . . . You have probably heard the History of my adventures since I last left home—but possibly not so I will give you the outline as they are *very* interesting The first thing of course must be the Majestic Hudson, the sublime scenery, exquisite sensations & all that sort of stuff which every Fool talks about that dont know enough to say any thing else, the next thing is N Y where I spent about six weeks very pleasantly making experiments on the Coal but accomplishing little, living with Mr R Sedgwick who is one of the most agreeable & gentlemanly men I ever knew & of whose kindness to me I cannot speak enough. Mr H S was excessively interested in all I did & he & I did little else but talk Coal . . . After I had been there about 4 weeks he went to Boston & stopped here as he returned & got a boarding place for me & when he returned he asked me if I was willing to go on to Rhode Island & make up about 10 tons of fine Coal—I told him yes & in a day or two pulled up stakes & set my face for this place thinking I should return in 4 or 5 weeks & pursue my Profession but "schemes of life are often illusory" I have done making calculations—I arrived here safe & had been here about six weeks when Mr Sedgwick came on & was so much pleased with what I had done that he wished very much to have me stay a year & superintend the manufacturing of the fine coal. I objected on account of my profession—but after a day or two he came & offered me $100, per month & I told him I would stay but afterwards he came & said that on consideration he wished me to consider it a thousand per year as giving 1200 might cause offence to the superintendant of the Mines his salary being but 1,000 . . . So here I am—the most I shall do will be to invent machines for my work & superintend the workmen . . . I think however I shall spend a part of the winter at home on account of the cold. I have no Society except the Superintendant who is an Englishman & a very kind & intelligent man. The money which you was so kind as to leave I suppose is in the possession of D Field. I have not nor do I expect to want it. I now hope to make some return

for what I have received & to be able to help you & Albert to do what you please which will be the end of my desires at present—

your Brother H Hopkins

Wms College Dec. 13th 1826

Brother Harry

Nothing could have given me more pleasure than your letter which I received today—I have a sort of childish eagerness about a letter. I walk very swiftly from the Post Office. I break it open on the road, I go into my room, throw myself into my chair, & devour it. This was especially the case when I saw your handwriting for I had not heard from you since you left Stockbridge except that Albert in one of his letters said, that that ingenuity, Harry Hopkins was in Rhode Island, and where he would be next he did not know—I am glad you have been on a jaunt by sea, and though you seem to have such a contempt for sentimentalism, I am sure you must have enjoyed it highly—If you was entirely out of sight of land, and had a gale—you have seen the grandest sight that this little earth has to show.

I dont know how far you are acquainted with my jaunt—I received my commission [1] at Utica—visited Uncle Dr and let me say to you that you have some very pretty cousins there—I then went to Auburn, saw Uncle Jared and Family, visited the prison in which I was much interested, as being probably the best in the world—When I came the Dr was gone and I supplied his place for near three weeks and heard one recitation of my own class every day—He has now returned—You are mighty merry about my Portmanteaus, but without any occasion, I cannot tell the story, but I was not in fault—They have been found and returned, I did lose my valise, that is certain, or rather left it through absence, but that I have not told of, and dont know as I shall. This last, and leaving my watch once, for which I had to go four

[1] This commission was from the "American Tract Society" for the purpose of forming new branches.

miles were the only instances of absence in my journey, which is doing very well, and you know that in general I am not absent—

I hope Mr Sedgwick is making money out of his coal, or I think you must have a capacious conscience to receive 1000$ for just inventing machines and overlooking, which latter I dont understand that you have much to do with—To pay a man for inventing before he has invented, seems to me like paying the Indian for his deer when he was in the woods yet—But perhaps you are both making money. I am glad that you are doing so well in regard to funds—the next thing will be to use it well. I shall give you a lecture sometime on the use of money—being specially qualified—If you are still for painting you will be able to pursue your studies independently and that I shall be glad of. I know as well as you what it is to be embarrassed, I hope however you will get no wild notions into your head about Guido and Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and all that, and pack off to Europe where we shall see nothing of you for a dozen years if we ever do—If you spend any part of the Winter at home let it be in January or the first of Feb. when I can be there—It will greatly add to the pleasure of both of us—If you cannot come then—I shall think of making you a visit if I can afford it—But as I was obliged to pay 100$ to the man who supplied my place and have beside made a subscription of 25 to the College—you will see that I shall need to be economical—When I have 1000 a year I will talk differently. —The state of my health is a real trouble to me, but as my chief troubles have not arisen from a want of money and have been such as money could not have relieved, I am so well satisfied of its impotence in producing happiness that as yet I am not very anxious about it, I wish to be independent. My health was I think improved by my jaunt, but it was not long enough, and I have poor turns—I have some hopes of myself, but very much fear that I shall turn out a miserable failure from what I ought to have been, which you know was something—but if I recover I hope I shall be a wiser and better man for it—

With regard to your implied offer of money, if you ever get it, I assure you, should I need money which I hope not to do, and you have it on hand I shall be as ready to receive, as I have been, according to what I had, to furnish it. Neither the duties or the feelings of Brothers will I trust ever be forgotten by either of us—I have just got a letter from home—The letter contained an extract from one of Mr Sedgwick's to Father, it is very complimentary to you, says you are doing wonders &c. M H

Mr S. thinks something permanent will grow out of it and evidently anticipates your remaining longer than this year. He says they can well afford to give you what they do, that if no accident happens to you, you will be a man &c. I hope he judges right in this case.

January 9 1827

Brother Harry

I receivd last evening your letter in which you state that an Instructor is wanted to teach a class of young Ladies. I had considered $200 a less sum than would be necessary to support one handsomely in New-York reckoning in travelling and other necessary expenses, I should doubtless be a loser in a pecuniary point of view. If I go therefore it must be with the expectation of obtaining some other business, the slavery of Halls school I would not subject myself to if I could—to accept a salary of $200 with the uncertain prospect of obtaining additional business in the way of teaching would I think be unwise. The only alternative left therefore seems to be a Law-Office. And here I must enquire on what conditions I could get into an Office—could I write for my tuition? Any other mode of supporting myself would at present be out of the question. Make therefore particular enquiries upon this point—and if you find that in a Law-Office I can pay for my tuition in writing or some other way —Say to the Lady that if she desires I will come down and instruct the Class. Should you write for me to come mention if you please the age of the ladies—studies if you know—

probable expense of Board &c . . . I should be unwilling before coming down to engage for a longer time than one quarter. . . .

As your letter was not devoted to imagination at all expect it not from me, the more as I am to day mighty cross scarcely able to keep from falling upon and devouring my most nigh relations. Narrowly has Mark escaped thrice while passing within my reach this day—Poor and pale seeing nobody and seen by nobody *caring* for nobody and nobody caring for me do you wonder that I am cross. Melancholy though I am not . . . I could make you laugh your guts into strainer in less than a twinkling—but far be it from me. . . . People well . . . news not much . . . New Meeting House dedicated to morrow . . . All hands—&c. As it will stand me in hand to know whether I go to New-York or not, write and inform me—and *if not* let me know. Mark is possessd to write. On *that* account believe me

Your Brother ALBERT HOPKINS

New York Jan 26, 1827

Dear Brother Mark

And now I am speaking of Rhode Island You wished me to write something about the Mines.—They lie on the North End of R Island & one of the finest situations in the world commanding a view of Bristol, Providence, & Newport.

The workmen are all wild Irish, in their native state brought up under ground—And this as Old Story tellers say puts me in mind of an adventure of mine underground which I believe I must relate—I was one day down in the Pit or incline seeing the miners work in these different places & viewing the whole with the Superintendent, About 70 feet below the surface there is a gutter dug for the purpose of carrying off the water to the valley below. The Superintendent said perhaps I would like to go through the Gutter as far as a certain pit about 12 rods from that place (the Pit meeting the Gutter)—I told him I should—I accordingly took a candle. He told one of the men to go with me but I

refused & said I would go alone . . . So I started off & went on bravely about one third of the way when it began to grow so narrow & low that I had to crawl on my hands & knees & very soon so small that it was with difficulty I could crawl on my belly being able only to raise my back about 2 inches the soft Mud being about 3 inches deep . . . but I was not the lad to turn about—too much pride had I to think of that, thus I went like a fly in a Glue pot through a crooked narrow passage until I at length saw the light from the Pit which I at last reached. I made up my mind before I got there that I should not go back the same road I came if it was possible to get up the Pit, which is about 30 or 40 feet deep & about 10 feet in diameter. So I blowed a little —stroked off some of the mud & began to ascend digging holes with my hands for my feet—after infinite difficulty & hazzard & completely exhausting myself, I reached the top within about 6 feet but by no contrivance could I get an inch further, I could then have called & been helped out but that I would *not* do, so down I went again with much more difficulty than I had getting up & to complete my misfortunes I found that in throwing down stones I had put out my light. Hurra! *now*, but I did not Hurra! *then*. My journey back I leave you to imagine also the appearance I made when I delivered Myself.

I hear that Albert takes Lessons of Mrs Nichols in French so his disappointment in not being able to come here will undoubtedly be a pleasing one—I wonder that Pa does not forbid his studying *French* particularly to Mrs. N. She keeps them all in such a *constant hubbub*.

HARRY

Saturday Feby: 17 1827

My Dear Brother Harry

The whole world in these parts is and has long been divided into two classes that of Bull and that of Buffalo. The former are called Bullions the latter Buffalonians or as the Bullions denominate them Buffoolions. Being myself of a

disposition rather coy and retiring—I for some time declined in giving my opinion in favor of either side—Finding however that I was beset with frequent and earnest solicitations and that neutral ground was no longer tenable—I at length determined to give the matter a candid examination. The result of my observation was nearly as follows. . . . That Bull bellows the loudest . . . but Buffalo kicks up his heels with more grace. That Buffalos hump is the biggest . . . but Bull has got the longest tail. The conclusion from these observations was of course irresistible. I however defer'd giving my opinion publicly till I should see which was the strongest side. I learn'd that the Bullions were the more numerous but the Buffoolions the most fashionable. Particularly an ingenious young fellow whisper'd me that the ladies of fashion were *all* on the side of Buffalo. After this you will be sure surpris'd that I choose the side of Bull.

But before I enter upon the belly and chit of this letter, I must set you right in one or two particulars. And first with regard to my health which you consider a very trivial thing, and matter of variety. "Now—friend" if you had been confind to the House and door-yard and during a good part of the time to the house for near 3 months . . . had to roust three times every night—been purged with gamboge purg'd with Calomel purged salivated,—bled—all which I have been —in size reducd to so ghostly an appearance that Aunt Sarah did not know you, Then may be you'd think that variety like morality was a very good thing in its place. . . .

In regard of one thing however I must own you have been rightly informed.—viz—my taking lessons at Mrs Nics —at least you have come within one of being rightly inform'd—for I did in fact in the fore part of the Winter borrow a French dictionary *of her daughter*—since which time I have heard from neither except by the way of N. Y. As however you and John constantly assert that I *do* take lessons there I believe I must give up.

Now comes the belly and chit of this letter which I desire may be kept secret as it contains two plans both of which are

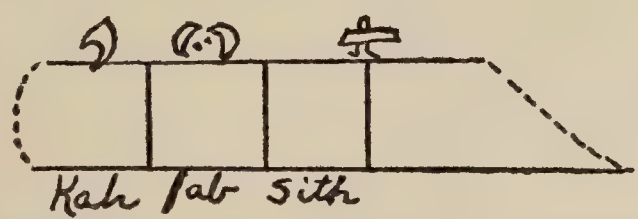
likely enough to fall through. This is my plan in case I should recover—with the breaking up of the spring to move down to Cincinnati or somewhere in that region enter a Law-Office and try thus to get a living. The great objection to this plan is want of cash as I should need enough to support me till I could shift for myself. Mark has left me a little and if I should be able to go I must try to *dream* out a small pot. O Poverty thou bane of Empires! I think we best rest satisfied with what we have, forming our plans according to the most approvd authors and waiting for time to accomplish them. Indeed I am inclind on the whole to think with regard to our bodily system as Squire Stone did of the world when he said—"Let the likeliest young fellow we've got about here go to work and I dont believe he'd contrive out a better world than this is . . .

The rest of this paper will be devoted mostly to amusement and astrology. With regard then to that lady who treated me so scurvily for which however I care not, as I could not have gone for a thousand, I must tell you that having nothing else to do last evening I sat down and cast her nativity. I find by certain indubitable signs that she has a large wart on the inner side of her left thigh which if not cur'd before the seventh Sunday after Easter will prove of serious consequence. A spirit of revenge would dictate to conceal this from her since however my soul despises all meanness I wish you to communicate the matter in a manner as delicate as possible. Begin by telling her that the parts to which any part is contiguous alters not the nature of that part, for which reason one may reason upon an affection of the thigh with as much modesty as upon the cheek . . . In this or some such sly insinuating way I think the thing can be communicated without offence . . .

Your predictions upon the snow were too well founded. Such has been its depth that when any one drew near the house (a thing which has not happened oftener than once in four weeks) the only thing we could see at first was the left nostril and the tip of the left ear, as however, when they drew nearer we could often discover the lips and sometimes

even the chin, I think this cannot be attributed wholly to the depth of the snow but in part to the spherical figure of the Earth.

You desire me in your letter to state the appearance of the Welt—that your ideas upon this subject may be the more clear I shall subjoin an Astrological Phase of the Welt of our old Sow—(a sow's welt being considered superior to a Barrow's though inferior to a Boar's which is the reason probably why men are better astrologers than women) Observe that my observations were made on Friday the 12th of Dec. between the hours of 1 and 2—the wind that day being in the North.




Astrological Phases of the Mill for the year—27

The result of this scheme you will perceive immediately when ☽ devokes Iab then Sith is vertical &c . . . Or if you should be at a loss there is in your city (I think in Chrystie St) an ancient astrologer with whom I studied the occult sciences in an old brick cabin in the Highlands. He is master of his science—you will distinguish him by his yellow beard and venerable white eye-brows—as also by a trick which I have heard he has got since I left him—of skinning himself apparently all over when he utters any great prediction probably for the sake of producing greater affect. N. B. if he should refuse his assistance show him this character ♉ which signifies "When Saturns ring evacuates where go the contents". This you must know is founded on a favorite theory of his that Saturns ring is but one of the guts of the Solar-system misplaced. He believes meteoric-stones to be some of its excrements which if they could be got in their pure state would cure the colic.

yours to serve Albert Hopkins

P. S. I am better today

Tuesday Feb. 27 1827

My dear Brother Mark

You need not be surprisd if you should hear that I am studying law in H. Byington or S Jones's Office.
Mrs Sedgwick was here the other day and offered me the loan of some French books of hers. I have them, they are on the new plan. Under each line of English there is the translation word for word, on the opposite side is a free translation. I like the method, You'll see notice of it in the Review. . . .

Having said this much I've said all as I believe you dont like my nonsense . . . I will however just remark that I do not attribute the numerous calls I have receivd from the young ladies since your departure—to your absence but to their desire of seeing me . . .

Yours to serve A Hopkins

New York March 19, 1827

My dear Brother Mark

I was not a little supprised yesterday at finding my name advertised among those having Letters remaining in the Post Office, a fact which I feel called upon to explain inasmuch as such a charge without vindication on my part would be a crime which I *have* & never will be guilty of while I have a friend to write me, particularly if there should be a chance of getting an Elegy now & then—[1]

The fact is this—There are as perhaps you know in all Cities what are called Penny Posts who by receiving two cents on the letters, deliver them to you. Mine are brought in the same way but by mistake of theirs your last was not. The next, just direct to the care of H D & R Sedgwick. But what can a poor coal digger—painter—Farmer—say to a man who writes Elegy's—but there is one thing if a man cant create whatever is beautiful in nature he can say how he likes it when it is created.

[1] Referring to a poem which Mark had written.

You have a knack Mark at writing such things which I insist is rarely surpassed—There is some thing indescribable in many things of yours which only need the Signature of B, or H to make them as celebrated as many or I will say any of those pieces which have those signatures—There was your Monument Mountain your candle, your Piano, to say nothing of the Elegy & many other little effusions—I insist & persist in saying that if half there are in the world dared to call their souls their own or know B from Bullsfoot, those things would not have been consigned to the fate of other Newspaper Lumber—"No grav'ly pebble glints the Sunbeam back" is beautifully expressed as also is the "Tired Labourer" "the Croaking Frogs" And the beautiful verse "When climbing suns the genial Spring restores" so too "Such was the fate (twas in the olden time)" that parenthesis is capital, But the last verse & last line "Till Negro Pond perchance is drained away" is what Nobody else could have done.

You said I did not explain any thing with regard to my Department at the mines—There are immense quantities of Coal so fine that it cannot be burnt on account of preventing the draught, but by mixing it with a small quantity of Lime & moulding it into some form or small pieces it then burns very well as it then admits of a circulation of the air. But there is still one difficulty which I foresaw, the form we have moulded it in is the same as but not more than ¼ the size. When these are heated intensely as they necessarily will be in burning, their adhesion is destroyed, as you will readily perceive must be the case, and as the Lime undergoes a Second calcination the coal then becomes fine again. We are trying to discover something now which will answer a better purpose [1]—Write Soon

Your affectionate Brother

H Hopkins

[1] The process of making good coal bricks out of soft coal is being experimented with to this day. There is a plant for that purpose now in Newark, New Jersey. 1927.

New York March 21, 1827

Dear Brother Albert

In the course of the last week there has been such additions to my dignity & consequence, by the reception of a certain poem & Elegy from distinguished personages as induced me to go directly off & get a new coat—My old one not becoming a correspondent of Poets—I always take care to make such additions to my externals as my real importance demands, that people when I pass the streets may say —who is that (as Holinbeck said they would say of Pa when he rode through the Street on the Murk) O that is the great correspondent of the Poets—Such things as these in the eyes of a Philosopher may seem trivial & foolish—But in this city a coat cut in the proper shape with a sort of a get out of the way here look will you, which I am now practising is the best education a young man can have, that is I take it for granted tis the best, as there are more Gentlemen who have first rate Educations of this kind than any other . . . I have been of this opinion for some time but the other night at the Theatre if I was not beat out of it, I can truly say that I was jambed out of it—Notwithstanding I was arrayed as a person of consequence should be on such occasions yet I could not for my life make out that a single Person knew me or jambed, squeezed, or jostled, a whit the less on account of my get out of the way look which I used with all my skill . . . I was however quite content to get off as I did, as another Gentleman of Rank next to me escaped with little less than a Broken Arm—

Write about G Patten to whom give my love . . . About the Bees whether they are alive—About Bub—About the Grain &—Remember me to Grand Pa & tell him I hope to find one more tree with him. Lastly write about yourself & what you are a going to do—Your Brother

H Hopkins

New York March 29, 1827

Dear & beloved Mother

I received your charming letter, & if long silence could have led me to doubt that Affection of which I have had

proofs which no language can express & no time or circumstances can efface from my Mind, I think you will acknowledge that I almost had sufficient reason for suspicions of that kind—But I am thankful that there is *one* & I hope, & *know*, that She is not the *only* one whose Solicitude for my welfare & happiness is equal & if possible greater than my own . . .

It is a greater source of happiness to me than any other that in our little Family (which has never been broken by death, God grant that I may never see the day) there is that mutual affection & love which would cause any & all of us to sacrifice any thing & every thing that is dear to us for the welfare of each other—

There is one thing which I have proposed to myself a long time as also I believe I wrote about, that you & Pa should come to N York & stay till you had seen every thing, & then take a Boat through Long Island sound to R Island, from which place you can either go to Boston or return home as you please—I know that to you & Pa it would seem a great undertaking, but it is nothing—You would not be at half the trouble we were in going to Torrington & Aunt Sarah's, pounding over those Hills with a one horse waggon. NewYork the Steam Boats & the Ocean itself would be like going to a new world & in an fortnights time you would have seen more than in the course of your life. The expense will not be great & if Pa is not in a condition *I* am to furnish you with what you will want. Your Affectionate Son

H Hopkins

Wms College April 11th 1827

My Dear Brother Harry

We are in the hurry and bustle of examination—I am obliged to you for the fine things you say of my poetry, or rather verses. I should be glad to take Mother on a visit to Vermont next month, but have made no arrangements and dont know as I can. I think it would gratify her, and you know we ought, if any boys ever ought, to do any thing of this sort in our power. It is some time since I had a letter

from Albert. His health was then much improved, but what gave me far greater pleasure than that was his statement that he hopes he is converted to God. Indeed scarce anything in my life has afforded me greater satisfaction. It is very affecting to think of it, considering the turn of his mind, but God is merciful, exceeding merciful. He seems to have had a strong sense of his being a sinner, a perfect conviction that the righteousness of Christ alone could avail in his Salvation and to have thrown himself entirely on the mercy of God through him. Something of this state of mind I hope I have been conscious of myself, and something of this I believe must be felt by all those, at least in Christian lands, who are saved. Of this fact my conviction strengthens the longer I live. *Sin*, as Albert says is an exceeding evil, and an exceeding bitter thing, and it is a great thing for God to pardon it; this he will do for us if we are penitent, humble. renounce ourselves, and rely upon his mercy; and certainly there is no joy comparable at all to that which results from a sense of pardoned sin: But if we choose to go in our own ways, to despise and reject all that He has done for us, to rely on ourselves and the world for happiness here, and on our own righteousness for salvation—then our doom is certain—it is necessary—no fact in nature is more so, I should sooner hope to put my hand in the fire and not be burned. And now, Harry, I hope we shall each of us so lay these things to heart, that we three may meet in a better world, to separate no more forever. I do not believe Albert will go to the West it is rather my hope that he will be a preacher though I have heard nothing on the subject—

Why do you not mix your coal with clay which you know will undergo no second calcination. Make the experiment.

Your Affct Brother Mark Hopkins

P. S. I am better today

Coal Mines April 31. 1827

My Dear Brother Mark

Perhaps you dont know that I have been into the State of Pennsylvania. I had received no letter for a long time before

that & when I came back from there & found none I almost cried for says I to myself, Albert wasn't so once, & if this is the effect of his Change, if I am forgotten in consequence of his Religion then let all the world go, I care not if I die, for that fellow was more to me than all the world beside. My affection for him is so great that I never think of him without tears in my eyes—He was all that I wished for an Earthly companion before—if Religion has made any great alteration in his mind with regard to his friends or if he is so altered that he will never be Albert to me again, I declare to you now that I believe that Religion to be false & desire myself never to know it, for rob me of that love to you, that affection for my friends which I now possess, & you rob me of the greatest the purest source of happiness which God has mercifully bestowed upon us in this world as a foretaste of that blessed state of Society in Heaven, where through the grace of God I hope to meet you all beyond this world of trial, vexation, & disappointment—If Albert has met any moral change which has refined his affections, which has rooted out the corruption of the natural heart, which has caused a greater purity of thoughts & feeling, I believe that it is the hand of God, & that his heaven is already begun . . . But one thing is certain that if I dont hear from him Soon—ask me not to subscribe to a Religion which has that affect on the mind. I started about the 6th of April with Mr Sedgwick to go to the Lehigh & Schuilkill Coal Mines in Penn. to get certain information in relation to the fine coal—Mr S went as far as Philadelphia where we stayed 3 days, at the end of that time he concluded not to go on, consequently I had to go the rest of the way alone—I at first went to the Schuilkill & from there to Lehigh. I saw a great many interesting things both in traveling & at the mines which I cant tell you now—all this when we can mutually exchange our adventures face to face—It may be interesting to you to know if you dont now, that both these mines are in the Alleganies which are there very high & precipitous.

The Lehigh Mines are a Mountain of solid Coal which

they dig from the surface without ever going under ground as we do here at R. Island, but their disadvantages of Location are greater I think, than all the natural advantages which arise from the Situation of their Coal—But they have a great capital & their works are well conducted—which is not the case here. With regard to myself—I am now engaged in a sort of speculation which I cant tell yet how will turn out. Mr S. has purchased of the company 11,000 Tons of the fine coal for a dollar per Ton. I am to make the best I can of it, & to receive (paper torn) of the profits free of expense—The object of my going to Lehigh was to find some way of useing it in its present State—without mixing it with Lime as heretofore.

I have found that it can be used to great advantage in the burning of Lime & I think there is no doubt that Bricks can also be Burnt—The difficulty seems to be in finding Lime Stone in this vicinity, If there is any I shall find it—I intend making at least $2 on the Ton Free of expense. But perhaps I shall not make the whole this year—I have given up my old Salary a course altogether which I was very glad to do, for I do not like the idea of a Salary particularly so small an one. I had rather be at the Mercy of luck & chance than confined to a limited certainty—Your idea of clay was a good one—it has been tried, the only objection is the great additional weight, & dirt. I dont know when I shall go home but think in the Fall which will soon come, when I hope to see you all & recount all our various fortunes on the ocean of this world around the fireside of our Youth.

Your affectionate Brother H Hopkins

Stockbridge May 2 1827

My dear Brother Mark

The subject of the tutorship as you will readily suppose gives me some perplexity, the choice of The Faculty was not what I should have expected. You and I see eye to eye on the subject. Doubtless I was prefer'd to Morgan not on account of my talents but my habits. I have been long out of busi-

ness am now out of business and have none in prospect, shall I then refuse an appointment because I consider another more worthy? You know as well as any man that I covet not the *honor* of a College tutorship.

I desire to be what every Tutor ought to be—superior to his class in every thing which regards knowledge. I desire to be lookd up to not merely for my scientific knowledge but my literary attainment, to be respected not merely as a *Tutor* but as a *Man*. You understand the case perfectly. The opinion of 40 Faculties concerning me would not alter my own a jot.

The state of Religion here is I think interesting though not as much so perhaps as when you were here—Bring if you please Doddrige's Rise and Progress, bring also Erskine, bring my Hymnody. You will bring Eaton of course. Farewell

Your affectionate Brother ALBERT HOPKINS

Stockbridge May 22d 1827

Brother Harry,

This is a raw wet day and Albert and I are by a little fire in the old North Room, he reading French one side of the stand, and I, sitting half double writing to you on the other—If we had you in the corner we would send pens and ink and French down with my old boots—into the corner, and not thank King George for his company, but when we shall be together I dont know—I am glad you have travelled into Pennsylvania. A man that has travelled, says Ecclesiasticus—knoweth many things, he also addeth, "he is full of prudence", but he did not live in your day—Albert has the offer of a Tutorship next year if he chooses to accept it, but of this you need say nothing. I find him a good deal altered, though you need be under no apprehension of finding him a less affectionate or valuable friend. He confesses that his salvation is all of God—and can scarcely speak of God's mercy, without tears. Is he mistaken or not?—

Your very Afft Brother
MARK HOPKINS

Old Stockbridge again—June 1827

Dear Brother Mark

Last Saturday week the sight of the old Poplars & the old towring Maple made my way worn World worn heart leap & bound again as I jumped out of the Stage at the corners & walked with a light step & lighter heart toward the Mansion of our childhood.

Short was the time before I met the embraces of our dear Mother, & all I hold dear except one, whom I greatly regretted not to have seen—

Now if I were an Orator, a Scholar, or a liar, & could by the power of language make black appear white, I would not hesitate to exercise that power neither could I be blamed for it in such an emergency, but unfortunately I am a plain spoken man & too honest to deceive about a thing which can do me no good, & that is what cant be said of every one—I am not going to write you a long letter of misfortunes for that would be dwelling upon them longer than I ever have done or ever intend to do—I have no taste for mourning over misfortunes or crying over spilt milk. It would be a long story to tell you the whole, So to make a long story short I will tell you that ingenuity poor Harry Hopkins had to borrow $5 in N York to get home again. I cant help laugh to think of it with my *$1000, a year* & expecting to give you & Bob your professions, put my Father & Mother in affluence, & be a Nabob myself besides many other fine cobwebs which I was fast spinning, but which one puff of Fortune has dissipated & left not so much as a Shred—A Shred I said & a shred it is, for to complete the whole & put on the final Blemish as we say, I at Hudson lost my trunk containing all my substance, which I shall probably never see again —but as a certain one says I was not in the least to blame about this for "You know I am not absent minded". All this made me doff my plumes to no man, All I care for & all that troubles me is the loss of the money I am indebted to you for, & which I have no possible means of paying—If I could have gone down alone I should have gone without a pang or

murmur but that I should have hauled *you* along with me is what I cant bear to think of—

Write as soon as you get this.

All are well.

H. H.

Williamstown Thursday June 21st 1827

Dear Ralpho

As you have attended theatres, you know that the last act, the winding up, the *denoument*, (which word I should not venture to write except to a man of much intercourse with the beau-monde) I say the denoument of a play be it comical or tragical is the most interesting of all, and I should have been glad to be present at it—Indeed if I may judge from my present feelings I should have been no inconsiderable actor on the occasion.

As for the money making that seems to be a dead set, and something of a minus quantity, as mathematicians say to boot, but the trunk, yes the trunk—that was a good one, as a certain person said—Tis true another certain person lost his saddle bags for a short time, but some people seem to think of him that if he should lose his head he would not know it, but when a man who indulged in such obstreperous mirth on that occasion is so well come up with, I am rather inclined to laugh, as a certain person said. I cannot help hoping however that you will recover it.

I am right glad to see that you take your disappointment so easy. Such things are unpleasant, but still they are to a great extent what every one chooses to make them. Money is not, like health and virtue a good in itself, which if we lose we must be unhappy, neither is prosperity or adversity; but the first is a good only as it is used, and the last only as it affects our character and ultimate happiness. If you think it best to pursue painting or any other business I would not let the want of a little money prevent it. If you invest no capital, and it is only of business that requires

more that I now speak—your incidental expenses till you can put yourself in the way of making something will break nobody. I shall probably be able to let you have some money though not a great deal, but whatever I can spare, you shall be most welcome to take. I should be most happy to see you here and if you are going off to be gone, nobody knows how long, I insist absolutely on your coming, if otherwise I hope you will come, but you will do as you think best. In either case I would be willing and glad to bear the expense if that is an objection. You must not trouble yourself about the money you have had of me. I hear but two recitations a day —health much as usual, am beginning to read Spanish—

your Afft Brother

Mark Hopkins

Stockbridge July 10

Dear Brother Mark

Such a letter as your last backed by such an unequivocal testimony of that affection & regard of which I have so often felt the benefit & seen the greatest evidences, describes something better than I *am* or ever shall be able to send you, but as you are not ignorant of my mode of traffick I shall make no apology.

The morning before I received your letter we had a breakfast table discussion on the familiar subject of Poverty & all its evils, a subject for which the best evidences are always on hand, but *then* more particularly so. Our Mother was with her usual forethought lamenting that Independence Day was coming on & I had nothing to wear. I told her that it was part of my Creed to let the morrow take care of itself, that I had noticed that in every exigency to which I had been brought, something unexpected always turned up to relieve the necessity. So off I started for the Plain to try to get some money of A Yale which if I could not get, one of our supposable cases would be immediately presented. The money I failed to get &—

I was at my sturrips when Cutler handed me your letter. The confirmation of my doctrine I did not fail to bring to a hearing I can assure you, when I returned home, as I was amply supplied with all my necessities. The fourth of July went off very pleasantly—The married ladies with Mrs Susan Sedgwick at their head made the largest party at the Academy that I ever saw in this place, The decorations & entertainment were truly fine.

I never before so fully realized & saw the beauty of Goldsmith's line where he speaks of all the "Village train leading up their sports beneath the spreading tree; & "The young contending as the Old surveyed" &c, as young & old were there. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to hear of the improved state of your health, & of the facilities you have for enjoying yourself. Enjoyment is the great end that we are all aiming at & those who think it is only to be obtained through the medium of money & power, I think greatly expose the fallacy of their sentiments & will find it so when it is too late to remedy it.

HARRY

Mark is located now in New York to begin his Medical studies.

New York Oct 31st 1827

Dear Brother Harry

I am now as you see in New York and what is more have determined to remain here at least for 4 months. I do not intend to attend all the Lectures but put myself with one of the Professors where I think my advantages will be very good

I am half ready to cry at the thought of not going home as I expected. Give my love to Father and Mother and write immediately

Your Afft Brother

MARK HOPKINS

Mr Mark Hopkins
New York

My dear son Mark

I will now tell you that we have just had a most delightful visit from our friend D Field,[1] who always makes us happy; when we have been long looking & waiting, wishing & longing to hear good news from our children the receiving of letters & seeing one who has lately been conversant with them, is more welcome than a water brook to the thirsty. I can not but daily feel, that but few are as highly favored as myself, for my family are enjoying the richest blessings of health, I think that your Father was never so healthy, so cheerful & happy as of late, we enjoy all the necessary comforts of life, with which every rational, dependent creature ought to be satisfied, we live in quiet, retired from that noisy bustle & confusion which I hate, but to crown the whole, my children are my chief joy, for in them I have an inestimable blessing, when I reflect that from their childhood they have at all times been obedient, affectionate & respectful, & at all times acted the proper part of children, it gives me indiscribable pleasure. With such a blessing sickness with bitter herbs would be prefered, rather than health & prosperity without it, & surely, for so many blessings I would not be ungrateful. . . .

I have been thinking that as you will need a stock of new shirts this spring, if you should remain in New y, whether it would not be best for you to purchase a piece of cloth & send it home the first good opportunity & I will get Miss Sadge here to make them for you as I expect it will cost you much less.

I very much thank you for your kind wish to send me a present, & accept the will for the deed, it is what I do not wish my children to think of, & what I can neither expect or desire in their present circumstances but know they would be glad to do it.

yours with much affection

M H

Write soon & often
which I wish you both to do

[1] David Dudley Field.

Dear Mark.
As you are to receive letters from Harry & Albert I am thinking it hardly worth while for me to write, yet I want to tell you that I was verry glad of your kind affectionate letter, & as long as I know there is kindness toward me in the hearts of my children it will be a living source of comfort— I shall now tell you that last evening we were all as happy & merry as crickets, for David, Electa, & Lucinda spent the evening with us, when at tea we wished for Mark & John Henry but so it always happens that when he is here you are not—Albert borrowed Mr Fields ecclesiastical history, you know he is fond of antiquity & amongst other things there were many pages about witchcraft, which so confirmed him in the belief that I expected he would take at least two or three horse shoes with him, & in truth we must all believe, for who will dispute Doctor Cotton Mather (who was the author) when he affirms that he was himself an eye witness of the wonderful things—Last monday evening H went to see his friend Pr. Your Father said he would read to me, so he began at half past six & read witch stories untill nine, & we dared not disbelieve them because of the sanctity of the author, but for my part I am glad that such days are past & gone . . . It is now past ten & I must bid you good night . . .

Affectionately yours

M H

Williamstown Nov. 23 1827

My Dear Mother

Perhaps you may be beginning to think that because my brothers are gone all the objects of my affection are gone also—Far from it—The love which I bear to you & to my dear Father is that which nothing but death nor that of hope shall be able to separate. For all your kindness towards me I never expect to repay you—all the reward I can give is to love you, & this I know is all the reward you ask.

I received some weeks since a letter from Mark dated N. Y. He as you probably know is in the office of one of the

medical lecturers in that place. I think that is the place for Mark. Aside from professional advantages as great perhaps as any in this country,—the Society which he will there enjoy, together with the variety and bustle of a city life, will tend to keep him in good spirits & I should hope ultimately to restore his health. Harry wrote that he was expecting that evening to join the Academy of Design.

But you may be desirous by this time to hear what & how I am doing. The Class of which I have the principal charge is the largest in College. It was last year rather an unsteady class. There have joined it this year a number of young men from Albany—determined to show College "what it was to have a scrape". They have been however sufficiently peaceable until a day or two ago. Tutor C. & I were invited to Faculty dinner which held us there all the after-noon—when we returned we found there had been a great rolling down of logs &c. We have investigated the matter found out the individuals & laid their names before the Faculty—who will punish them according to their deserts. The West College in which I room is the college for noise & we shall probably have more or less the year round—Since the commencement of the term one of the students has died—a member of the Freshmen class. I wish my dear Mother that you would write me telling me . . . but I will not dictate to you . . . Give my love to my dear Father I hope he finds in the absence of his children, company & enjoyment from books. I shall be down soon I hope to add something to the joys of all.

Your affectionate son Albert Hopkins

New York Decembr 4th 1827

My Dear Father

I think sometimes as I am sitting here how you will get along without me this winter having nobody to keep a fire in the north-room or even in the Stove. In fact I did think a great deal of the pleasant evenings we should have reading and thinking and talking and eating apples this winter and all so quiet, but no, here I am in this noisy city, constantly

in a hurry about nothing and not an apple to eat without paying miserably dear for it—however I hope when I get fairly a going to pursue my studies here with more advantage a good-deal than if I was at home, though there seems little encouragement for it—every other door you see here has a Doctor's name upon it and they are coming up thicker and thicker as Pharaoh's locusts did to cover the land. However I must do the best I can, as my health is still poor and I fear I could do nothing else—There is some prospect of my getting some employment in a day or two. but not at very high wages only 150$ a year for an hour a day 5 days in the week. This is low—and besides is not certain.

We live at Vosburg's a Dutchman who formerly navigated the north River and was acquainted with Uncle John. I have only time to write a line as Mr Sedgwick is just going—

Your Afft Son
MARK HOPKINS

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Head Quarters, Boston January 3d—1828.

THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF HAS accepted the Resignation of Harry Hopkins as Ensign in a Company of Light Infantry in the second Regiment of Infantry, in the first Brigade and seventh Division of the Militia of this Commonwealth; and he is hereby honorably discharged, at his own request, from the Office of Ensign in the Regiment aforesaid.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S COMMAND,
W H SUMNER
Adjutant General

Stockbridge Jan. 4 1828

My Dear Brother Mark

And now my Brother congratulate me—because that—one term over—I am seated quietly in the *old South* (a fine

port after a storm as more then one scape goat can testify—(excuse the *goat's* being shipwrecked) seated quietly I say in the possession of apples & cider & having my gun well charged not with the powder of wit merely but also with the pure ball of news, *charged I say* & pointed towards the city of New York

In my former letters it escaped me (pardon my negligence) I say it escaped me to express my condolence & sympathy with you in behalf of your sufferings at Faculty meetings. The first subject that came up was the adoption of that mode of keeping class-papers—if you ever looked into a bran-bag or into a lime kiln you may form a faint & *but* a faint idea of the dryness of that discussion. It closed about 10 to be resumed. The next was a subject which pleased me some. It was the importance of being more familiar with the Students—of *coming nearer* to them. This they talked upon till I got tired then agreed that each one should digest & bring in a plan at the next meeting. Prof. K. had a long speech as usual & a list of questions proper to be ask'd—among which was this—"How long since you've heard from home?"!! This—take notice—& such like questions were to be asked either on the *walk* or in the rooms—where we were to call in *an informal manner* (Prof. Porter) & without seeming to come as members of the Faculty. While this discussion was pending I sat by with an appearance rather *crank* than otherwise—at length the rest having all spoken I was asked for my plan.—Says I, Dr Griffin, there are certain invariable rules that I have laid down for the regulation of my conduct towards white & black & I dont know as students will form any exception. This said, I ceased—The Dr after having looked some time at me somewhat surpriz'd—said, are you through Sir? . . . Says I, yes Sir . . . Some days after this the scrapes began & I did not hear any thing more about *motive—coming near them—making moral power bear* &c—I told Caulkins I had a good mind the last meeting to state that there was *one* subject of some interest I should like to hear conversed upon

a little more—The *importance* of *making moral power real* —we thought though it would be most too bad. There have been no other subjects of importance. Except—"Who shall teach Say? And Ely's Premium?" these have been up every meeting this term. The general aspect of the term has been boisterous. Otis has been sent away for Assault & Battery, Cannon Rusticated—very many admonished, one fined &c—The West-College Cop says (who by the way has had his ash pails—6 or 8 dashed to pieces brooms stolen—&c) never was any thing so bad as it is now—there is reason to believe that Satan entered it soon after the death of Ware.

And here I must state to you the case of George [1] who has been I believe for some weeks under uncommon temptation of Satan & I doubt not the Spirit too is striving with him. A state of gloom & almost of despair fell upon him about three weeks since—Unable to learn any thing he left school. The Minister came to see him, religious men talked with him, he thought his feelings were changed—After that there came a gloom upon him which seems to have been the work of Satan. He was tempted to do many things useless & even to destroy himself. At this time he was urgent to see me & desired greatly that I should come home. I have seen him & talked with him—he weeps much—& what is remarkable for George, talks with perfect freedom on his state & feelings. What I have said to him has been altogether in more plain terms than others have cared to speak—it has been said I believe in the fear of God & if it is the means of leading him from this coil of Satan & setting him in the right path, let God have the glory.

I shall stay here I believe the vacation. I have spent all my money but $30. I can give you I think 20 should you need it or the whole by Benjamin in the spring.

There had been for more than a fortnight frequent rolling of logs nights which Mr Cans & I thought best not to make ourselves fools by enquiring into—determined however to strike when we did. One afternoon going to a Faculty dinner,

[1] A man employed on the farm at home.

we found College on our return an utter chaos. Logs, stones, bricks, ashes, water pails & everything nameless thrown down & dashed. Twas then just recitation time—They expected I would storm away some about the impropriety of each—enquire into it perhaps a little & there end it. not so I. The Recitation room that afternoon was entered into without even showing that I had noticed the scrape except in the case of one man whom I suspected—him I fastened my eye balls onto & I bored them into him like two spike Gimblets—The Class noticed it & *he* withered like an aspen, with that I left. When the evening came I stationed myself in one of those great two handed chairs & whilst Caulkins sat with pen and ink ready to take down every word, proceeded to examine. The modes were different according to the human nature of each. With some after having in a very mild way ask'd about 20 preliminaries so fast & disconnected that they did not know what they meant (no more than two toads wants a tail) I proceeded with a kind of clear headed look such as the ancient Tutor used to put on when he thought he had said something pretty keen—to say—You either did it or you did it not & you either know that you did it or you know that you did not do it—& *first* do you know that you did not do it? when they did not know whether they knew whether they did it or not, then I cramped em right up. Another way was to keep hitching up to them making as though you was chewing tobacco. or sometimes going over the whole ground with a kind of sudden start—sitting down by them & saying—Come neighbour you've lied about this, now you may as well own it as to parley—To one fellow after having denied pertinaciously said I—Hamilton, how would the size of that log you rolled compare with that chest? Not so large, Sir . . . but the morning star would rise ere I told you the particulars of an examination which lasted one evening & all the next fore-noon—Suffice it to say that some were seared—some scalded some—had it told to them to their face that they were liars & that they knew they were—some owned themselves liars some lied to the last—This is a succinct factitiv(?) view of the scrape of the

fatal 28th. Ponder it well ye that effect to be elected tutors. . . . This Postscript is equal to any letter therefore write as you would be written to. . . .

ALBERT HOPKINS

Stockbridge feby 5th 1828

In the ould South room

To my dear sons Mark & Harry

And to Mark first. I understand you are going on in the study of phisic or attending lectures upon that subject—you know that practis is quite as important as theory—supposing you should commence by trying to extract a tooth for some one. I thank you for the receipt in your letter for the rheumatism (though I have had no occasion to use it, my arm is now nearly well) and as you are going to be a Dr I will send you one. It is a simple one but you know simple things affect cures some times, it is only to bind an ellskin round the limb affected. I suppose you will laugh, but nothing else has help't my arm that I know of, though I have tried a number of things.

Harry—how do you to day my son—

your Pa sends you greeting from the ould South room here—I am siting alone and writing, such a thing I hav'nt done in a long while, You remember the day we parted at Hudson and a cold day it was, it was late before I got out of the City but I rode out the Storm and got safe home about six oclock.

We have had but little snow this winter and George has been to school so I have got but little wood, though we have drawn about 20 logs to Mill—the school is out to-day. your dog Cub looks finely for he has liv'd chiefly upon Horse Beef this winter, the Po having lost two ould Horses which suits the dogs very well, I think he grows rather lazy. Your bees are flying about like summer time. I believe they are all alive though I have not examin'd them. I have got hay to sell this year which is remarkable as you know we never us'd to have

enough. I sold the big Horse last fall for what we call'd 97 dollars 50 ct but I could get no cash. I took one yoke of oxen and am to have another this spring. Your resignation is come at last and when they choose your successor I hope to sell your Millitary clothes and equipments. I was sorry I could not give you some Money when you went away I have sold one of the ould oxen and when Mr Theodore Sedgwick went to N. York late last fall I sent you forty dollars. Mr Pomeroy enclos'd the money in a letter to you, as you say nothing about it in your letters I dont know whether you have receiv'd it, if you have I wish you would write me a line by Mr Theodore who I expect will be in N. Yk soon, If you have not I wish you would enquire of him what he did with the letter—You ask my advise about staying another year. I would say yes quick, if I could find you Money but it is a terrible thing to be in debt. Mr Field is very kind and you must do as you think best—

Mr Field is so good as to offer to take charge of some things we shall send to you & Mark, as we had no honey last fall after you went away, I took up a small hive & shall send you a box of honey, we shall likewise send you a box of apples and nuts though you may find better in N- Yk. I hope these will be acceptable. I want to say more but my paper is out—your affectionate Father

A. Hopkins

DOCTOR & PATIENT A Play *in one Act*

Doctor
Patient
Alice—
a Servant
Children
} CHARACTERS

Scene—an old front room in the patients Castle—children standing at the window—Patient lying on a couch—

ACT—I

Patient—O' dear!
1st Child. O! there he comes now—that's him
2d Child—'tante
1st Child—Tis
3rd Child—'Tante
4th Child—Tis too—see how he drives! that old roan—Tim says she'll make lightning loll when she gets the Dr to her tail—Ha! Ha!
All—Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
(enter Alice)
Alice—Children go out of the room every one of you.
(exeunt children)
Patient—Alice do tell me whether the Dr's coming.
Alice—He's at the door now Sir
(rap-rap—and at the same time enter Dr Hopkins with a loaded whip & a large pair of saddle bags)
Doct—Why you seem to be badly bloated Sir
Patient—Very badly. What can this be Dr?
Doct (aside to Alice) has he had access to any poison?
Alice—Not as I know of Sir.
Patient—I have been thinking Dr whether this might not possibly be the Mumps.
Doct—Let me see your tongue!—you find your parotid and pituitary glands strongly affected do you not?
Patient—I find my throat & neck badly swollen.
Doct—I rather think on the whole you have the mumps. take a little of this paregoric just as you are going to bed and I will call again to morrow The analysis of this disease—(loud cries without)
head him! head him! stop the Drs Horse—stop the Drs Horse—cut across the corner of the garden there Tim, quick!
Doct—(in a low tone) I declare I must be more careful—this is unfortunate!! (exeunt the Dr and Alice)—end of the *Act*

You will readily infer from this short introduction that I have the mumps. I began to perceive the symptoms Fast day & now have them on both sides. I hope I shall get along without serious difficulty—at any rate as Proffessor K. said this Fore-noon—"it's an ill wind that blows no where" and I shall get rid of the examination to-morrow and next day whether or no.

A week or two since I wrote to Harry telling him that the College roof took fire and was extinguished with some difficulty. I concluded my remarks by saying as Pa always does "There will be more fires". About a week after—The alarm was given—The College was a-fire in the garret. It was evidently done by an incendiary—After a tedeous examination we expelled two and sent another away. It was perhaps nothing more than a boyish freak—quite a serious one at any rate.

I have had but two recitations the greater part of this term and shall have but two I hope only a part of the time which remains—at present I have Logic Latin Geometry.

your affectionate Brother
A Hopkins

Williams College April 12. 1828

My dear Brother

You wrote me last vacation that you thought you sent that money by Col. Waterman. On my arrival I found that three writs had been served on him that day—with that I determined to take him by guile—Accordingly having called upon the Col. Sir said I, you had the politeness to bring me up a little money last term which I *neglected* to call for. This was said with that frankness of manner which should ever characterize the intercourse of Gentlemen & withal with a kind of withdrawing attitude as much as to say—it is'nt every fool that gets to be a Colonel—Never was a man more abashed—I have been perfectly ashamed of myself said he every time I have thought of it. Upon that he clapped both hands on his coat pocket—I saw at a glance there was no

money there which he soon acknowledged—making however that it was no strange thing. I told him it would be equally agreeable to me to receive it in the evening (I had heard there was to be a vendue there) accordingly in the evening went and got it—"& wont you take a glass Sir?" . . . And as I am now upon money—I shall enclose in this letter $60—I owe you something more which I will make right at a future time.

The annals of College this term have been tragic and boisterous in a manner so far as I know unexampled. Things serious have been opposed, not by the insulated efforts of individuals but by system—The sons of vice which formerly scarce dared to lurk in the kennels, have come out into the broad day & not blushed to own their father. I owe it to myself perhaps to say that though I have been in the hottest of the battle I have not as yet heard of a dog's opening his mouth against me.

Harry's eyes I am sorry to hear are like to fail if he cannot hatch up a second coal mine. I see no other resort but the old homested—I hope though for better things . . . Mr ——— of Vermont I hear has left ten or fifteen thousand dollars to the college—Gymnazium comes on as might be expected under our dull auspices . . . My studies this term have occupied most of my time. I have heard Analytic. I suppose I must hear Trigonometry . . . I have been asked to take a class in the sabbath-school. You I believe engaged in the school here. I think I shall—The Ladies, the Miss Starkweathers &c . . . As for my religious course I find there is a cheating world, a tempting devil & a wicked heart —I hope however that my hopes are not vain and if so the path of duty seems clear. If that call was indeed from heaven at that juncture it was not without a meaning—believe me your affectionate Brother

A. Hopkins

Not making the progress he wished for in his medical studies in New York, Mark went to the medical school in Pittsfield.

Pittsfield May 5th 1828

Brother Albert

I wish you to bring me up two things—I think I should like to have by me some of the *Eupatorium* so you may put some in a paper—none of your large stalks, and bring it—The other thing is—if Mother can spare them with perfect convenience—two or three towels—They have a wash room here where they all wash but I prefer to find my own towels O K, and wash in my own room—Item—I wish you would put up while you are about it as I happen to want it just now, a needle and a bit of black silk—it will be easier for you to do it than for me to get it—

The Stage I understand, does not start from here till nine or ten so you can come up in the morning—I do not know exactly how many scholars there are here—over 40 I think—We get up at half past four and keep them busy most of the day—I cannot yet tell how I shall like it, though the getting up part I think I shall like well. There is nothing new—except indeed, and that is some days old,—a story about Miss Mary Childs and Dr Wright that has put all Pittsfield in a sizz.

Your Affct Brother

Mark Hopkins

Pittsfield June 21st 1828

Brother Harry

I am constantly busy and exercise a good deal. I commonly walk from 2 to 4 miles during the day, sometimes more besides exercising from 5 to 6 in the morning in the Gymnasium—From the nature of my duties here it will be difficult for me to get away so I cannot say when I shall be at Stockbridge, though perhaps if you will engage to bring me back on Monday morning I may walk down some Saturday and spend the Sabbath with you. There are now 5 teachers in the School, 4 besides the writing master, and we expect a French teacher next week—I am at present occupied about 5 hours in the School and on the whole find it as

pleasant as I expected—I have for my room-mate a Son of the late Governor Clinton about 15 years old, and of an excellent disposition. Pittsfield is I presume nearly as dull as Stockbridge—at any rate I go into Society but little nor do I expect to. Mrs Fowler is here by whom I shall send this together with a Williamstown paper containing my speech. It has some mistakes but is I think more correct and respectable than in the Star—

MARK HOPKINS

The following is interesting in view of all the modern literature about the connection of mind and body. Also from the fact that in later years Mark Hopkins' health, as far as his family and friends knew, was uniformly good.

Pittsfield July 30th 1828

My Dear Brother Harry,

I feel that it is time that I should write to you but I have hardly life and spirit enough to say any thing. The fact is I have been going down this some time and have now I hope reached the lowest point, and in a week from this time I hope to be as well as usual. You know how these things go with me. To lead the life that I do is prodigiously discouraging I can assure you, and enough to shake stouter spirits than mine—What will be the end of it I do not know, but I do know that I can never be what I might have been, and ought to have been if indeed, which is doubtful in my mind, I shall be able to sustain myself creditably in Society at all. My spirits are tolerably good, that is as much so as is consistent with their very intimate connexion with the State of the body. There is a kind of animal spirits and cheerfulness depending entirely on the State of the body, which indicate themselves by vivacity of action and manner, sparkling eyes, and animated features, but besides this there is a cheerfulness which keeps the heart warm under the indications of great bodily depression and which springs from the hope of better things here or hereafter. This last seldom entirely

forsakes me, and is indeed often my only resource. As to Philosophy which some people resort to in their troubles I find that in afflictions purely bodily it is not worth much, because as it is the very essence of our sensations and feelings that they are what they seem to be, philosophy cannot alter their nature, or make pain pleasure—And indeed I believe that in general Philosophy is of more use in suggesting considerations to lessen sorrow, or rather to deaden sensibility than in offering any source of positive pleasure. That the ills of life are unavoidable may cause us to harden ourselves against them, but one would suppose that if any thing could be an aggravation of those ills it would be that reflexion. But I have philosophised long enough—You know what disappointment and suffering are as well as I do, and, I believe bear them better.

Your Affct Brother Mark Hopkins

Dr Mark Hopkins
Pittsfield
(Mass)

Politeness of W. P. Palmer Esqr:

Williams College Aug 5—1828

My dear Brother Mark

The Senior examination is this moment completed. I shall proceed to give you an account of it in the animated style of modern description—

At precisely fifteen minutes before eight on the morning of the 3d the silver tones of the Chapel bell were heard nimbly dancing along the skirts of that beautiful classic vale nearly in the centre of which the college edifices are erected. A short and lively ring announced the approach of a general conclave—A few moments of bustle ensued when a second warning gave notice that the time of assembling was come. The bustle now increased four-fold—Halls and walks were thronged—The Chapel doors were flung open—The eager throng rushed in—and all was again hushed—

Just at this juncture a door in the same hall opened from which proceeded a train of grave and venerable persons. As they came the Assembly all rose out of respect—The grave men seated themselves—and every thing assumed the attitude of anxious expectation. At this highly interesting crisis, a circumstance happened which operated like an electric shock. A lean gaunt sunken eyed man was seen slowly rising from the southwest niche where he had perched himself unnoticed. He seemed to be so far as could be judged a man of parts. And after a brief space commenced speaking in an unknown tongue. The purport of his speech was not we judged very well understood. Some seemed to put on an angry countenance judging no doubt the subject was of a martial nature others looked quite pleasant!—A few moments brought the lean gaunt man to his seat—The audience retired and all again was hushed. "And now Mr Sagacity let me tell my dream myself" or to be more concise —that most miserable of all things fell this examination upon me miserable—the oratio apud curatores selectos [1] Proffessores et tutore(s) et classem Seniorem Collegii Gulieimi.

The Examination as I said is over. It was on the whole honorable to the class—perhaps as good as any since the year '26.

This letter will go by the man who carries it whom you will probably be glad to see—You will write again before Commencement and tell me I hope that you are coming up

Yours with Affect. A Hopkins

riot at Yale—sent away 120—

Williams College August 16

Dear Sir,

I have only time to say that in case you propose leaving N York to practise medicine in a country village that Wmstown offers a favorable opening . . . As you will perceive by

1 "The oration before the selected Trustees, Professors, Tutors, and the Senior class of Williams College."

the following statement. Dr Sabin according to the prophecy of all the boys in the village is to marry Miss Whitman in which case he goes in to the Mercantile business. Should you come here & enter into Partnership with myself we could command 2/3 of the business in the town & we could too procure 12 students to supply our office which would be a Source of profit nearly equal to $500 a year . . . Address me on the subject if the proposal meets your approbation . . .

Yours with the highest respect
& esteem

M Hopkins MD E. Emmons

P. S—The above communication you will keep within your own knowledge—

New York Sept. 8, 1828

My dear Sir,

I am happy to have an occasion afforded me of writing to you, & the matter is as follows. Mrs Smith is very desirous to obtain your assistance as an English instructor for the ensuing year; the studies she wishes you to superintend are Grammar, Rhetoric & Composition, General History, & Arithmetic. Mrs S. wishes to have you devote two hours each morning to her school, & authorises me to offer you $400 per annum for your compensation. If you accept her offer, she desires that three months notice may be given her of your intention of withdrawing from her school.

Permit me to add my personal wishes that you will come. You will find the school in question, unless I am very much mistaken, a most pleasant one; there is a high tone of manners among the young ladies, & Mrs Smith is a sensible & accomplished woman. If the salary should not be sufficient for you, Mr Paine has assured me that the mere fact of being employed by Mrs S. is an ample recommendation to other Seminaries, So that you would probably find no diffi-

culty in obtaining as much more by employing two more hours.

Faithfully your friend & servant

William Emerson

Dear Mark

You see what is above—I take it for granted, that you will come. If you determine to do so, you had better leave P. forthwith, & come directly to Newyork. Morgan & I have been some time congratulating ourselves, at the prospect of your obtaining this place—Do not fail to come—

The weather now is delightful—

Remember me dearly to Harry & all the people at S—, if you go there—

Yours truly,

D. D. Field

Mr. Mark Hopkins

Pittsfield Oct 16th 1828

My Dear Brother Harry

I do not know whether I mentioned to you that I have engaged to go to New York a little before the close of the lectures—say a week. I am sorry it could not be delayed till after New-Year as I shall have no time to spend at home—I am to be engaged 2 hours and ½ for $500 which will support me and pay my tuition. I wish you would get well and go on with me—

Your most Affct Brother

Mark

Williams College
October 27th 1828

My dear Brother Harry

The fate of a poor contemner of the laws of College will excite little sympathy where neither violator nor laws are

known nor cared for. Incidents however occasionally turn up calculated to excite a little more general interest. Such you may esteem the following—Last week one of the classes failed to give the class next above the precedency in going out of the Chapel. After having received the insult—as it was thought—more than once the class insulted chose one or two of their stoutest men to guard the door and accordingly the next night there was a rush. Says I to Doctor Griffin shall I go—Yes Sir said he—go . . . Accordingly I immediately found myself in the midst of them where there was not only pushing but also now a reciprocal cuffing of one another mixed with much apparent ill feeling—soon after my arrival the Doctors voice was heard sounding through the long halls Young Gentlemen! Young Gentlemen! &c &c In fact the affair was for the moment quite a serious one, it is though now I believe, quite dead. Except the matter just related, every thing has gone on smoothly as yet. I have however too much knowledge of young men to suppose that they can live without some folly—tis bound up in their hearts Solomon says—I would add with a gordian knot.

your Affectionate Brother

A. Hopkins

Mr. H. Hopkins P. A. F

Mark is now again in New York. We wish he had written more of the young ladies' school where he taught to earn enough to pay for his board and tuition while attending his medical lectures.

New York Dec-16th 1828

My Dear Brother,

I am up here at 11—at night, in a room in Market St. that you know nothing about, with Morgan and Field. I arrived here safely bag and baggage without having been cheated out of more than about $2 which I think very well for me.—I get my breakfast and tea here and dine at an

eating house down town for the present, but I expect soon to go into a French house with Field where I shall pay only $6 a week. Everything here is pretty much the same but they have made some improvements up this way—Yesterday as I was going down town I met old long legs going like thunder —I doubt whether he has stopped since you and I saw him. I went to my School to-day for the first time. It is a large one and will be somewhat arduous I think, but it appeared very well—Love to Father and Mother—

Your Brother Mark

Write Soon—

New York Feb. 2d 1829

My dear Mother,

I am just at present alone, and my thoughts naturally turn towards you. It is always a pleasure to me to think of you and of your unweried kindness towards me, the remembrance of which I shall never cease to cherish. I am, as you will see by the date of this, within two days of being 27 years old, but I am very far from being what I hoped to be at that age. This I impute partly to my own faults, and partly to circumstances beyond my controul. The state of my health has been a chief source of trouble to me, and will I fear continue to be so—but all we can do is to make the best of the circumstances in which we are actually placed without uselessly regretting the past—and this I shall endeavour to do—

I am situated as comfortably at present as I could wish, and I dont know as I can interest *you* as much as by telling you how I spend my time. About 7 o clock in the morning the man comes and makes our fire, and then we, Field and myself, get up and dress and commonly read a little before ½ past 8, at which time the breakfast bell rings. I will just mention here what you may think strange, and that is that I brush my teeth every morning, as also my coat and pantaloons—At nine I am at Mrs Smiths where I stay till ½ past 11 and I think I shall find it a very pleasant school. I then

go to Dr Smith's office or to the Hospital—and this reminds me of something that I must tell for Father and the boys— A few days since there was an old negro who had had his feet and legs frozen so that they had mortified about half way to the knee, and Dr Mott cut off his legs one after the other. The old fellow was perfectly quiet during the whole operation except when the Dr made one cut, he cried out "you dog you", Before the first leg was taken off they gave him some wine and also before the second. After the stumps were done up and as they were taking him out, he bowed to the students and said laughing, "Good afternoon gentlemen, I have got my wine." But to go on. At one I go to Dr Smith's lecture which keeps me an hour, and then I have an hour till dinner which I commonly spend in the office. At three we dine and after dinner the Frenchmen generally drink coffee as strong one would think, as it could well be made, mixing with it a little brandy—they get round a table and six of them will make as much noise as twenty Englishmen. I generally stop awhile to hear them talk and sometimes drink coffee with them but it is not good for me. At 5 I go to hear Dr Torrey and in the evening I talk French when it is convenient or read in my own room. Now I dont recollect that I ever gave such an account of myself before and this must suffice for the winter though when I leave this house which I shall be sorry to do, my habits will change somewhat—Nothing is spoken in the house but French, and a little Spanish. My knowledge of the French cannot be perfect or anything like it but I hope will be sufficient for my purpose.

Your Affectionate Son MARK HOPKINS

New York Feb 26 1829

My Dear Mother

It is a long time since we have heard from you, & I must confess it is long since I have written but this has caused me to think of you the oftener.

I believe I wrote you I had got no place with a painter,

I have not yet, & cannot until the first of May. A person cannot learn to paint well in a week or a month nor scarcly at all, let his natural talent be what it may, without the advantage of instruction—this you know is what I came here for, but what I have not yet got as no painter could take me until May as I before stated. I have been treated with coldness by nearly all the artists in the city except one whose name is Inman—by coldness I mean that they have showed no disposition to assist me any farther than mere selfishness led them to do, for which I find no fault as it only shows them to be like all other men in that respect—but Inman has been to me polite & obliging & has already assisted me considerably. with him I propose to go if he can take me, but whether he can is yet uncertain as he had previously engaged another young man—if he comes my only resource will be Morse who though a polished gentleman I do not altogether like.

Please write by D. F. Remember me to Pa & tell him I wish he would tell me also his opinion of my intentions. write everything not omitting Bub the Bees & C—Mark says he has given me a good cut in his to Pa—I shall show my moderation by saying nothing of him except that his health is remarkably good—

Ever your affectionate

H Hopkins

New York March 7th 1829

My dear Brother,

Just a fortnight since this moment I was writing a letter to you. I remember the time of writing, because it was after I came from the Club which we keep up, and so was, as you may suppose then as it is now, rather late—the clocks are striking eleven.

I still remain at the same house, and think I shall, about 3 weeks longer which will make it 12 weeks in all, and that will cost me about $1 a day or $4(?) dollars—After that I intend to live more cheaply. I have some notion of moving a

great way up town. In regard to French I am getting on a little, if a man speaks plainly I can generally understand all he says especially if he speaks to me and I can carry on conversation to some extent. Last night I held a dispute with a man here in french which we did not get through with till near midnight—I hope when I leave this house to have enough of the language for ordinary purposes and more than that I must not think of at present—

I am glad to hear you are thinking or beginning to think about getting married, I think she is a very good girl and really I dont know whether you could do better—At any rate if you are agreed I am and so I wish you all success—In fact I do not see that you have now anything to do but to get married and settle down for life in quiet and happiness—

You must have had a terrible winter there I am sure. It is a long time since anything like it has been known here.

There is here at present a large collection of Italian paintings said to be by the great masters. I have been to see them but I suspect that most of them are but copies, some of them however, particularly the landscapes are very fine.

We have nothing new. I dare say that even N. York will by and bye become dull to me. At present however I am too busy—My School—French—I do but little visiting and that kind of nonsense—I wish you were down here—

Your Affect. Brother

Mark

Wms College March 25th 1829

Dear Harry

By the way there is a line of schools through the county—one here taught by an Englishman, clever fellow enough for ought I know and a musician—I shall dismiss the subject by giving one anecdote of him. Sitting at the table a day or two ago. O (said he) what a beautiful season de spuring is!—So delightful!—Tis den de beauties of nature begins to put forth—and den de hens begins to lay!! I declare said I Mr Andrews, I never heard that mentioned as

one of the pleasures of spring before, though I esteem it by no means an inconsiderable one.

I see you have got wind of Crittenden—he came into my room with a great splash, a real cross-eyed fellow and pretty insinuating—the method which I adopted with Crit, was to appear like one of the meek sort (you know there is a certain way of appearing meek as it were) I confessed I did'nt know anything about the world, manners &c, A mere uncut diamond and all that. Now this of course excited Crits hopes, —my conclusion however was that I was unfit for the place —As I remarked before, my general appearance and tone was meek. "In one instance" however toward the close I varied—putting on about as loud a key as I could manage and a kind of mumbling tone (very much such as you have heard Uncle Tom use when telling a bear story and eating at the same time) I ran my fist at an angle of about 45° "put me among the green *mountain* boys" says I—I thought Crit a little startled here—However we could not agree and I liked Crit on the whole very well.

Yours in the best bonds

A. Hopkins

P. S Pa always says you know that one thing follows another—and so it is. I mentioned in the letter you recollect, that the town-house burnt down. About 3 o'clock this afternoon—there was a cry of fire in the hall—Going out—"run with your pails up stairs—run with your pails up stairs"—the south end of the College roof was on fire. About a dozen of us manned the roof of both Colleges and the town rallied —and we had it—wind blew brisk out of the north and for some time I assure you I stood "in suspen"—at length however we conquered it—*There will be more.*
Thursday afternoon

New York Tuesday April 7th 1829

My Dear Brother Harry,

I received your letters by Mr Pomeroy on Sabbath morning. They got in about two oclock that morning having been

detained in Hudson—Monday morning I went to the Market and the first man of whom I inquired said that good sheep were worth $5 taken just as they were—The second man of whom I inquired said that sheep were worth $4 but very fine ones would bring $5—and that the carcass taken together without the skin was worth about 6 cents though it had been 7—This morning I went to a man who says that he has purchased several thousand skins this season, and he says that green skins with the wool of course are worth from $1. to $1.25cts. I should think from what he said that you might get $1¼ dollars but that he said was the highest. I presume that sheep are coming in constantly for this man told me that he purchased 100 skins yesterday which came down the North River—This then is the best information I can obtain and you will judge whether it will be best for you to come. I did not inquire the price of wool but I suppose it will be much the same here as elsewhere. I wish very much you would come.

Your Brother

Mark Hopkins

New York May 7th 1829

My Dear Harry,

I received your letter by Maj. Sergeant last evening and am much obliged to you for it in consideration that you had the backache so badly when you wrote.

I am no longer at Vosburgh's—I have removed from the city of N. York—to the Village of Greenwich, but I find the walk so long that I doubt whether I shall remain here—The reason of my coming here was that I might see practice which I can do among the poor belonging to the Northern Dispensary as I am with the Physicians of that Institution. After all I fear I shall be but poorly qualified for the practice of the profession and to say the truth I never had great confidence of my success in it. It seems to me that I have not the qualities requisite to succeed well, but try I must—but whether in this city, I cannot say—It is very well that

you was able to let me have the money which you did for I should have been obliged to borrow about the whole of it if you had not. Taking clothes into consideration, I just about support myself—Board here cost me $4 a week—and I am very comfortably situated for that.

I am glad your fiddle strings please you—In the line of music I am ready for any commission you please. Speaking of Bob, I might have said that he is next commencement to stand in my shoes where I delivered my story—Love to Father and Mother . . .

Your Brother

MARK

Mr Harry Hopkins
Swamp Reclaimer.

Mr Harry Hopkins
You are respectfully solicited to attend a BALL at Mrs. Hicks' Room, on Wednesday, the 13th of May, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

JONATHAN HICKS,
LUTHER T. HINCKLEY,
SAMUEL BROWN.
JOSEPH P. NORMAN,
} Managers.

Stockbridge, May, 7th, 1829

New York May 15th 1829

My dear Brother.

Every body that I ever saw or heard of, has been in New York within a few weeks—though I have not seen them all living so far up as I do. In fact I find the walk so long that I am not sure but I shall go back again—I went a day or two since with Mrs Dewey to see the Panorama of Geneva and the exhibition of the Nat. Academy of Design of which you are a member—The former is splendid and the deception which it produces is very perfect. The latter I do not think as good as it was last year—Morse, Truman, Ingram,

Cole—Agate and Dunlap, of the last a large number—are the principal painters of course, and I dont see that they have improved at all since last year. The finest picture in the room was by Leslie, but beside that I did not see any thing that pleased me as much as the Livingston family did last year—I would mend my pen if I had a knife—Agate had a picture pretty well done of two children looking at each other to see which could look the longest without laughing. Bryant is there by Morse. He gets tolerable likenesses but does not paint half as well as you.

I shall send you one of the Academy's Catalogues by Albert. I think your sheep rather came out at the little end of the horn, If you had had any enterprise you would have come down here with them—I am sorry Father and Mother will not consent to come—

Field is in a Spanish house, and I should be if I had money, but I believe that will always be a plague to me—A fellow last night indirectly took five dollars from me by stealing my hat and gloves while I was making a call at a house in Lib. St. That however is rather a thing to laugh at—The Hatters were all about shutting up shop and if I had been a little later I should have been obliged to walk up town bare-headed. But I must stop—I hope you write as often as your back will allow you—

Yours Affecty

Mark

New York May 25th 1829

My Dear Brother

Albert has been here 4 or 5 days and goes this afternoon—I have had a fine visit from him, and have been to see all the Lions and Tigers with him. He walks exactly like the great gentleman, and carries himself stiff and staunch—I think you will enjoy this vacation together—and wish very much that I could be with you but till I can get out of the trammels of teaching I must suffer its confinement—

Your Affect Brother

Mark Hopkins

New York June 20th 1829

Dr Mark Hopkins

Sir

The following resolution of the Finance Committee was last evening adopted by the Board of Trustees of the Northern Dispensary—

"Resolved that this Committee recommend to the Trustees to appoint five additional physicians to serve gratuitously for One Year" . . .

I have the pleasure to inform you Sir that in conformity to the above resolution you were appointed a physician to the Northern Dispensary . . .

With respect

Dr. Mark Hopkins *Jn Flint* Secy

New York July 4th 1829

My Dear Brother

The night before the 4th is worse than that before New Years—it was nothing but crackers all night and this morning notwithstanding the rain they are constantly going. It rains a little now (about nine) and looks like a rainy day. If it should be pleasant I shall go down town presently and see what is to be seen—

I have sent my dissertation for M. D. to Pittsfield and I am glad it is the last thing of the kind I shall ever be *obliged* to write. I have also to pay them $15, and my tuition here and then I shall be through with that—But as Steph. Tucker said of the beans "before you get through with one hill another comes." I begin already to enjoy some of the pleasures of a Drs life in being called up nights &c &c.

Albert said something to me in his letter about going to Greece, but I have made inquiries here, and if any of you have had serious thoughts about his going you may be sure there is little, or I may say no prospect of it, even if he should wish it. I dont know how some people may find it, but I am quite satisfied that it will be impossible for me to

make much of this life, at least as an end—Love to Father and Mother.

MARK HOPKINS

Stockbridge
Sept. 21 1829

My dear Mark

If you will look at the list which I gave you I believe you will find Playfairs *Progress of Math & Phys Science.* You overlooked it probably—please inquire for it and send it with the *Lib. Use Knowl*—

Nothing very new has taken place since your leaving except a *famous conclave of Doctors* which has been held at our house. Old Dr Clark & I started in the morning *with one more* and gathered up all the plants of secret virtues. Old Dr Sergeant arrived in the "bloom of the shower" about four in the afternoon. As it continued to rain and was a little cold withal, we built up a fire in the North-Room where we brought in our crucibles and salts of iron, roots and plants —and having first initiated the painter, proceeded to action. The session held (with the exception of about a half an hours recess) when the Drs went down to visit Mum-Bet)[1] until nearly eleven at night . . . *it beat all I can tell you.* The story in this part of the world is that a certain lady (a great lady) is so much obliged to a certain Doctor (a great Doctor?) that she shall never rest satisfied until he (the Dr) visits her daughter—as it came to me at *her house*—(I suppose of course the inmates) (These flying reports I take to be at least a sign of wind)

This afternoon I start for Wms.

Your Affectionate Brother
A. HOPKINS

At last Mark has "hung out his shingle" and become a full-fledged doctor.

1 (Mama Bet) a Negro woman and former slave and a remarkable character. The monument marking her grave still stands in the Sedgwick lot in Stockbridge.

New York Oct 2d 1829

My Dear Brother Harry

I have removed to Charlton St. (if you know where that is) No. 53 which, if all those who pass by do not know, it is their own fault, and so much the worse for them. Having had my office open but a few days I am not overrun with business as yet—The block in which I live is a fine one, mostly new, and mine was the first Doctor's sign ever on it, but the next day a house 3 or 4 doors off caught the contagion and broke out in a sign and how many more may follow it is impossible to tell. The example of great men is wonderfully taking &c—

The fact is I have a pleasant office and hope to have it in time well furnished. It seems desirable that I should sleep in the room as well on other accounts as for economy, and as nobody has a bed visible in an office, I thought I would buy me a sofa bedstead, at once, which is really a genteel article of furniture, though it cost $25. which I could not just now well afford.

D.[1] Field made his first great effort before the Court of Errors a day or two since. & I understand was very successful. I could not hear him on account of the rain—You must have had a great time with the conclave of learned doctors—I should have liked to be there—If Clark has brought that swelling of Mum. Bet's to a head he has done well, and I would give a copper to know what he did it with. I have never seen a similar one—I called last night at R. S.'—Saw Eliza Pomeroy—and went after a short time with G. W. P to an Antimasonic meeting where R. Sedgwick was to make a speech—was not in time to hear him—they say it was good—Had quite a time, a master mason who has renounced, spoke against it, and another master in its favor. There was a good deal of stomping and clapping and laughing—I have taken a seat in Cox's Church till May next—My health is better than when I wrote to Albert—Thus far the *Doctor* to the *Artist*—Son to Father & Mother—Write, Write.

Your Brother Mark Hopkins

1 David Dudley Field.

Wm Col. Oct 11 1829

Dear Brother Mark

In regard to myself I can only say that I have delivered my introductory lecture—things as yet have gone on well—there has been an accession of thirty—This is very respectable for us—more than have entered I suspect since my Sophomore year . . .

You hint that my government is tyranical, it may be so—I doubt however whether the general impression is such. I spoke sternly to a man nearly a year ago—so much so that he cried—since that time however I do not remember to have spoken sternly to any one and the fellow deserved it. I am obliged to you however for mentioning it.

Your affectionate Brother

A. Hopkins

New York Octr 15th 1829

My Dear Brother Harry

I have just returned from the church in Chambers Street where I have heard the great Dr Channing. The house was crowded to excess as was also the upper church where he preached in the morning, and where I heard him likewise.—He is an eloquent man, but not so eloquent as I expected. Neither he or Beecher whom I heard last Sunday evening, have I think much in their manner to recommend them. It is the eloquence of thought and feeling in both which has given them their reputation. As for Channing's voice which you may have heard spoken of as very fine, it does not strike me so—I think it one of those whims which a certain class of people are in ecstasy about because they must be in ecstasy about something. He speaks distinctly and with propriety, though at times with a slight tone.

The prominent thought in the morning's discourse was that the end of all religion is moral purity or holiness, and that Salvation is freedom from Sin, a thought which you will remember is fully stated and expanded in Erskine's Internal evidences, and with which I accord—but for the attainment of this together with forgiveness for our past sins he allows,

if I understand him, no other efficacy to what Christ has done, than what results from his example and precepts acting upon our moral nature, and directing and stimulating us to attain the same purity which he possesses. The great advantages of Christianity then are, the revelation of immortality, which is certainly a great thing, but which however is of no use except as a *motive* to moral excellence, and the giving us an example of that excellence, and rules or precepts by which to attain it. This I do not believe to be the doctrine of the Bible, and if it were then I should call the Bible a book containing a great deal of bombast. He however made only one or two slight references to the Scriptures throughout the discourse. His sermon this evening consisted, in Stating some arguments from *reason* for the immortality of the soul, and had nothing controversial in it —You will find the most of it in Butler. There was no prominent thought that was new to me though some modifications of the arguments were—A fine and elevated feeling ran through the discourse and I was very much pleased—

Of all the moral systems presented to the world, whether we consider its own essential glory as combining the greatest simplicity with the greatest majesty, or its adaptation to the wants of man, Christianity is certainly the most wonderful, —And the very fact that it was given by God shows that he intended that we should avail ourselves of it, and I believe that it is our own fault, and a very criminal distrust, if not despising of Him if we do not, and attain the felicity which it proposes—How can it be otherwise? God cannot envy us, He can have no competition with us. He cannot since he is Love, but prefer that we should be happy, He only requires that we should love him in order to our happiness, and I doubt whether it be possible in the nature of things that we should be happy in any other way, that is, permanently—I should like to say a word on this last thought but I see I must stop. In fact I have been led imperceptibly to say what I have, and I suspect it will cost me another sheet of paper. Perhaps I may mention it at some future time, for our destination after death always

has been and still is a matter of deep interest to me . . .

Have you seen anything of a tale called Cacoethes Scribendi?—If you have I should like to know how you like it, for it is past doubt that you sat for the picture of the hero in his prominent features. For my part I think Miss S. illustrates the characters she represents in making the most of her acquaintances, and the least she can do is to give you half the profits, for the *raw material* ought to be worth half as much as the manufactured—You must be flattered at the interest your matrimonial arrangements excite, and it is quite clear that if you might marry your first cousin in the Story you may in fact marry your fifth or fifteenth—

I have concluded to move to Grand Street No 79 where you may direct letters after the first of next month. The prospect for business is small—Young Hobart, son of the Bishop who has had a sign out these three months, told me a day or two since that he had not had a call yet, by a pay patient, and I who have had mine out as many weeks am in the same predicament.

Warner is with me—Having but few books and it being a convenience to me, I charge him but $30 dollars a year, which however is an arrangement of which I wish nothing said—He is very quiet and agreeable. I received also a letter from the Professor enclosing $30 and saying that he had written to you to send me $50 more The $30 I shall need on my own account and he has given me a sort of general commission to purchase books, opportunities for which I may not have. I do not know your arrangements with him but if it should be at all inconvenient for you to send the money I can do without it, without inconvenience . . . I hear you are to be groomsman—I wish I could go up, but I cannot.

Your affectionate Brother

Mark Hopkins

Stockbridge Oct 1829

Dear Brother Mark:

As David goes immediately after the nuptials are celebrated I cannot in this give you any account of the events

of the occasion, they are I believe making considerable preparation. Pom who makes the wedding, means at any rate that things shall be in *style* & that the ceremony shall be performed at *precisely* 7 O'clock. I as you perhaps know am to officiate on the occasion as Groomsman with either A. Ashburner or T. Pomeroy, which of these will honor me I have not yet learnt. This is an office which I have occupied for many years—I am content with it & shall not probably very soon resign it for a higher & more honorable.

I agree with you perfectly in your opinion of Channing—he struck me as rather inferior in personal appearance at first but that soon ceases to be noticed as the beauty of his mind unfolds itself, his preaching is certainly of the most seducing kind & it is no wonder that people of the most refined sensibilities & tastes improved by cultivation, should prefer Channings preaching to the Orthodox as it is commonly found—in fact Channings preaching would recommend almost any doctrine with success—if Unitarianism does not gain ground now, when can they expect that it will. Certainly all that insinuating manners & address joined with art & talent can do, is now doing—they are certainly gaining in numbers & the fact of the case seems to me to be this. It is in this as in most other countries in the world where there is any religion at all, that instinctive presentment of a state of existence after the present which is so extensively & so deeply rooted in the very elements of the human soul has not its existence without a corresponding anxiety to some extent concerning what our condition may be in that state of existence—Christianity as it was given to the world by its author requires a course of conduct throughout, to which the human heart with its natural propensities is very repugnant, this has been the cause of the innumerable systems doctrines & modifications proposed by man as a Substitute—Among these there are few which come up to the original strictness but there are few as far as I am acquainted, so congenial to the human mind in its natural state that require the sacrifice of so little personal gratification as Unitarianism. Thus those on whom luxury,

wealth, power have fixed their seals are pleased to find Heaven & their desires upon the same road. This is one great secret of Unitarian proselytism, but I have spent more paper on this subject than I intended considering I have so little & the little probability of my giving you any new ideas on such subjects.

John Henry arrived here a few days ago with a nice horse & Barouche & is now Cock of the walk on the Plain. He goes down with the rest . . . We have got in most of our crops, they are decent—cider is hardly worth making up. A heap more lies out at the mill which we picked up last of 4 or 5 hundred bushels—we carry 20 *bl* to the plain for 4/ a *bl* I can hardly tell you whether I have been on to the Plain since you went, at any rate nothing has been done except clearing out the brook at the Pond the water is sunk nearly a foot & it will probably be a great advantage to the Swamp. —This however is hardly worth mentioning—Coal—Coal is the all engrossing subject & the only subject that I have heard talked of for 6 weeks past—I presume you have heard all the particulars. I will however state the principal heads of the story. Enoch Humphrey good man & true about 6 weeks ago while hunting for squirrils on Monument Mountain picked up a beautiful piece of coal exactly resembling the Lehigh but having never seen any coal before & having no suspicions at the time that what he had found was coal, he took no note of the place—this piece he showed by accident about a week afterwards—the news went like fire through all the towns about here & so many hunters were seen on the mountains & Enoch was so closely watched that he could not be prevailed upon to go after it, until one half the profits were decreed to him. The paper in due form was signed by many individuals, he then went but could not find the place which he describes to be on this side of the Mountain, & the piece from which he took his as large as a peck measure above ground & solid. I have been twice with parties, once with about 40, but no coal has yet been found —Enoch offers to take his oath of all he states—

Yours affectionately HARRY

New York Nov. 18th 1829

My Dear Brother Harry

I moved last week to 79 Grand Street though I am no way sure it will benefit me in business—My expenses are $5 a week for board and office—My office is the front parlour—and then coal, washing &c will make near $6½—exclusive of dress so that I have not a great deal left for books &c. I do nothing yet in the way of business and probably shall not for six months at least—If you get a coal mine in Stockbridge perhaps you will want another Dr there—

I went yesterday with Electa to the old Academy. There is nothing new there except a large copy of Belshazzar's feast, which I do not think much of—I intend to go and see West's Christ Rejected, which is now at Niblo's and is said to be his greatest work—It ought to be good, for they ask 50—to see it—

Since writing before I have seen West's picture—It will be of no interest for me to give an account of it, but I wish you could see it. It is the finest thing I have ever seen, though in some points I think the copy which you saw of "Christ healing the sick" superior, but that was the first great historical painting I had ever seen, and perhaps that had some effect—I staid an hour and a half and shall probably go several times more—It seems to be drawing a good many. I hear that Mum Bet is not like to recover, notwithstanding the conclave—

Your Affect Brother

Mark Hopkins

No 22 E. C. Nov 22 1829

My dear Brother Mark

You express a solicitude in regard to my success—I do not know that there has been any dissatisfaction. I have as yet delivered only experimental lectures—that is to say—experimented—It is not my intention to deliver many theoretical lectures this year. And here I have a proposal to make which I think you had better accept. If you find

your school to be an impediment—just take the surplus of my salary clap it onto the end of your charges and then strike, dont be cramped or hampered—you shall be welcome to what I have to spare.

College has been this term I think in a more favorable state than since I have been here as an Instructor. A considerable number of those who have entered are sober men and there seems to have been and still is a considerable degree of engagedness among the religious part of College—there have been a few cases of seriousness and I hope of conversion. Where the people of God stand in the way of their duty, I believe there will always be seriousness more or less among the unregenerate. Revivals of religion are proofs of the power of God and the unfaithfulness of Christians. I think I have enjoyed religion more this term than before. It has been a consolation to me and will be through life. I believe that I was enabled to leave the matter of my coming here and entering upon this profession wholly to Christ. I do not know that I had any desire to go elsewhere or stay merely on my own account—It seemed to me quite indifferent. I am glad you have had a chance to hear Finney. I should like to hear him & believe I should like him. The Dr [1] has poured himself out more powerfully this fall I think then I have ever known him before. I find that I have written rather loosely so that I have room to say no more

Yours in the best bonds
A. Hopkins

Stockbridge Nov.—1829

Dear Brother Mark

This is Sunday and I trust that you for one will excuse me if I devote it to you instead of going sposhing on to the plain through rain fog and dark.

Our Thanksgiving is past. I frequently thought of you & Albert & wished you here but as that could not be we were obliged to eat our dinner with no one except Jared—Yours I hear comes on this week—There is really some fun in living

[1] Dr. Griffin.

as we do here. In fact we, as well as all the rest of the Farmers about here are a shiftless set, but rich men must be fed—& it takes all kinds to make a world, is the only reason I can give for it. We are able to accomplish so little in the way of improvement that I am almost discouraged—we have worked perhaps three days on the plains, but if the snow holds off we shall do something in future. We had a tedious & cold job making cider, made perhaps 50 bls & got rid of it as we could, it was worth 12½ cents.—Pa has at last traded away his horses got a little horse much like the Alderman—& Merrills note for $100 payable in the Spring. I suppose he lost $20 or 30 but I was glad he traded as he was in as much fear of them as he would have been from two wild tigers. No more news of that kind except the fact that we are in my opinion if possible a little poorer than ever—one thing is certain you & the Prof. have got to support the name—

I am glad you take an interest in the Fine Arts it is always interesting to me to hear anything concerning them. Mumbet is alive but failing, the ulcer is entirely healed. What Clarke used was the Baptista tinctoriam applied to the Ulcer as I understood & taken internally. I believe however that Clarke never visited her but twice. Granny then dismissed him. There is a root doctor out here in Stephentown whose house is a complete hospital. It is said he does a great many great cures when others fail. He has helped Aunt Rhoda very much, & Ashley Curtis who was almost gone, he has nearly & I dont know but quite cured. He is a quack but I suspect beside being acquainted well with roots he understands disease in its different forms, varieties of temperaments, and the art of adaptation, but I must stop, write soon & believe me as ever H H

New York Decr 3d 1829

My dear Brother Harry

I wonder what you are doing this fine day—We have had some very cold weather and snow but now it is like Indian

summer—Broadway, where I have just been is now (about 1 o'clock) in all its glory—the same changing unchangeable place—A walk there is pleasant to me, though I dont go there for the sake of it. Many take no notice of it and some it makes fret, but it is of no use, Broadway will be Broadway.

You have had your Thanksgiving.—tomorrow is ours—Mr Sedgwick has invited me there to dinner, but whether he is to have many there I do not know. I am not enough accustomed to those long sit downs to like them exactly, but I can get along with them now and then very well, especially if the people are agreeable.

I find the Dispensary a great plague to me without much benefit and think I shall give it up, especially as I am now so far down—I hope you will put up some good cider for me next spring—if I go up—My health is tolerable just now—

M. H.

New York Decr 14th 1829

My Dear Brother Harry

R. Deming brought to R. Sedgwick this morning two *specimens* which R. S. brought to me desiring me to get it analysed. They were sent by T. Sedgwick—The smaller specimen I have no doubt is from the larger which T. S. calls Shale may be so for ought I know. If I had materials I would analyze them myself. but as it is I doubt whether I can get it done without paying for it, but I will see this evening what can be done—I see the Shale, which is said to be connected with *COAL* is marked Lenox—I suspect it will all come to nothing, but the good people must have something to talk about, and this is much better than a meeting house or Church quarrel. If specimens were sent to Prof. Dewey I have no doubt he would be able to tell at once what they were—

Since writing the above I have put a piece of the shale into my stove and find it burns, so I have no doubt, as it is not argillaceous as it seems at first to be, that it is bitumnious

shale which generally accompanies coal—If you had had the sense among you to do this you need not have sent down here. The other I have no doubt is Iron of the fibrous kind, probably what is called hamartite—I showed the Iron to a mineralogist and he says it is Iron and a fine specimen too—I called last evening on Drake Mills who used to live in Stockbridge with Uncle Jared—He has since picked up a fortune lives in style, and gives you almonds, raisins and wine when you go to see him. . . .

I hope you have a good riding horse—My health is not quite so good, The fact is it often requires all my fortitude to keep up—it is really a sad thing to become burdensome to ones self—I intended to send Mother a silk vail but Electa to whom I applied to get it says that John gave her one, good bye—

MARK HOPKINS

Harry Hopkins Esq. Painter

New York Jany 18th 1830

My Dear Brother Harry

I feel reproved that I have delayed so long to wish you a happy New Year, though I may perhaps as properly do it now, as I see by the date that a New Year with you actually commences to day. And is it possible that you are now entering upon your 27th year and that we have both of us considerably more than past 1/3 of man's allotted time!

"O Gentlemen", as Shakespeare says, "the time of life is short", and then,

> "To spend that shortness basely were too long
> though life did ride upon a dial's point
> Still ending at the arrival of an hour"

But you have not spent your life basely, since you have not lived to vanity or passion, but to the comfort of your friends in the indulgence of kindly feeling to an extent that I suppose few have been possessed of. How far it has been spent to happiness you alone know—or how far to im-

mortality—In this last point I am afraid you have not acted up to your own sense of your duty, or approved or seconded that wonderful and final effort of Goodness which the gospel reveals for our happiness. We who have received the Gospel are "shut up unto it" It is the only way in which we can get the peace which comes from the love of God, or the succors of hope, or the final happiness which perfect purity and goodness must finally bring, and it cannot be neglected without incurring guilt. I have no idea of any separation of Religion and morality. I think morality a necessary part of Religion, but I suppose a man's relations in Society may be well sustained, and those to his Maker quite neglected and unadjusted. I believe you have a quiet way of thinking on these subjects which does not altogether fall in with my feeling about them, but when I think how great a thing it is to die, and that life comes but once, I cannot but hope you will look well to the foundation you choose to build upon, and neglect nothing which may enable you to go out of the world in the true spirit of a child who goes only from one apartment into another of his Father's house—If I did not love you I should not touch on this topic, and I am sure I shall need no apology for wishing you, if you do not possess it, the greatest good that I know of . . .

I do not however agree with you in regard to your not being able to be married. I think the sooner you are married the better if you can find some suitable person. The lady you speak of I have neither seen nor heard of—New year's day was very fine, and was a great time. I made 24 or 5—calls, which I found quite enough. D. D. F. made 50 or 60—and then we dined at R. Ss.

Twelfth night I attended a great party at Mrs Hart's. There were present from 180 to 200 persons and every thing was *in style*. Weir has finished his picture—it is from the Antiquary, and represents the old fellow introducing his womankind. It is admired—I only saw it by candle-light—Health as usual—a good deal of the time in such a state as to preclude enjoyment. Good mustard seed I am told by the Druggists is worth 12½ cents a pound at wholesale—they

retail it at 25—or probably 6 dollars a bushel—That in the market is imported and it is not scarce, but the man whom I consulted said there could be no difficulty in selling a quantity of it at from $5-6, it being first rate—Love to Father and Mother—Farewell— Your Brother

M Hopkins

Jan 1830

Dear Brother Harry

Since I came I have devoted most of my time to Electricity. It is a very interesting subject. Nothing goes down better than to take up the works of old Ben, and read an account of his experiments performed mostly with an apparatus constructed by himself. He concludes one of his letters to Peter Collinson Esqr T. R. S. by saying that they were chagrined a little that they had hitherto been able to produce nothing in that way of use to mankind. They had proposed to put an end to their experiments for the season somewhat humorously in a party of Pleasure on the banks of the Scuylkil. After having fired spirits by sending a spark through the river, a turkey was to be killed for dinner by the electrical shock, and roasted on the electrical jack before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle, when the health of all the famous electricians in England Holland France & Germany were to be drank in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from electrical battery ("Franklin was a funny old fellow") If your eyes fail you to study just make a little machine. You will find a description of several in the Encyclopaedia (Ed.) also a fine article in The Lib. Useful Knowledge. I have been writing some lectures on the subject which I shall finish in a day or two when I intend to commence experimenting.

Meanwhile take that plan in earnest about the machine and apply some of your ingenuity to a subject about which much remains to be learned—The connexion between magnetism and electricity is very curious to say nothing of the effect of "Electricity" on the system.

Nothing new here in particular—meeting of the tem-

perance society a night or two ago when Dr Sabin delivered an address in which this fine appeal to tobacco chewers occurred "is there a druling—slathering tobacco chewer within the hearing of my voice?" &c There was a crowded house and the cause seems to be advancing.

Yours with affection
A. Hopkins

Williams College Feb. 22
1830

Brother Harry

This afternoon during recitation I heard a terrible "noise" in the hall and pretty quick John Field was called for. After recitation I went to my room where I found as I somewhat anticipated, Tim. Mark was in there and two or three others. Tim was rather more than half and half—in fact he knew little what he said or did—told most awful lies and swore like a . . . pirate I was going to say—when I heard a noise again and in came John & tim. T. was as bad as ever—He is sometimes amusing but on the whole I was greatly shocked. Mr Fields house I hear is burnt—This in connexion with Tims return (I take it for granted that he has not been sober much) must nearly kill Mr Field and I fear quite his wife. I have not had time to enquire in relation to the circumstances of the house burning, except that nearly everything was lost. The good people I have no doubt will make it up as much as such a thing can be made up.

Yem has borrowed my Electrical machine and broken it all to pieces, I have made one of wood covered with a compost of resin & beeswax. I have not yet tried it—I do not expect however to do much—The last number of Silliman contains some strange experiments on magnetism. A current of galvanized paper through iron renders it magnetic instantaneously—this fact has long been known; But it is discovered now that the galvanism excited only by two small plates one of copper & one of zinc will make instantaneously a magnet sufficient to raise between 7 & 8 hundred pounds

(the magnetism continues only while the current is passing through the iron)

Dr E says that that bird is the Butcher Bird he thinks—he has seen two or three of them this fall, the first he ever saw.

It is a time of some seriousness here—The longer I live the more I see the propriety of cultivating serious practical religion. I hope to hear from you soon—Remember me to our dear Parents—

Yr Brother A. Hopkins

Dr Mark Hopkins No 79 Grant St New York

Williams College March 3d 1830

Dear Brother Mark

This afternoon was devoted to you. As I determined however not to commence writing until I could do it perfectly at my ease, I found it necessary first to slick up my room a little. Whilst engaged in this I found that some attention was due to the cupboard. And when I opened my drawer (a capacious one) another job of no inconsiderable magnitude presented itself. All together took me until nearly four. I must say however for myself that the electrical apparatus was all in my room . . .

After I had given three or four of the lectures a committee from the class came to me requesting that my lectures thereafter might be *two hours long!* Laughable—the true secret was I suppose, that the fellows wanted to get rid of morning recitation.

After lecture last evening we had quite an amusing experiment at my room—it is to pass Electricity through a man's—Diaphragm—In which case though the person be a very grave one he immediately begins to laugh much to the entertainment of the spectators or if the charge be large then he sets up a sudden shout. Not being medical gentlemen any of us, we were at some loss to ascertain the true

position of the diaphragm—However we succeeded pretty well in the first part of the experiment—the last we did not try. By the way I have invented an Electroscope with which I *think* I can measure a *pretty* small force—(of this however I will not be certain) I am almost provoked that you did not purchase the Encyclopaedias at the rate you mentioned.

We have had an accession of six or seven this term so that we now count a hundred. Dr G. holds his own pretty well. He preached Sabbath before last the "Infidel Sermon" which he is going to fire off down at your battle of Armageddon. The sooner you write the better I shall like it Your Affc Brother

A. Hopkins

New York March 6th 1830

My dear Brother Harry

In regard to business I have none and see no prospect of having any. To a man who can live here 4 or 5 years I think it is sure in the end, but there's the rub. I dislike to give it up, but, it is my present impression that it will be best in the summer. My present business has nothing unpleasant in itself considered, but I dislike to continue it—almost as much as to run in debt—Besides it is probable that a change will be made in the time soon so that I shall receive only $400—instead of $500 per—an—which does but little more than support me.—This would not be done without my consent, but the circumstances are such that I think it would be ungentlemanly to withhold it. Mr Jones will move in May and I shall have to move too, but am uncertain where I shall go—In fact I have no great care. Sometime since Emerson told me that they were getting up some lectures to be given in the lecture room of the upper Unitarian church for the benefit of a miscellaneous Library kept there. If any thing should remain after defraying the expenses which could not be much, as the main object was to have a place of rational resort for the people about there, and so the tickets would be put low—and wished me to deliver a couple

on any subject I should choose—I told him I would—and am to lecture next thursday evening. There are perhaps 100 people who attend—The subject for the first lecture is—"The Senses and Sensation"—of the 2d will be "Vision—" I have written the first, but have shown it to nobody and am quite uncertain how it will go down. In the 2d I think I shall dissect the eye—If you actually hear any such report up there as you pretend, people are greater fools than I thought for. My embarrassed prospects put the extinguisher, on all such projects for the present—You have therefore in your quit claim all the merit of generosity without any of its sacrifices. Have you read Webster's great speech? if not I advise you to get it. It made a great noise here—

Your Ever Affect. Brother Mark

Stockbridge March—1830

Dear Mark

Do you know that the Spring has come? have you been on to the Battery to inhale any of these soul creating breezes? another such a day, & I shall "be struck to death with mortal joy." Cant you come to spend May with us? It is a sin to stay in the city that month—To my mind there is vastly more of fruition when trees are in blossom than when they yield their fruits—there is a feeling in our minds which corresponds with the round of nature—the external world may & ought to have much to do with our happiness.

What poor isolated creatures we should be without that avenue to the Soul the eye—this organ reminds me that I am probably on ground recently trodden by yourself & that my poor desultory thoughts must appear insipid enough after banqueting on the choicest of culled fruits

If you should have a copy of these Lectures I wish you would send them up if not dont trouble yourself I will see the original when you come up . . .

I have nothing more to say as you will be glad to hear,

except that I hope you will be disposed to patronize these gratuitous mails as I have begun to do.

Your Affectionate Brother
HARRY

Wms Col. 19th March 1830

Brother Harry

I have been out into the village—two or three men lounging about the store (its a warm sunny kind of a day) hailed me—on going up I found their object was to enquire about Trace Curtis who they said had been set up for Senator—So as I felt rather political—that is lazy—I took a seat in the middle and having first secured a vote or two for the said Trace—entered into a discussion of the merits of our public men in general—I should give my vote for such a man [1] and for such a man I would'nt, such a man had two sides to him &c (which last remark put Dr Sabin in mind of what Jo—somebody said about Squire Starkweather which was that the Squire had *seven* sides to him)—

In answer to your queries in regard to electricity I shall briefly explain to you a new theory of gravitation

## *Theory*

Let A be an electrified globe. Let B and C be two balls suspended near—then shall these balls be attracted by A and if suspended freely they shall move up to it. Now if we apply a force in a direction perpendicular to the electric influence thus shall A & B & C acted upon now by two joint forces move not towards A but in some curves of which A is the centre—The same will be true of any number of bodies within the influence of A's Electricity. I suppose then (for the sake of argument) A to be the Sun which we suppose to be positively electrified—Thus will B & C two planets receiving at first a projective force—move on in some curve as aforesaid. And thus I think there might be a method of get-

[1] This is to be said in a kind of Gaul way.

ting in hay devised, which would suppose(?) the necessity of drawing the cart up to the top of the barn and then turning it over according to your plan.

So this is spring, yes Spring—The true Botanist now begins to lay his plans. The Claytonia & Hepatica will soon be out—(delicate flowers!) I should advise one to begin Botany in the Spring, then if he gets absorbed in the science (which he will if he have the true spirit of science) thus will there be always a charm connected with it—He will seem to be as in the land of Beulah. I can recollect the day when I found out almost every plant & know my feelings on that day are always brought back when I see it, Particularly do I remember now how it seemed to me when I found the Pothos (Ictodes) down by Bull-head-Pond It will be out in a week or two—It is a curious kind of a thing as Clark says

Write soon after you receive this And believe me your Affectionate Brother A Hopkins

New York March 29th 1830

My Dear Brother,

The lectures you speak of were respectably attended and I think the people were pleased rather than otherwise but they were and are entire strangers to me, so it is of no consequence. There were however some Stockbridge people there. I have no copy, and in fact there is not much in them that you would care to see, except because it is mine . . . I have not been onto the Battery this season—I have fallen into a sort of routine, that I go pretty much over and over that amounts to nothing and yet makes me tired when night comes—I cannot live so—thats certain, but I was never more at a loss what to do—I am obliged to move the first of May, and have as yet found no place, and whether it is worth while for me to find one is the point—I wish I could visit you in May but it is impossible without I leave the city, and in fact I am not certain that I can fairly get away till August at any rate, so you must not expect to see me.—The Engineer is going to night to see the Chess

player, an exhibition which I forgot to speak to you of—He will tell you about it, but you can have no idea how curious it is without seeing it—They have lately put up a new set of paintings at the Old Academy, but I have heard nothing of them, and as they ask 50cts I shall not go till I do—The history of the county is out at last.[1] Nobody would ever think of reading it through, but I have no doubt it will be interesting to many people old and young. I see, according to Mr Burt, that we are descended from a "Stephen Hopkins one of the blessed men who landed first at Plymouth", and I am sure if there were any thing in blood I should be as proud of that, as of any—I think there can be no doubt but Gov. Hopkins of Rhode Island who signed the declaration of Independence also named Stephen, was of the blood and Col. Mark Hopkins who died in the Revolution certainly was, so you see what a name we have to support, though by the way as there are but 5 grandsons of Col. Hopkins and none of them married or like to be, (if you except certain reports that fly rather thick down here) there would seem to be some danger lest one branch of it should become extinct. I believe I understood also when I read it, but whether I ever shall again is uncertain—that juggle about the Williamses beginning from the father of Ephraim down. When I said nobody would read the book through I did not think of the Professor—I dare say he has read every word of it. At least all that relates to genealogy—It is a great comfort to me to get a letter from home—

Affectly Your Brother Mark

Monday April 17th 1830

My Dear Brother Harry

I intend to move into Mott Street, a place I dare say that you have no remembrance of and one of the meanest streets in the city—By doing so I shall be more like to do some business though of course very little of any profit. There are

[1] A History of the County of Berkshire by Gentlemen in the County, Clergymen and Laymen, Pittsfield, 1829.

plenty of Stockbridge people here now, and they all seem to enjoy themselves. Mrs. S. made quite a large party a few nights ago but I was so tired at night that I did not go—

They are making a great fuss now about some paintings from Italy of the *old masters*—There was never any thing like it in this country. I have not seen them, but shall.

your Affct Brother
MARK

A year after his graduation from the Medical School, and after practise in the Dispensary, Mark was taken into partnership with Dr. Silas West of Binghampton, N. Y., but remained there only a few months.

June 10 1830

Dear Mark
Tuesday evening Harry returned from the village with your letter which I recd wednesday morning, & although the letter was unexpected, & the subject new from your pen, yet it was not new to my mind, for I have often with solicitude thought of the subject as respected yourself, & since you know I should be ever ready to sacrifice my own happiness for that of my children, you will not suppose that I can under present circumstances contemplate the subject with indifference. It is impossible for me or any one else to know what step would be most for your happiness to take, of course I can neither expect or wish that anything I shall say should have any influence in your determination, for I am sure that your good sense will never suffer you to change your situation for life without the most mature deliberation —ever since you have been in New York I have been very desirous that you should remain there, believing that you enjoyed more there than in any other place, my thoughts have been, though you were not just now accumulating property, perhaps, by & by you would have more practice, & that you had no one to provide for but yourself, that you had good society, lived handsomely, & enjoyed all the neces-

sary comforts of life. All that you will allow to be true, which I think can hardly be said of but few, yet I must acknowledge that I much wished your future prospects were more favorable, but knew you were doing the best in your power, had there-fore only to hope for the best. You seem to think that you might there struggle a few years & then see better times, so I have thought concerning you; but should you leave the city, have you any better prospects? If not, would it not be better to struggle along with a prospect of gaining the shore, than to sink without hope whilst strugling with those you love. But could you with encourageing prospects enter the marriage state, it would be the joy of my heart so to have it, I mean, should you unite with one who was worthy of you, & who would make you happy, but of such there are but few.

I should be unwilling to name the many faults you might chance to meet in a wife, you can ennumerate them as well as I, but one fault alone, you know will sometimes overbalance all other good qualifications & make a man completely wretched through life. But to say nothing of the qualifications of a partner, I can not conceive of your being happy with a family under embarasing circumstances, for even the necessary costs of a family are very many, & constant importunities without the means of supplying them, would be a continual source of misery which your constitution was never made to endure, for I well know that you was particularly formed for peace & quiet, & that the cares & troubles, the vexations & perplexities of providing for a family with scanty means would sink your spirits & "vex your righteous soul to death". All this I can fully realize for you under circumstances of embarassment, but yet will not hesitate to say, that had you a competency, & a partner who would be to you all that she ought to be, a married life would be by far the most happy life for you, & the one most to be desired.

It is sometimes said that when hearts are united there is but little else wanting, but take my word for it, *it is a*

*mere whim*. . . . Now to the point, or rather for leaving the matter to your better judgement, I do not know that I have either seen or heard a syllable of the lady since I saw you last, I once saw her at commencement & thought her a very pretty girl, but from that, can but little better judge in the present case. You say she is thoroughly good-natured, *that*, in itself, is truly desirable, but I have been in a habit of discerning that those who possess an uncommon share of it, are usually easy & careless to a fault, & beside, have generally poor economy, though I will not say that it is always so, for there are some exceptions; poor economy in a wife has brought many good men of affluence to poverty & want; but of that, generally speaking, it is hardly possible for a man to know what he ought, untill it is too late, but as you observed that you was not so well acquainted with her qualifications as you wished, it may be that by defering the engagement a little longer, you may become better satisfied, & I should judge from your letter, that your attachment was not such, but that you could yield to the sway of reason & your better judgement, which we ought always to be ready to do. I would not say too much, but can not help observing that I think any man who is not in independent circumstances, must be a great sufferer by marrying one who is & is to be wholly unacquainted with what we call household affairs, or manageing the business of a family, for should it not be necessary for her to perform a part herself, *without that* knowledge, she will ever be liable to impositions from those in her employment who are wholly disinterested. But there is time enough yet for that to be gained if disposed.

I am very sorry that we have not had an opportunity of being somewhat acquainted with her; we all exceedingly regret that you are not in a situation to be immediately settled in a manner most agreeable to your wishes.—I have with a most earnest desire for your happiness given you my thoughts as above, without wishing to dictate, believing you to be the only suitable person to determine

matters of interest & importance to yourself; a sentiment says your Father which entirely coincides with his feelings on the subject & as it is with feelings of deepest interest for your welfare that we often think of you. I hope you will as far as may be agreeable with yourself acquaint us with whatever concerns you—

Yours most affectionately
M—H

Wms College June 16th 1830

Brother Harry

My labours this term will be pretty arduous at least I may make them so if I please. I have recitations in Astronomy and fluxions—besides this I must deliver some lectures on optics—My lectures at present will be rather meagre things. However by spinning out Electricity and some branches which tickle the sense, passing the more difficult over slightly and making them think that those which I say nothing of are of minor importance, I hope I shall get along. I think very little of lectures unless they are experimental ones—Mr Harry says—and my own opinion is that knowledge acquired in this way unless it relates to truths which can be illustrated by experiment is not the best kind of knowledge. Having a mass of facts (connected or "disconnected") without the discipline which the investigation or ascertaining of these facts is calculated to give the mind, does not amount to much after all. It may serve to direct and stimulate the enquiries of those who have a taste for science—but with the majority it will be mere head lumber—Lumber or no lumber however I mean that my lectures shall be heard and remembered at least 24 hours

When you write to the Dr give him directions in relation to a frame for my picture (your chef d'oeuvre) and if you wish for frames for any other send for them at my expense . . .

your affectionate Brother
A. Hopkins

New York June 19th 1830

My dear Brother Harry

I am at present in that state of indecision in regard to several most important concerns, (that is to me) which is the most unpleasant of any, The whole tenor of my life may depend on the course I adopt and yet it seems impossible to come to any thing like certainty in regard to what is best. Time however passes on regardless of our anxieties and will produce its own developments.

When we see so many people falling into debt and losing the comfort of their lives by trying to live, it really seems that we ought to be contented if we can live securely without being in debt, though we have but little. I am sure you are enough of a philosopher to appreciate the security and quietness of your own condition, though together with all of us you might have wished it somewhat different. I have little doubt but the swamp will in time make first rate land and then with the upland you will have an excellent farm—In the meantime if you give yourself leisure to enjoy this world reasonably as it passes, being contented with simple pleasures which after all are the best, *and to prepare for a better* what more has life to give?

D. Field moved to Brooklyn some time since—I have been over there this afternoon—They are very pleasantly situated and seem to enjoy themselves very much. It is much more pleasant in summer than the city. . . . If you have the time and patience to read the lectures I sent you let me know how you like them.

Your Affectionate Brother

Mark

Sabbath evening June 20 1830

Dear Brother Mark

I left at the close of last term with the intention of returning here before the end of the vacation to prepare something on Optics. But I could not get away. They all kept at me (as Pa says) so I am here now without any

preparation or much time to prepare. If I had only had wit enough to bring along the famous lecture on vision I think I should have been able to make out—by the way I read those lectures and was highly interested in them. They are of a more popular character than I should wish to write of course, though well adapted I should suppose to your audience—What lectures I have written are for the most part unfinished things. I think I shall make out in the course of three or four years a course such as I can, and when I have time to investigate the subjects farther write over again. Yesterday afternoon furnished an opportunity of putting some of my knowledge into practice in a branch unfortunately to which I have given but little attention. Prof. K came in about 4 o'clock saying that C-apt. Partridge was below taking an observation with a barometer. So down I went and agreed (though not very well) to accompany the Capt. onto Saddle Mountain the elevation of which he was about measuring. Now you must know that if one gets along beside that man he has got to move. So I found it—you would not think that the old Capt. was going along very fast but a person must paddle or he will be in the background pretty soon, we arrived in less than two hours and a half after we started from Col. and came back in an hour and a half riding however—when we returned—from the foot of the mountain. We found a difference of 2,259 inches in the height of the mercury in the barometer, and of 19° in the thermometer from which the Capt. determines the height of the mountain above Col. to be 2239 ft—less than the result obtained by Profs Dewey, Eaton and others by 561 ft. The Capt. is a sociable sensible man and a real stiff soldier-like looking fellow.

believe me Your Affectionate Brother
A Hopkins

New York July 1st 1830

My Dear Brother Harry

The only thing that troubles me now is to know what to do about giving up my situation here for if I should not

succeed in finding a place I should try it here, and then I should very much need something of the kind, on the other hand the thing cannot be left in uncertainty.

I have some thought of going up the River on the 5th as far as Fishkill to deliver an address before a temperance Society. I have not a word written,—How do you think I should make it go extempore?

I rather distrust myself, but should have no great fear of trying it. Fishkill is about 60 miles up, and it would be a pleasant excursion.

I was at Niblo's Garden last night which is the place where Hall used to live. I wish you could all spend an evening there—He has been at great expense in fitting it up, and it is very beautiful. It is the go now, and you see from one to two thousand well dressed people there of a fine evening—

The boys are constantly crying raspberries about the streets, they are the red ones and always remind me of the old swamp—

MARK HOPKINS

Tuesday Aug. 21, 1830

Dear Brother

Dr E just came in with a letter the handwriting of which immediately detected its author. It was the hand of Dr Hopkins. I had a little conversation with the Dr E before he wrote you, he seems to be quite sanguine & I am no way certain but the scheme may go (that is if Sabin goes out of practice which as yet is only a conjecture) Emmons is well known as a man of science and likely to be better. No man in the medical profession with whom I am acquainted bids fairer to become distinguished in the several branches in which medical students wish to be instructed than he.
Williamstown then is a pleasant place and a healthy, has the advantage of Library, chemical lectures &c. Of your own talents I shall say nothing. It appears to me however that if you and Emmons should set up a fine office here, and col-

lect a good Library (Emmons has at present a very good one) you would be able to collect a respectable number of students—Emmons says moreover that it is a place where you would become known, and would doubtless receive an appointment at some Institution—It is not unlikely at any rate that you might become our Lecturer on Anatomy! The proposition of Emmons is not to be despised. Sabins decision would determine the point in my mind I think.

Your Brother in haste

A. Hopkins

Dr M. Hopkins

Aug. 23

My dear Brother Mark

Between the hours of one and two this afternoon I suddenly found myself in one of those calm states of mental indifference which a hearty dinner backd by about a dozen apples rarely fails to induce, especially in dog-days when the sign is in the belly. . . . Bless me—cried I jumping up instantaneously placing the tip of my fore-finger in my ear and shaking it most heartily. This resolution however was more easily made than kept—for as my half closed eyes in their quiet vibrations roll'd round on various objects & spy'd the bed supported as it seemd on golden pillars and cover'd with a splendid tapestry—the temptation was irresistible . . . I sunk unconsciously upon it. The various objects which appear'd in the room I look'd upon with the utmost content. I secretly despis'd Bureau which sat in retir'd modesty beneath the looking glass as also the chairs which lay scattered around the room. Ages roll'd away in this state of quietude—whole centuries seemd to pass before my eyes in a twinkling. I thought I saw the former inhabitants of the Hall I was in, passing before me. Old-age with feeble cry came running through, Manhood and Infancy follow'd hard after. In this state I might have lain had not a different object attracted my attention. On the wall directly before me were portraits of different personages. These

appear'd with all the activity of life. The first one that attracted my attention was a tall man of a demure countenance. He seem'd as one that look'd with a pleasing gratification on himself. His noble countenance finely contrasted with a tall gaunt pair of legs exhibited more strength of mind than of body. and the scrutiny with which he examind every object in the room bespoke an investigating genius—Who, said I to the Interpreter is this gentleman so uncouth in his appearance yet of so interesting a countenance withal? This said the Interpreter is a sage and a philosopher, he is moreover a poet. His reputation stands high in the literary world and is fast increasing. He is not however without his foible. A general remissness of habits with its thousand attendant ills must deprive him of much of that reputation which his talents would entitle him to claim. While the Interpreter was making these remarks the demure man suddenly vanishd in smoke leaving a sulphureous stench behind him. The next was a man of more stern visage and withal iron frame. The vivacity of youth was mingled in his countenance with the gravity of age, his eyes look'd straight before him and his eye-lids right onward. Dropping my hat upon the ground I exclaimed in admiration. What genius said I Interpreter, is that before me? Your admiration young man he replied, is natural but with a countenance mysterious and apparently swell'd with ideas he added, the actions of this man will in time show for themselves. The next man whom I saw was one brandishing a flute. he appear'd to affect oddity of demeanour and seemd to himself mighty independent. I turn'd my face away—when lo a noise broke in upon my slumbers—It was the voice of females. I lookd down the road when lo the Miss Pomeroys—up and in—Hurra boys—now for the Rattle-snake. So down to Betty's we went to see the Rattle-snake box'd up there . . . But you have seen and heard Rattle-snakes—so we will let that pass—Now for the news—When I arriv'd here I found the people as usual in the flood of haying and harvesting. With my usual alacrity I laid hold of a scythe next day—Haying and harvesting were soon over—Since that time

I have devoted part of my hours to visiting, part to reading and part to sleeping. It is impossible to do any thing here systematically by way of study. the continual codes of the gentry—(the force are all here Sedgwicks Minots Rodgers *Bleeker* &C &c) chores around the house and little scrapes among ourselves take up nearly all the time. I am persuaded if one wishes to study he must be away from home. I would not care if I were among the Arabs of the desert . . .
Harry's head is so full of contrivances and his time so much occupied that he has had little time to paint. Last week Grand Father Curtis came down—Harry has got him to a charm.
All the people in Stockbridge are I believe well. The ladies of the street are fair as the rose, like polished stones of different orders of Architecture to be sure (Some Gothic legs I trow there be) but mostly of the more elegant orders. . . . This letter is rather late in the day, but I can't help it So

Fare you well . . .

A. H.

The next is a letter which ended for Mark all the indecisions and uncertainties of the last years. There seems to have been no hesitation on his part in accepting the position offered him by Williams College, involving work which the future years proved to have been preeminently suited to him as the practise of medicine never could have been.

Williams College Sept. 2d 1830

Dear Brother Mark.

I write this to announce a fact which will surprise you probably as much as it has surprised me. The Col. just informed me that you were elected Professor of mor- Philosophy & Rhetoric *unanimously* at the second ballot. This fact will probably be announced to you in form, the Col—thought best however that I should write immediately

—he stands pledged for your acceptance. I shall go to S. to morrow—that is I expect to—in haste

Your Brother A Hopkins

P S

Since writing this I have seen the President. He was about writing to you but concluded on the whole to request me to add a word. He expresses his gratification at your election and remarks that he hopes not only that you will accept, but that you will come on prepared to exert the religious influence of a Clergyman. He hopes and expects that you will (should you come on) come with the expectation of getting licensed to preach before long . . .

Your Brother A. H.

Mr Hopkins.

I take leave to add my congratulations and to express the satisfaction with which I receive the announciation of your appointment—and look forward to your arrival and union with us in our labor here.

E. Kellogg

Stockbridge Septr (Friday)

Dear Brother Mark

I received your letter last night at Dr Prs whither H and I had gone for the purpose of making a real family visit—it was such in truth. There I had the pleasure of hearing several effusions from the pen of the lady whom you commended to my attention, it seems she is a poetess. This of course would be fatal, two such poets would run mad straightway. Pittsfield gay and fashionable, is the last place where such a deacon as I should think of looking for a wife. Richmond Middlefield or Norfolk is the place for sober folks.

Your Affece Brother

A. Hopkins

Prof M. Hopkins
Williams College

4
Oct

Sunday Eve Oct—1830

Dear Brother Mark

I found yours in our pew to day & am glad to hear of your being so fortunate in getting over that crooked up & down road, as also of your health & spirits—these last are not as you know unimportant items in the list of the necessaries & indispensables of life in order to make it tolerable. These it has been your business & profession to give to others, but Henry Dwight has had the honor & skill to administer the only successful remedy in your case—You have it is true in point of climate gone from bad to worse but I make no doubt but that by good beach & maple coals by night, & the influence of the red rays of your "Alma Maters" or what do you call him's visage by day you will rapidly acquire such a rotundity of corporation as will enable you to wear as large a jacket as any other of the Doctors or dignitaries—you can then hold up your head as bold as a lion & offer your hand to the fairest lady of the land . . .

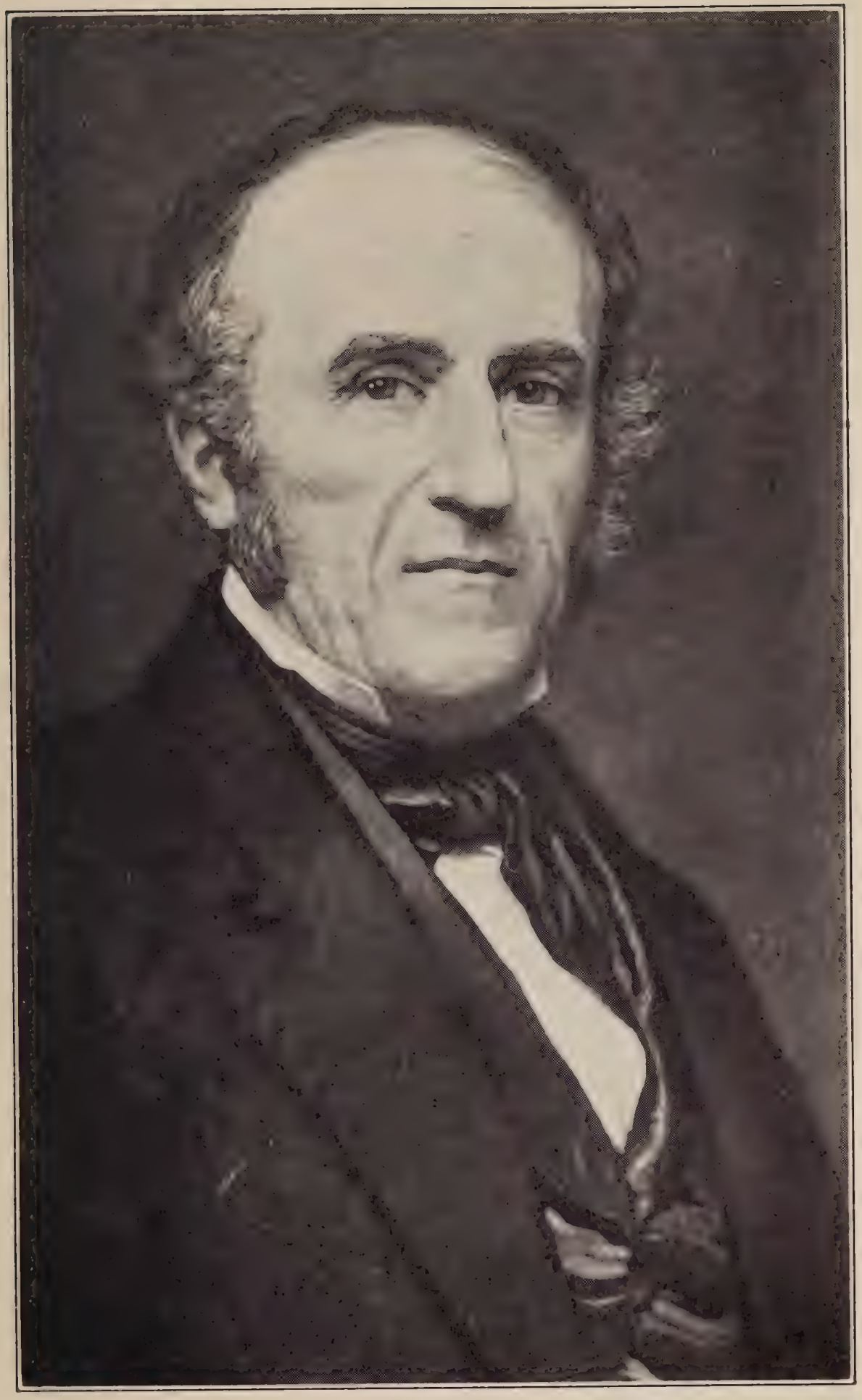
I shall no longer further myself with asking for opportunities to W & I wish you would not to S—I should be sorry if I could not stand it against two Professors Yours truly H H

Mark Hopkins A M—A B. M D—

Wms College 30th Oct 1830

Brother Harry

It could not have been connected as I know of that the reception of a Professorship should altogether destroy a passion for speech-making. This I suppose the county commissioners or whatever else you call them had a glimpse of when they requested the *bearer* to furnish an address for them. The truth is the bearer has so many old speeches on hand that upon a moments warning he can sit down and by a kind of *Presto* and a little botching make out some-



MARK HOPKINS

From an Engraving Made in Middle Life

thing adapted to any occasion. You will go up I suppose of course and perhaps may be persuaded to take a *common school* three or four months during the winter. The Prof. has been quite well and will I doubt not have an agreeable time down the county. A course of pretty strict temperance and rising at five will bring a man about onto a level. I dont know whether I mentioned to you that I was intending in connexion with Dr E. to get up a kind of work-shop— The lathe is in the way of being completed, we have converted an old furnace into a stove and shall have something I think truly philosophical. The shop is a small underground Appartment joining the Laboratory and the Dr and I intend to spend some of our winter evenings there, performing experiments.

I should like to break that red Elmbeam with you. As it is I can only demonstrate the principle of Equilibrum from a lever 12 inches long

Your Brother A—H

Stockbridge Dec—1830

Dear Mark

Alone & brotherless as I am down here like a toad in his hole it is a little curious that I can't get a line from you— I might attempt to account for it but as my employment is one confined principally to the *surface* it is not probable if I should attempt that, I should penetrate farther than the skylight of your edifice of causes & effects. I therefore (as Perry said last night in his lecture at the Lyceum) leave the subject for an abler pen . . . You no doubt by this time feel your tenderest sympathies beginning to move towards a man whose name is associated with yours in the field of glory. Know then that Perry held forth by giving the history of the science of Anatomy beginning at the infancy of the science. I cannot speak of the merit of his performance as I did not get there until he had nearly closed—not being informed of the time of its commencement—it was I believe highly spoken of. Of course his production must have had intrinsic excellence as it was unadorned by the graces of de-

livery—if you are unacquainted with a Ps manner *Professor* Hopkins will give you a specimen of his sermon style. . . . Tell the P that I was forcibly reminded this morning by seeing the sun-rise with a faint cold light through the trees on the east mountain, of the days of the Hills—crumping the snow down by the oak tree when the sun struck the tops of the mountains—eating for dinner frozen potatoes & frozen bread, sucking frozen lumps of cider—with frozen feet—these are my revolutionary stories which I am obliged to repeat with terrible shrugs & shudderings very often within the hearing of our boys, in order to maintain a respectable standing before a good fire, Occasionally walking out with my coat off & breast open where the wind & snow will nearly blow a man out of his skin remarking there is some little wind, but this is mild weather, nothing to what we used to have when I was young.

The sleighing is now pretty good & Pa says that if the weather is good & the sleighing good he will go *himself* to Lanesborough for you on Wednesday next in the Cutter—There is nothing very inviting here but we will keep you with good dry wood, apples cider & nuts & when you *can't* stay any longer there is one thing you can do—go on to the Plain where there is plenty of wine & girls—you can dine with Miss E or spend the evening with A as late as you like—pure unsullied paper on which you may "write your name & take her for your panes" . . .

They are trying to sift this Frink barn burning again & I am told that I shall be summoned to attend court in a day or two—they say they are certain that they know who burnt it but dont know as they can prove it . . .

Kate W, has an elderly beau—I have not seen him, a merchant from Conn. has a number of children is pretty rich they *say*—the opinion is that *is* a match among the *wiser* sex.

I hope to bid you a happy new year
till then adieu
Your affectionate Brother
A. H.

Williams College March 16th 1831

My Dear Mother,

We received Harry's letter informing us of the death of Grandfather. It was unexpected to us though not surprising. It is affecting when young people die, or when they are cut off in the midst of their days, but it is also affecting to think of the passage into eternity of one who has passed through the whole of life, has seen and received all that there is of it and who has to render an account for it all. I think it depends much upon the character whether old age is to be dreaded or desired. "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the ways of righteousness", but it is very melancholy to see old persons whose relish of life is passing away, without hope and without God in the world. The winter is coming and they have nothing laid up in store. From what I know of the case of Grandfather, which I suppose was somewhat peculiar, I suppose we have reason to hope well of him. He was the last of that generation—he is gone—and we are rapidly following him.—There was a revival in town at the commencement of the present term but it seemed to be slow in finding its way into College. Its progress however was steady, and at length without any apparent means some of the worst young men here were brought under its power and have submitted to God. The change in them is very great. College is quiet and every thing goes on pleasantly. The revival is more gradual than the one five years ago but those who enter into it give every evidence we could expect that they really turn to God. There are not I suppose more than fourteen or fifteen converts. Among them is as we hope Dwight, and the young Benjamin who was at our house—

I often think, my dear Mother, with no small anxiety of the religious aspect of your character. It is sufficient ground for this, that you do not think yourself a Christian, and must therefore when you think upon the subject, instead of having the peace which religion naturally brings, be distressed with doubt or fear, for who can think of being banished forever from the presence of God. You seemed at

one time, I thought, to have a strange distrust of God as if He would not receive you. It would be strange indeed if God had *given His Son*, and laid himself out to provide a way of salvation for us, and still should be unwilling to save us. And it would be much more strange if He has not, for if He has not, He could not make a *sufficient* provision for our salvation, and that there should be found any so great a sinner as to render him bankrupt in mercy. I sometimes think there is a degree of pride even in dwelling upon the greatness of our sins, as if there was something singular in our case and quite beyond the reach of God, and there we stay thinking of our own misery instead of looking away to God in Christ where alone is our help, and where if we apply for it in the spirit of children however great may be our sins, we shall certainly receive forgiveness. The dealings of God with you in this world have not, I think, been such as should lead you to distrust him. If as I firmly believe, the religion of the Gospel is our life, I cannot but wish you to receive it, as I am sure you may, and enjoy it; and I pray that we may all be led of God in his own right way. I do not think of saying any thing new. The act, the voluntary act of turning to God is simple—so simple that it is in that its mystery lies. It is only to feel the truth that we have nothing of our own and to cast ourselves on the mercy of God, freely, fully, unreservedly—Then we feel safe—You will not I hope dislike it, that I write in this way—

My health is as good as I could expect—as I have been a good deal confined in preparing my lectures. I have already delivered seven, and think I shall give about three more. So far as I can understand, the class are pleased with them, thus far. Love to Father—

Your Affectionate Son
Mark Hopkins

Stockbridge Apl 4, 1831

Dear Brother Mark

I suppose you are aware that there has been a four days meeting here as well as in almost every other place. The

ministers who attended here were Hyde Shephard Dwight Birt & Gailord . . . The meetings were well attended rather more usually, than on Sundays—not as many Towns people but a good many strangers from the towns around—I attended two of the Meetings—the first was entirely on the Methodist plan—praying singing & exhorting—The Ministers exhibited a good deal of knowledge of the human mind in keeping the congregation as compact as possible having the singing done below & in varying the form of service . . . There are many minds that would be affected by such novelties, sympathy acts more strongly in a small room than a large & in a compact body of persons than in a scattered—How far it is judicious to excite the imaginations of people by methods of that kind I dont know. The imaginations of men are wrought upon in a variety of ways & it is a matter of no consequence whether the exciting cause is the getting the people into a mass & whispering to them or the groanings & hollowings of the Methodists—I believe there is no religion in either & it strikes me there may be much danger of weak minds who have not the habits of self examination & reflection & never analyse the nature of an impression, mistaking these vague impressions for those which ought to be of a far different kind.—Ministers should be possess't of great knowledge of the human mind to impress rightly & direct properly—I saw much the want of this as I thought, in the meetings I attended. Shephard first exhorted & flourished away on the bliss of heaven & the beauties of the new Jerusalem in words & figures which set off his manner admirably & then said "will you go? will you go"? I'll be bound every one was in love with the place without thinking whether he was fit for it . . . Next came Mr Edwin—Edwin talked in a very familiar way & as far as I am a judge was not correct in his sentiments for I should be very sorry if the salvation of sinners depended entirely on the prayers of Christians which he said was the case—this was somewhat preparatory to a request that those in the congregation who desired their prayers for their souls should arise. They ought to know best but it seemed to me that this

was requiring an unnecessary exposure of the feelings of tender minds & not in accordance with that frame of mind which lets not the left hand know what the right doeth—Next came the Doct. Hyde—It may be the want of a proper spirit I presume but I was never an admirer of the Doct's—he may possess every other christian grace but it seems to me never that of love, he may drive sinners to heaven but never draw them.

Take the *Parson* all in all I think he has not his equal among them—there is some religious excitement in this place now but not great . . .

As I told you before we have no hired help consequently I must carry the stick which before was carried by two but I have no concern about it—A man can hardly be unhappy at this beautiful season—Mother sends her love—tell the Chimic [1] that I believe he considers it a sin to write a letter—if it is so I hope that it will compose his greater number . . .

Give my love to A & believe me your affectionate Brother

H H

Wms College April 10th 1831

Dear Brother Harry

The death of our Grandfather which you announce in your first was unexpected. I recollect going up to his house four years ago (just about this time) and having a long talk with him on religious things. He gave a most singular experience, and though possessed of some infirmities as is the case with us all, I cannot but hope that he has entered upon that rest which remains for the people of God.

Do you recollect Aunt Sarahs wedding? That scene made quite a vivid impression upon me. It was a fine clear morning in September. The pears were ripe I remember, and every thing about looked green and pleasant. It was one of those still bright times such as a man dreams about sometimes—and which seems to have something rather ominous

[1] The name they often used for Albert.

about it. I could not help notice how well they seemed to feel, especially the old people. Grand pa was there, Uncle Major, Uncle Abel, Uncle Mather & Mr Humphreys. Now these have all gone into Eternity—Grand-pa's death served to remind me of this change which perhaps you have yourself thought of.

I hear that you have had a four-days meeting in Stockbridge, there have been very solemn meetings in some places. In fact there never has been probably since the beginning of the world so general a revival as there is at present in this country. The kingdom suffers violence and the violent take it by force—every man presses into it. As many probably as twenty in College hope they have become of late different persons. It concerns us to enquire carefully in such a day as this whether we have any comfortable place provided for ourselves after death and if not "to flee as prisoners of hope to the strong-hold" . . . I have nothing particularly new in a scientific way to communicate to you.

Marks health is tolerable. His lectures have been received I believe with some eclat. He thinks he has dug too low for Edwards & numbers Mr Gridley among his converts.
Your account of the wedding is amusing but I must reserve that until I see you

Your affectionate Brother

A Hopkins

The following letter is notable as containing the first mention of Albert Hopkins' work in the White Oaks, a work which continued through the years to the end of his life. That work was carried on by its friends from near and far until now, almost independent of outside help, the former "desert blossoms as the rose," and peace and plenty have taken the place of crime and abject poverty.

Williams College Saturday

Brother Harry

I remain "in statu quo" as you perceive. The day after the term was out I prepared my ground for planting & the

next day planted it (thursday, a fine day as you may recollect) I am about commencing some experiments on manures which I will communicate when they are performed, also a system of draining in which I inform people here I am somewhat expert.

Yesterday I devoted to science. That is to say I put up a piece of Apparatus for testing the Electricity of the Atmosphere under its ordinary changes and so "perfect" was it that in less than 15 minutes I had some in my bottle. Last night the Air was so highly charged that it broke my Electrometer. When I come down we'll have up one I think.

To day I devote mostly to religion, that is to say I intend going up among those miserable creatures by Broad-brook to see if something can be done for them—On monday should the Lord permit I shall start for Newburgh with Dr E—he intends exploring Orange County—(a mineralogical town you will understand).

Yours affectionately A H

Wms College—April 18th 1831

My Dear Harry,

This is what we call here chip-day, and the students have been sweeping and wheeling and hauling all the morning, they have now about finished, and in the afternoon I suppose will play ball. Albert and I paid 50 cts each for our share which will go together with the fines of those who did not work, for apples or beer or both—There is no harm in such a day about this time, as it serves as a sort of safety valve, though I wish it had occurred a little sooner this year, for last night all the rogues in college went off to a methodist meeting and made a disturbance which we shall have to look into, and probably send some of them afloat for.

I have just been broken off by an invitation to go down into the yard and drink some beer and eat chestnuts with the students. They waited for me to take the first glass, and laughed at what I said, though it had no wit in it, which I took as a good sign—

I commenced my lectures the second week after the term

began. I had to work in rather different style from what I did when I was lazying away with you down there. There is a great deal of difference between being busy and working —the most of my life I have only been busy—The lectures have on the whole so far as I know made as favorable an impression as I could have expected—The Chimic is full of his schemes and if he should happen to hit upon any thing worth while I shall strike in,

Your Affect Brother
MARK HOPKINS

Stockbridge

*Dear Mark*

I am by no means insensible of your kindness to me at all times, but particularly at this time do I feel myself peculiarly grateful for your very kind & generous offer to go with me to N—Y, but doubt whether it would be so very generous for me to accept, knowing that both the expence & trouble must be entirely yours, I at once determined not to go, but upon further consideration I was convinced I should never be able to go without being dependent upon some friend & that no one would be more ready & willing to do for me than yourself I concluded to accept your offer, & as very little preparation will be necessary I shall be ready before you return, & shall say nothing of it to any one, for to hear it talked of would make me sick,—as I do nothing which would not be necessary even if I were not going, so I wish you not to feel yourself under any obligations from what you have written, but make whatever different arrangements that may better suit you & I shall not be disappointed

Yours most affectionately
M H

remember me affectionately
to Albert

Brother Mark

You will be no doubt surprised & delighted at the success of your proposal to our mother—She set up resolutely against it at first as a thing she could not undertake, made

pretensions to great & weighty reasons why she could not go, with that air of mystery & denial to tell what they were, which always betokens no reasons at all, or that I should remove them as fast as offered—She at last consented privately to me to go—I anticipate much happiness from the pleasure she will derive from so much that is new & wonderful—The change will probably be to her greater than you & I who are familiar with it can readily conceive. I envy you the pleasure of going with her & enjoying her surprise—Surely if we owe anything to any body in this world it is to her & it is but little that we can do for her & less that she will consent to have done. Albert & I shall not of course allow you the privilege of all the expense but shall claim our part . . .

I must be careful how I apply diminutive epithets to a man who is able to dig under Edwards & upset him the first course of operations. As you have formally set your name to the list of the rebellion you must prepare & fortify yourself for the artillery of the Docts who will send no drizzling shower.

This quarter has been to me unusually long & the longest is yet to come—The young ladies I should think have regarded the tardiness of the foot of time with some anxiety from their constant inquiry after the Profrs & as this is of all others the Season when love springs spontaneously with the flowers of spontaneous nature, when opening buds & singing birds are telling tender tales & nature's *fairest* flowers are beckoning away to old Bachelors I shall think if something decisive is not done this time, that the frigid zone has descended below your heart & left no heat in anything but your legs . . .

Brother H H

M. Hopkins P. U. E [1]

Alas! that we have no description of the long anticipated trip to New York, and cannot know if they did "all share in the privilege of the expense."

[1] Platform Under Edwards.

Lenox May 11.—1831

Dear Mark

You see from the date of this to what an elevation I have arisen both in honors & place

Mr Bartlett is here on the grand Jury with myself & we got through this morning—there has been 11 cases on the docket which is said to be a great number The Solicitor knocks them off in a hurry

in haste yours

H H

Wms College July 23d 1831

My dear Harry,

My recitation with the Seniors was in Paley's Natural Theology, so I thought I would deliver them some lectures, on that subject, and they have kept me busy—There is nothing like keeping something a going. I gave them one last Saturday which I understand is the greatest effort I have made lately. I have undertaken to show that Paley's argument does not amount to much, and to substitute a better in its place, and I believe I have set them a thinking if nothing more. Next Saturday I give them my last, a considerable portion of which I have yet to write. You may say what you will about your hard work, but when you are through with it, it is done with, but this head work there is no end of—before one thing is done another comes, as Steph-Tucker said of his beans. It is nothing but think, think, and some of the time you have to scratch your head and rub your forehead into the bargain. If you can succeed always to your mind without too much effort, it is pleasant enough to live constantly under the observation of others, and have whatever you do and say observd, but if not it is very unpleasant, and one failure does more hurt than twenty successful efforts do good. After all if one has health I believe that a life of excitement and constant effort is more happy than one of stagnation and that at the end of ten years it will make one more of a man, especially if he has a certain cool philosophy

that can take things easily and do one thing at a time. This last however I am by no means perfect in. If you have had such weather as we have, I suppose you have had rather an easy time of it, since you never fret, and the only thing that wears on you is what applies directly to the bone and muscle. The chemic holds a straight-forward staunch course, studies philosophy and mathematics and minds nothing about the ladies, Your humble servant is a more whiffling universal sort of a character, studies the languages and metaphysics, is rather more variable in his feelings and goes to see the ladies occasionally, for that subject however I have nothing to say at present, and if I have anything to say hereafter I shall say it. To love, and to be wise at the same time, says Burke, is not given to mortals; and as my station requires me to be constantly wise, I do not know when I can find time for the other. Your Affect Brother

MARK

Stockbridge July 28, 1831

Dear Mark

Having in due form rolled up my sleeves & snuffed my candle I proceed to lay my mahogany arm which appears like a stick of peeled hard-tack on to the paper & am now prepared to inform you that it is now nine oclock. I have just arisen from the table after having consumed every thing within my reach, & shall probably never be better prepared to tell you that yours by Mr J. F. came to hand this afternoon—If you succeed in undermining Paley you are a good fellow. Paley is no Edwards but in all your mining & countermining don't get bewildered so far as not to see your way out—I am glad to hear that the Chimic bears himself in so sturdy a manner—he seems to be fully aware of the importance of *character*. I think he will have it if driving straight ahead will secure it—

Your comparison of manual & mental labour is good as far as it goes—it is very true that "when we have got through we have done" as it is that when you have got under Edwards or Paley, Paley & Edwards are above you, & if

Steve's Beans will apply to mental hoeing it will not to our business, for who ever heard of hills of beans lapping like the ends of haying hoeing & sowing—these are more like the turning of a grindstone or like a treadmill.

The parties now rage in this place with fury unabated—I have had the papers to day as I have had for three successive days previous (Sundays & Saturdays excepted) & have treated all with the same impartiality by staying at home. It is to-night at Jn. Sergeant's—made for G Root & Bride who is fresh from Hartford—The formidable line of Bachelors consisting of our mates seems to be fast thinning. It is no honor for a veteran of your years to wage an inglorious warfare & to harden the steel of your heart when your heart ought to be stolen—"He that spits against the wind spits in his own face". This plain is full of company & strangers, & if you were here I think your legs would be as busy as your pen is up there . . . good night.

Affectionately yours HARRY

It seems characteristic of New England reserve that the very important fact announced in the next letter should have been recorded by Mark quite casually at the end of the letter.

Wms College Aug. 21, 1831

My dear Brother

You have no idea what a shaking I got taking it altogether, in that buggy. I wished to get here at 5 for my recitation. I stopped some time at Lenox where I found Mr Carles &c together with his son Ingham as he calls him. Mr C— gave me some wine and a cracker, I reached Pittsfield after 12, found Mr and Mrs Wright at Professor Dewey's where I dined, and was detained till near 2—I then drove from Pittsfd here—20 miles in 3 hours and 45 seconds—and had no recitation because the fellows did not expect me and so did not come—However it was a good thing, and I got a double one out of them for it the next day—I have felt the better for the whole affair since—There is nothing like

a little dissipation to a man who is in any constant round of employment. I should like it if you would have a wedding or two every term. And here I wish to make a bargain with you viz. that I will go down any time and be your groomsman, provided you will do as much for me if I should be married first—The fact is, Harry, it is time you were married, and if you live another year without, you "ought to be mobbed"—! We had a musical concert here last night of the Wms-T'n band, led by Andrews. I should say he Paganined a little with his fiddle—It was in the church with a stage, and a piano in front—I wish you could see Andrews play—He draws his bow the whole length—His performance on the Piano was not extraordinary. We have a piano come into town lately for the first time of Miss Whitman's, a young fortune of about 100,000 to whom if you choose I will introduce you. She is pretty enough for a painter, and if you will bring your fiddle along I think you will succeed. I have been trying to put the C. up to it, but it wont do—Now I shall expect to see you up at Commencement. It will soon be time now and I must work in the mean time, if not as hard as you do, quite hard enough. This commencement will complete my second year here, and thus far I have succeeded better than I could have expected. If my health should continue I see nothing to prevent my continuing here some years. But I have learnt that it is a place in which I shall never grow rich, though I can live without trouble. I hope you have the wit to have perceived before this time the main object of this letter, but for fear you may not, I will be a little more explicit, and inform you directly that I am engaged to Miss Mary Hubbell—I shall say nothing more of her and of the affair at present than that I am perfectly satisfied with both; and the Chimic, who you know analyzes pretty closely, is pleased with it. I shall have enough to say when I see you all—I hope you will let me show her to you at Commencement—Tell Mother she is a "*good Housekeeper*". write directly.

Your Affect Brother M. Hopkins

The engagement was made last night.

Stockbridge August 26 1831

Dear Brother Mark

Hurrah at last! Hurrah at last! The great mystery at last is unravelled—the great problem is at last solved—the riddle is declared—A fatal blow is given to all dealers in gossip A most prolific topic of speculation is this day extinguished in Stockbridge—But Oh you miscreant to have left the fair field of your native flowers all blooming & fresh, is what never will be forgiven you by those who ought not to have displayed their charms in vain—What now is to become of the hopes of Mrs Sand or the fairer prospects of Miss Liza or the deep laid metaphysical speculations of the peerless A! all prostrate—Tell the notwithstanding *dear sister Mary* whom I already love that when she comes to Stock'ge She will have a host of fair enemies to contend with without having a particle of reason propriety or justice on her side, that her conquest can never be regarded by the Stock'ge Ladies as anything else than an outrage, a most criminal usurpation—For my own part I fairly dread to meet them for the crime of being your brother—It was lucky for you that the disclosure was not made at the wedding. On reading the *Postscript* of your letter my mind was at once altered in regard to going to Com't, I said I would *go*—but the matter has been discussed & Pa says that he can neither afford time nor money—I must therefore give up the pleasure of seeing the Sister elect for the present—Generally speaking I have been able to *meet* the little vexations & inconveniences arising from my condition & like a philosopher have regarded them as inevitable conditions of existence but it is nothing against philosophy or me at this time if philosophy fails—I might go as it is but I have been unwell for a few days past & my spirit is broken down, I can't bear being crossed now—

Tell Miss Mary that you have a brother whom she never saw that loves her, & if his love has nothing else to recommend it to her good graces it certainly has the merit of precedence in kind.

Tell the C that if he is as *great* as he is *silent* that Will'n is too small for him—he had better come to Stock'e.

Your Affectionate & more than ever
inferior Brother H H

Williams College Teus'y Eve Oct 9.

My Dear Mother

My class is hardly as large as I expected—There are thirty four or five now here which to be sure is a number quite large enough.

This has been a play-day with us—Dr Griffin has been busy with the association and the scholars have had the day for chesnuting—It is the practice to give them a day every year for this purpose—Prof. Kellogg and myself have been riding over the hills during the afternoon and I found both his company and my ride very agreeable—We saw during the ride very much unusually fine scenery which was new to me though I might have seen it when I was in College if I had had sufficient energy—After my ride I took tea at Dr Gs with the association and after tea heard the examination of Uncle Jared from which I am just returned. His examination was such as would have been creditable to any man and I have not the least doubt of his obtaining a license—I have had no low turn since I was here but I cannot hope that I shall not have them—We are informed that Albert is to take the school and we are all of us rather sorry than otherwise, he is pleasantly and profitably situated where he is—

The enclosed five dollars which I find I do not want I wish you to make use of in purchasing such little articles as you may want and do not know how to get without some trouble—You know the cases I allude to and I hope will make use of it in that way or in any other you may please—I should have sent ten but cannot spare it just now and I hope that this may be of some service—If Harry wishes to go to New York either for a longer or shorter time, tell him, if he says anything about it, not to hesitate at all about taking

the money in the manner I mentioned to him—It wont be the least inconvenience to me—Remember me to my Father and him—

Your Affectionate Son

MARK HOPKINS

Wms College Oct 13th

My dear Harry

I advise you by all means to take speedy means to test the principle of the Ricker and not wait till winter sets in. To-morrow morning at prayers, while you will be snoring loudly Mr Field is to make a speech to the Students for the purpose of having them form a Greek association—To night we have had a speech on temperance from Harry Bishop.

Your Afft Brother

MARK

Williams College Oct 27th 1831

My Dear Brother,

I suppose you are so deep in mechanics by this time that you plod over them by day and dream about them by night —in fact, if I dont say something about friction or leverage or horizontal motion I am afraid there is small chance for a letter.

There was a good deal of friction—the whole weight of the pipe as well as of the arm rested on the point of a nail and this turned on a piece of copper. The whole apparatus was rather shackling but fully sufficient to show that great power could be obtained. The chimic says he would take out a patent at once, and I think so too, or if a specification will be quite sure, the best way will be to get that for the present. I am in a great hurry to see a Ricker [1] which is all I care about,—as for Cotton factories and such things they can build as many now as I wish to see.

Affectly

M HOPKINS

1 It was impossible to make sure whether this word was Ricker or Kicker.

Nov 2—1831

Dear Brother Mark

"Twas on one Summers Evening old Caspers work was done". First the indispensables & then the dispensables—After a hard days work in making cider & mending a broken Mill & a hard headache by way of spice—with the mutual assistance of each leg by turns I at last laid my pounders in the jack & fairly floored them in the ketchall—Now said I as one of the old kitchen chairs received me & groaned under the tremendous power of inertia—Now said I, as the apple pearing is over I will put myself in spirits with a cup of tea which will also cure my headache at the same time & then for a letter to Mark. I had but just settled myself into a most comfortable position & begun to experience those delightful sensations which I felt a peculiar satisfaction in thinking that none could enjoy but those who had earn't them by toil, & to lean back in all the luxury of slippers, when rap-rap & in came a man & I must go & help load him off with cider—that done & a new discovery, that a load of corn must be husked—but it is now all done & I believe that I am secure until morning. Another escape is that Ma is greatly disappointed in not having a dozen hité tité girls here this evening—Pa says he wishes them all in Tophet—they have no business here in making cider time, & in this hurry—Ma says she shall do what is *proper*—for my own part I am tired of this *proper* way of doing every thing particularly on occasions like what we expected here to-night.

I however like anything that *pays*. An occasion of that kind happened here a few nights since when Mrs Sand & Miss Price did us the honor to take tea here & spend the evening Mrs Sand—She was Mrs Sand, & Miss Price She was Miss Price—Mrs. S. was nothing but Mark-Mark She had heard that Mark was going to be married to Miss Nelson which in fact is all the toast here now, & Albert to Miss S. I felt strongly inclined to tell her that She was labouring under a great mistake, that Mark had a long

time been convinced that no one would do for him but *Cathrine Sand* She then asked to see your picture which of course there was no refusing. All agreed in saying that the likeness was perfect. Mrs S said she had seen a great many heads intended to represent Study but had never seen one which indicated such thought & entire abstraction—in fact she said that it was one of the most *Apostolic* faces she ever saw—Some time after in dwelling on this all engrossing theme, Miss P said that Mrs S had made Mark an Apostle & she would make him a saint next. Mrs S said there was no need of that, that he was already a saint! In going home Mrs S in talking, rose & fell like thistledown in the air—sometimes above the clouds then in the rays of the sun, & although she occasionally descended she never touched the earth—Her talking is like Buonapartes fighting, according to no rule . . .

I am sorry that I am not able yet to gratify you with the Ricker. is there no end to this everlasting business—stiff fingers & cold feet. My fingers were actually in more pain this morning picking up apples in the frost than if frozen & stiff with numbness, when Pa declared that his were perfectly warm. All I get is he calls me a gosling, & tells the story of Hank Berget making it all blue in telling how cold it was & what he suffered. Ah! if he had not had a pluck in him he should have died on the road.

I am fool enough to promise myself better days, but Ma often tells me that I see my best days now, alluding to what ought to make a man happier, but she need not make herself trouble on that score—She often says the same of you & A but she says you will not believe it till you try it—dont be discouraged, one trip to *Boston* & you are a *happy man*—but I am preparing myself for a trimming tomorrow morning which is none the better because it comes often.

So good night—

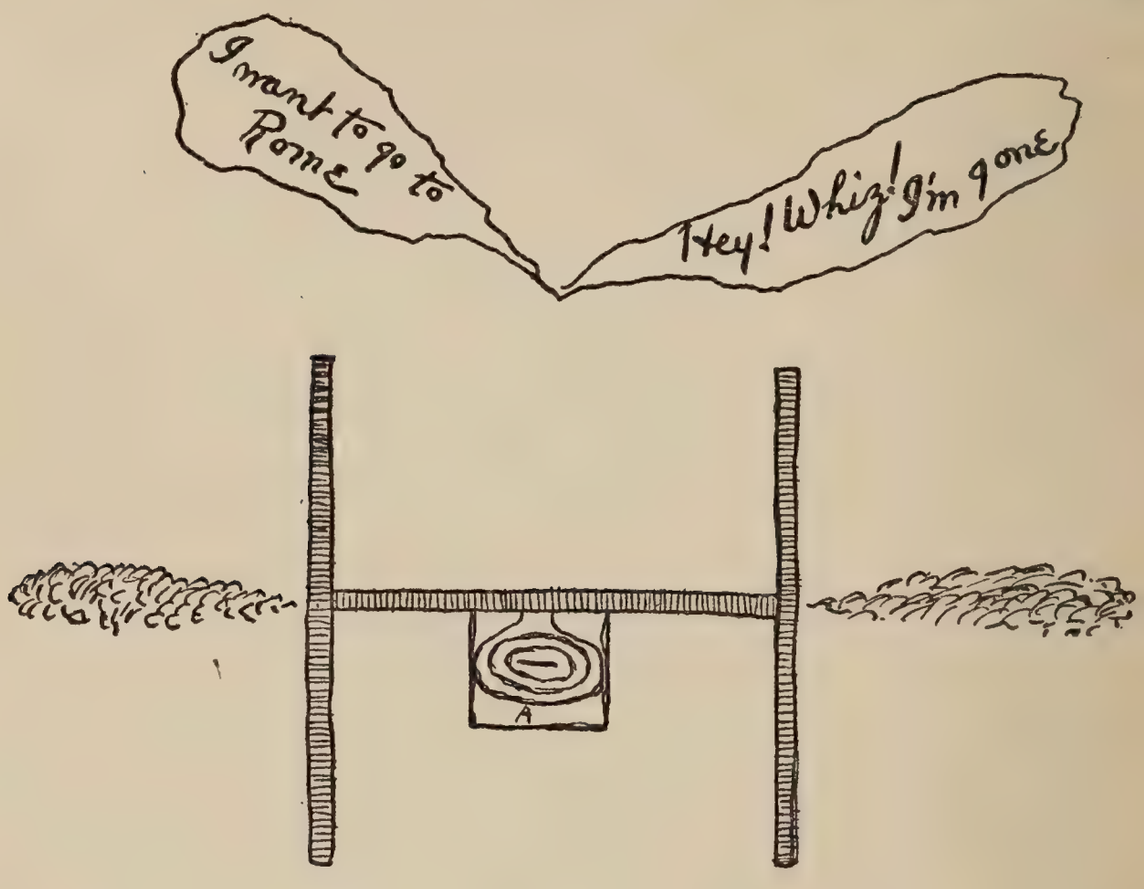
Truly your Brother

H H

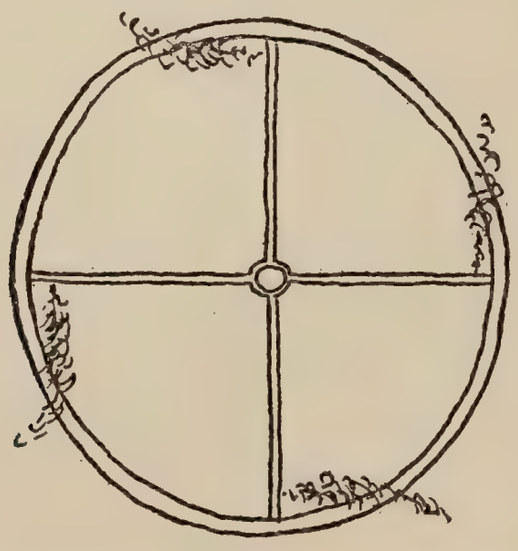
Wms College Nov. 3d

Dear Brother H

The annexed is a front view of a car which I am constructing. This is the form in which I intend it shall appear




to the vulgar, that is in case the speed is not so great as to render it entirely invisible which last is my great fear at



present. For the purpose of giving a more clear idea I annex a side view of one wheel. You perceive the plan—My axle

tree is to be hollow & the boiler is to be attached to the middle. Inside the hub is a hollow groove which communicates with the spokes—also hollow. I went over to Adams Saturday and engaged a boiler, and a quantity of tin tube for the axle and spokes. The space marked A is to be open for the introduction of fire. I intend to create a draught by raising a flue at one end. I have cast my hubs (after a little headwork in *moulding*) and shall probably get my tin soon enough to finish the car next week. The advantages of this scheme are 1 that it is perfectly simple working without valve or joint. 2 that the axle does not turn and others which I cannot spend time now to enumerate. There is one disadvantage that is that you lose some steam. You get (in the figure) the total power of only the 3 upper orifices. I think however that the increase in the length of the average will fully if not more then compensate for this. My main field I expect will lie on Rail-roads. Let me have your opinion.

In answer to your queries I would mention that my boilers, both my cannister and that which I have engaged are of tin—You seem not to recollect that tin valves are in fact iron, that iron which next to copper is the very best material for boilers. By making them cylindrical and with rounded ends they may be made to sustain a pretty high pressure. If you wish to test accurately the principle I see no other way than the one you last suggested. I have no convenience here which you have not, except the forge which however is not material as you certainly by procuring coal can get any heat you please in the kitchen fire-place. I should like to have you come up, but the Adams tinner never does any thing and you would probably get your boiler as cheap and sooner at Lenox. I myself think that in a great many minor applications as turning lathes &c &c the principle might be applied so cheaply that even should you not get all the power which the engine gives the patent would be worth taking out. If you think best however to institute more accurate experiments & have time it would be very well, or you might lodge your specification in the patent office and wait till winter when I hope to be at Stockbridge.

Should you go on you will probably do it as much to your satisfaction at home as here. There are now chemical lectures in the laboratory and we could not have ourselves to ourselves—I shall hope to hear from you soon, meanwhile if my car travels you shall hear from me.

The matter of the "dead points" I have not examined very much. If there would not be too much rocking & jostling I think it will go—it will need chore work. This letter is written in a hurry and must be carried yet down to Dec. Smedleys—your Affectionate Brother

ALBERT HOPKINS

Nov. 22d 1831

My dear Brother Harry

No doubt your work is all done up and you have nothing to do but to eat apples and drink cider—I dont know when I have seen an apple—That is the real comfort of a farmer's life, it is so *independent* and when a cold day comes after having worked hard all summer he can sit snug in the corner and hear the wind whistle—Ah Harry if you could only be content—and not bother your head with machines—The Chemic has not written to you because he could not get his boiler from Adams and it is no matter, for I am sure it will not go, if for no other reason than that he cannot raise steam enough. As for your air I dont see how you can confine it sufficiently to get a great expansion power as the current must be constantly passing off as from a chimney It is not like steam that expands suddenly on the conversion of the water into vapor, and you know a great force would be requisite. I know air is cable of great expansion but I know little of its expansive force—Take for instance an iron vessel an inch thick and air tight, and what degree of heat would be required to burst it or could you burst it at all? I have seen no experiments to this point. This however belongs to the natural Philosopher. Johnson says that he saw a drawing of a steam engine in a paper lately in which the steam is shot onto wheels and acts like water, that it is

applied to sawmills, and probably will be to canal boats. I do not believe steam can act so, and think it more probable that your secret is out. If you are going to do any thing you must be about it, and it is more than probable even now that you will have to resort to your great corps de reserve, your ineffable secret and supermagnificent project, which it would be a pity to profane by committing it to the care of a mere metaphysician. At present I am head and ears in rhetoric and morals, hearing recitations and giving lectures on both those subjects, while the great man round at the other end of the College lolls at his ease, hearing only one recitation a day, and giving no lectures.

I thought I would give a few on rhetoric now, just to raise the wind a little—there is nothing like that you know. People here have been a good deal engaged for some time past in attending religious meetings, and I should think with good effect—If we cannot be religious without giving time to it then I say give it, if it be to the neglect of every thing else, but there is no need of neglecting other things. Tomorrow I deliver a long lecture on Rhetoric and a week after another of which not one syllable is yet written, and besides the bell is ringing for prayers so no more at present—Your Brother

H. Hopkins Esq. Steam Enginer and Air Expander. MARK

Stockbridge Dec 1st 1831

Dear Brother Mark

I hear that Miss E Fowler is going up on Saturday & feel it a point of conscience to patronize all private opportunities.

I hope I shall never be so uneasy for another letter. It however came at last with all the pomp & magnificance of unintelligibleness—it was a dose too muckle for my thick head to digest—I have not tried it but I would bet the odds of my Ricker against his that if put under the forestick the fire would not touch the paper.

You say that you have discovered some objections to my

plans & do not think they will work—why did you not state them? I love to hear objections—I invite them—if a scheme will not bear objections it will not bear practice—let us have them, if they are unanswerable the sooner known the better.

You seem to have a loose notion of my pneumatic Ricker —I do not get your idea in saying that the air will pass off as through the flue of a chimney & consequently will get no pressure. The Air generator will in its action precisely resemble that of a steam boiler but will of course differ in form & in strength calculated to bear a much higher pressure than is ever used in steam. The air is supplied to the boiler as the water is—that is by a pump. That it will pass off constantly is true & so does steam in a boiler . . . As to the expansion of air I have no exact data to go upon but rest assured that your three inch globe would be no more than a bubble under a thunder clap . . . Do you recollect to have seen an account in the Observer of an explosion in N Y in consequence of a small quantity of air getting into a casting when the metal was poured in, the quantity of it I do not recollect, I think many tons, but the building was demolished & scarcely a pound of the iron could be found. I have heard of other cases . . . can it be that these blasts from the North are the commencement of your "rhetoric wind". I quake for fear that the old shell will be struck into annihilation by a swoop from one of the colleges—Spare us for we small folks should not be a butterfly in a Hurricane & then what would become of my Ricker—I forgot to say that it is thanksgiving night. Yours H H

Wms College Dec. 25th 1831

My Dear Brother,

This is Sabbath Evening, and just as I had sat down to write in came a fellow with about two sheets of a colloquy to be criticised for the exhibition—and just after, a notice from the Prest to attend a Faculty meeting. So off I went—and found that the Students had sent in a petition to adjourn College immediately on account of the

Small Pox that is in Adams and the influenza and meazles and *itch* that are here—It is enough to make one laugh to see how they will manage to get off when they want to go—they say they scratch themselves with cobs to cheat the Dr and make believe they have the itch. J. Field goes early in the morning, and I advise you to fume this with brimstone before you read any further. The fact is two or three have the measles, a few colds, and I suppose some 3 or 4 the itch—I have just been interrupted again by a visit from a couple of Doctors and it is getting rather late—Yesterday the Chimic's boiler came over from Adams—and a good joke it is—The bill that came with it was only $10, and it is not air tight, blow into it and it will go—whizz—to say nothing of the utter impossibility of its ever going if it were tight with his tin axletree and pewter hubs—If you can show me any thing in metaphysic equal to this I will give up—I never expect to see its match till the model of the air Kicker is finished. The main difference between a metaphysical bubble and an air boiler seems to be in the expense, and as you are determined to shed the pounders, I should advise you unless you can change into the nature of a chamelion and live on air to take to metaphysics. I was struck with your remark that your Kickers would'nt carry double—No, no, they will keep you single all your life, and give you hard kicking into the bargain—

Your Affect Brother

M. Hopkins

P. S. You must not hint at the cause of J. Fields coming home as he says it is a disgrace for a man to have the itch.

Sabbath Evening Feb. 26 1832

Dear Brother H

Having lighted my candle & sung a methodist hymn (132 of the Songster) I conclude as formerly to spend a half an hour in talking with you. The great topic of interest here is Four day meetings. The one here continued seven days.

After his first sermon in the afternoon Bemen told the Congregation that he was desirous of knowing what their decision was, they ought to decide before they left the house whether they intended to seek religion or not. A few of the pews before the pulpit having been vacated the inquirers came up 15 or 20 perhaps. After some private conversation with them personally by the Ministers the Assembly was dismissed. It began to be pretty evident that Bemen was a man that wanted to have the thing done then. On Friday Bemen *rose*. he is one of the cool sort of preachers. He gathers up his bundles very deliberately but the brand draws tight. A sinner cant get out. Saturday after-noon the foundations of Society were broken up. The major & several other men of age and influence came out. The Maj who is a high spirited man had been awful about the measure. But that evening he came out without any hesitation & took the anxious seat. On Sunday after-noon Bemen preached—"In the latter day you shall consider it perfectly". from that time to the close of the meeting the number of inquirers was over a hundred. Maj. B and several other men of standing have been brought out.

I hear you are to have a four days meeting at S. this week Now let me ask whether you can do better than to come to the determination not to attend the meeting merely but to turn aside for a little moment from every thing worldly and just resolve to seek religion. If you conclude to do this dont shrink from announcing it openly if occassion calls. To be seeking religion is nothing a man need be ashamed of. Join yourself to the enquirers, your example may do much. Use every means without any regard to mans praise or blame which in your estimation stands connected with the desired result. I want to have you come out decided in the cause of religion among the community in which you dwell. I am fully persuaded that the life of every man not a friend of Jesus is worse than useless (viewing things I mean in their remote and final relations) both to himself and others. I cannot conclude this letter without saying that I consider this matter as one of infinite importance and one which I

would not have you delay for all the worlds that God has made. Since before another call your soul *might* be buried in the very centre of Hell. Do take a stand if you ever intend to, it is surely time. I think I may say with truth that so good a one will never again offer. If my poor prayers can be of any aid to you you shall have them. And may the God & Father of our Lord Jesus Christ dispose you to decide this matter aright.

With sincere desire for yr present & future welfare.

Yr Br AH

P. S. I wish you to pay Arc. Pelton for fixing my watch.

Stockbridge March 1832

Dear Brother Mark

In Bobs letter I said that there would be a four days meeting here the week to come. There has been more than that, a 6 days & I understand they are to be continued the present week. I am not afraid like Pa of a *reaction* but there should in religion as in worldly things be management, the signs of the times should be observed. I think that a course of meetings may be continued too long as may a single meeting, that the minds of persons may be wearied into indifference, in many cases that the mental as well as the nervous system may become stunted & in a measure insensible by long continued action, this I think should be avoided. I would not have you suppose that I think that a person may give too much time to religion—if that could be possible, there is no danger of it—who ever had to repent of such a sin . . . The meetings I should say have been well attended the numbers increasing through Friday on which day there was a very full house & on all occasions as still a house as a speaker could desire & much attention. On Saturday the numbers were much diminished—I was not there that day having watched with Jehose the night before, but was told that for the first time they were requested to rise in the usual way & after being requested three times about a dozen got up—but it is said that a much greater number attended

the meeting of enquiry which I think shows that the propriety of the measure may be questionable—This was after a sermon of Hudson's—Bobs man Hudson, I heard on Friday evening & if the sermon which I heard was a specimen I am sorry that the C should be an admirer of that man. "The wages of sin is death" was his text—he preached an hour & a quarter & seemed to me to exhibit a kind of fiendish ingenuity if not pride in refining the agonies of the damned. He laid himself out in this in a manner that was to me revolting—I doubt if such preaching is the most judicious in any place but I think not in this. I have no objection that men should be terrified scared or driven—any way to get them to heaven, but I think this is not the way—All the rest of the ministers beat themselves. Bradford proved himself an orator as well as theologian—Edwin for the first time got my admiration & Clarke from new Canaan as Aunt Dwight, says "is a dear Christian—I love him" . . . Burt prejudiced me with a prayer such as I think the scriptures do not warrant—saying about a dozen times & making it the drift of his prayer—that if it *could* be *consistent* with Gods glory that sinners should be saved that he would do so—This after all that God has done seemed to me to be a great misapprehension if not preposterous—to day I have heard the Parson who also beat himself in more ways than one besides preaching better than ordinary. The half hour bell struck as soon as the blessing was pronounced. Electa has been very much distressed from the commencement so much so that she has had public prayers a number of times—whether she is now in the same condition I dont know. I was glad she did not hear Hudsons sermon—I should not have been surprised if such a sermon should have been the cause of immediate death operating on a mind like hers.

yours H H

Wms College March 16th 1832

My Dear Brother Harry

I began to be uneasy for a letter before yours came, though I had in truth no right to expect one. I am glad you

attended the meetings. Albert I believe gave you an account of one we had here which was attended with the best results. Beman however did most of the preaching and he is none of your small craft. I am sure you would like Beman—very deliberate and calm in his manner, not much about hell, he gets hold of one before he knows it and carries him right along, but it is all fairly done. Several of the middle aged respectable men such as the Major, have been converted. The Major was just like a little child. He said it seemed to him the simplest and easiest thing in the world to repent, and cast himself upon God—and he thought he could tell every body else just how it was. What they call the new measures, calling people out &c were adopted and I think with good effect. The truth is there was deep feeling and when men really feel that they are sinners and justly exposed to perish forever, things take on another aspect and what a little while before seemed of great importance now seems of none at all. The Major is rather a set man and had said but a short time before that he would not take the seat but he took it. The great difficulty is to get men to come to some decision about religion, practically whether they themselves will have it or not, and such a measure often effects that. How many instances have we known of persons going to meeting all their lives, believing every thing, and meaning to get religion some time or another, led on insensibly till they died without hope or at best have but the forlorn hope of a death bed repentance—Now if any thing had brought these men to a stand and compelled them to denote their choice by some outward act probably many of them would have become christians. I do believe if you, or almost any man, were to put out your arm horizontally and say solemnly, having the subject fully before you, now if I lower my hand I will abandon religion, but if I raise it I will make it my immediate business and not rest till I am at peace with God, I believe, I say, you would raise your hand, and I believe moreover you would get religion too. I do not propose this as a thing to be done, but I do wish you would make the resolution, for my Dear Brother what is there to prevent your

going on all your life long just as you have done. I very much fear it. If I thought any body could go to heaven without regeneration I should think you might, but it is impossible. "Ye *must* be born again." I believe you and I agree mostly in our ideas of religion, but how you reconcile it with your doctrines, that you do not become a christian, I do not see.

I would not have you infer from what I said above that I am in favor of the new measures. I think they did good here, but in some places and with some men to manage them, I can easily suppose they might do harm. It is rather my impression that ministers in general had better go on in the old way.

I have done very little this term in the way of progress, the Dr has been sick and his duties have devolved upon me. I go on writing some but slowly. My health is about as usual, but I have lost flesh some, and feel like a man that is growing old. The C has got his land, and is going on to fence it. He and Sloane and Ferritt are to build a new picket fence in front. So if you want any money to buy stock you will have to apply to me. Sloane now wants him to buy two acres back. College is very full this term, we could hardly store in another, without having three in a room. We have gone on very pleasantly as yet, but we expect scrapes this term; the winter has been so cold, perhaps they have not got thawed out yet.

Your Brother M. Hopkins

Albert Hopkins built a house on his land with a "new picket fence" in front. The two or more acres at the back he made into a charming garden with a vine-covered arbor, and the terraces going up the hill were for flowers. There was a greenhouse too—unheard of then, and further down the hill a picturesque little house over the well with its oaken bucket. The house stood there until removed to make a place for Currier Hall.

Williams College April 18 1832

My dear Brother Harry

For some time past I have been reading Plato in French, a book which we have just got here, so you may expect, when you see me again to hear me talk very learnedly about "Plato" and "Socrates." I have added two to my written lectures also, which makes me now 20, so I am like to get a course in time. The Dr was sick at the beginning of the term and I took his place, he is now making up, and I am pretty much at leisure. If the weather should be good I mean to make a little trip to Bennington or elsewhere in a day or two. If you were not too far for a day's ride on horseback I would make you a visit. The only news here that would be like to interest you is that the Chimic has finished his clock which goes to a charm, and has mounted a pair of Spectacles. This he did first on the day of an examination, and attended a party in the evening. Whether he captivated any of the young ladies I cannot say.

You always had a notion that you had a head, and it is high time for you to show it in some grand speculation but I am afraid the fall you had from your flying machine has somewhat confused your ideas.[1] If you cant do any other way I would advise you to employ a kind of a "gouge" and you will make it go—

There have been a half a dozen fellows in here this morning and one has just gone after a long talk about going to West Point. Yours as you behave, as Mrs Susan says—

M. Hopkins

To Harry, from a friend whose portrait he had painted.

New York April 20th 1832

Dear Sir,

I claim the privilege of being remembered by you on account of the relation I hold to you of doner of a very valu-

[1] This is the only mention we find, alas! of Harry's flying machine.

able gift. Perhaps you may have forgotten this—Permit me to remind you—

I am informed that you are yet with your father upon the farm laboring in that noble, & I am much inclined to think, happiest of all occupations, the tillage of the ground, Contented & happy—Are you fully so? Is it an impudent question I ask? I have a fancy, that, notwithstanding the quiet, the calmness, the ease, the happiness & even the many pleasures, that may surround & attend you, you must sometimes feel a kind of longing regret that you were compelled to put aside the pencil & the pallet, & with them all the hopes of the reputation or the wealth you had in prospect to be attained by them—Forgive me, if I needlessly recall unpleasant recollections—

As a present to my parents & family, the gift above alluded to is invaluable, and it would have been impossible for me, at least as yet, to have made them such a present but for your kindness & generosity, for, but for you, it would have required *much* money to enable me to make them *such* a present—

I had sent the portrait to my father's, a few months after it had been taken, & had not seen it afterwards, till I went on a visit home, a year ago in August last. It is valued so highly & considered so choice a thing at my father's—(I say this in compliment to myself—) that they had procured a case for it with sliding doors, so that they could shut it from the dust & from all insect intruders & the profane gaze of the vulgar; & they generally kept it so, except on extraordinary occasions, such as when they have a tea party or the like, or when the parson, the doctor, the schoolmaster, or some rich neighbor is expected or calls, whom they think proper to entertain more sumptuously; on which occasions they are fain to exhibit, as a rich treat the portrait of their oldest son, the lawyer.

On the occasion of my visiting home, as I said,—(I had not been home before for three years) I had not arrived more than half an hour, & our tears were hardly yet dry, when my mother stepped to the said case, &, removing the said slides, presented me to myself—I was taken by surprise.

I had been so absorbed by the pleasure of again meeting my friends &c. that I had not thought of the portrait, & had not a suspicion that such a thing as myself was concealed in the case which was hanging there against the wall; &, for a moment, was abashed & confused at finding myself thus suddenly drawn into the presence of so respectable looking a personage; after a little, however, I found a wonderful liking most unaccounably springing in my mind toward this personage to whom my mother had so unceremoniously introduced me, & we soon became quite intimate for I found it an amiable acquaintance; which intimacy continued, much to my gratification, while I remained at my father's, (about a fortnight—) & I have not yet forgotten—I think I shall not soon forget—the very pleasing sensations I experienced on the occasion of my said introduction & the said intimacy which followed.

And I shall ever continue

Respect'y & truly yours,

Mr Henry Hopkins J. C. Cutler

Tuesday Apl 27 1832

Dear Mark

Cousin C. Curtis is on the plain & has been in S about a month—She & Mary spent a week here—my gracious what works!

For us here it is the old town yet—After ma had urged Pa till he was "distracted" he said, (that is that I should take the farm) he said that he guessed we had better live another year with a common purse—any way I am suited so that he is—we have taken the Jollyman's boy until he is 21 & have at last got the Welles land—gave a yoke of steers & $17 for the land without the wood—pa has given me the deed which he says is my portion.

Your affectionate Brother

H H

P S—I shall always have
a great affection for you,
as long as this sand Box lasts

Stockbridge Apl. 29, 1832

Dear Brother Mark

I went over to hear Louis D, but the best will miss it sometimes—I suppose your salutatorian carried the news —news is natural to the blood, Well at evening after a backaching day setting out Teasels (while sitting down to a supper that nobody but farmers would eat without starving—) well Sir said I, I suppose of course that you will go over & hear what Cousin Louis has to say—I shant go to hear any Cousin Louis's to night says Pa, I am tired . . . O says I, Pa you must go—if Cousin Louis had asked you to go & hear somebody else there would be some excuse but he never would forgive you after coming clear over here on purpose to ask you to go & hear himself if you shouldnt, & beside that Ma wont go if you dont. He knit his brow as he always does when he dont know what to say, & is afraid of being persuaded & took down a large potatoe at two mouthfuls but said nothing—upon which ma who is as keen as a Lynx & sees clearly a part of his character which he never dreamt of possessing—setting there with the old green calash [1] on pouring out the tea said, Oh never mind me, it is of no consequence whether I go or not—yes said Pa you *shall* go, & with an awful glower said, Fredric, go & bring out the Hunter. He evidently however considered that he had ample vengeance when he declared that he would not change a thing, & by driving over in a very slow walk. Louis in a long speech wherein he showed clearly that men most familiar in crime & of the vilest character come out infallibly examples of the most exalted piety & virtue & proposed his scheme for his Howard Institute as a thing of great favor to the place & thought it one of the happiest periods of his life when he was able to give to the friends of his native place the privilege of contributing to so noble & benevolent a purpose—He then took out his subscription paper & read Henry Dwight $300 Cyrus

[1] A kind of sunbonnet with many strips of narrow rattan run into it, so that it was collapsible. A ribbon was attached to the front and by pulling it down the face could be entirely hidden. Still owned by the family.

Williams $300 E Burrall $200 & so on & then said that for such an object he should have no delicacy in calling on individuals who were present—(The house was full of ladies & gentlemen) As no one appeared Lou said that gentlemen might feel some modesty in putting their names first upon the paper he should therefore take the liberty to call them by name upon which he called out Mr. Fairchild, as there was no stir, Lou called out in a voice which was absolutely startling *Mr Fairchild*—at last Mose sneaked out as if he was going to be broke on the wheel & wrote something—Lou then said "Mr Churchhill (Bill the Singer) who is an excessively diffident young man) Bill jumped up as if he had been blown up, & came out looking like a kettle of whitewash—Lou then cast his eyes round & said in a voice like thunder as when they award the premiums at cattle show Capt Hopkins! Pa looked on all sides to see if there was't some place to crawl out but seeing none said that he could not subscribe that night—But I must stop here or spoil the evening with one story which at the best must be poorly told—Lou says that you & the C shall put down $100 a piece at the least—Pa declares that he wont give one cent.

The most delightful time in the year to me in more respects than one, is drawing nigh. I should like to know yours & the C's plans for the vacation—I am going directly to prepare your canvass to catch you if there is any such thing—

Your affectionate
Brother H H

Thursday June 14th 1832

Dear Brother H.

I shall commence this letter with an extract or two from my meteorological journal.

Tuesday

Electricity before noon scarcely perceptible—between the hours of two and three—light breezes from the West—

Sky scattered over with (cirrostratus) clouds here and there. Electricity strong and changing from positive to negative many times in a minute.

Wednesday—afternoon

Wind east, sky over-cast electricity very perceptible and *positive* uniformly.

But this afternoon I had a treat—As I was going over to my lecture room for the purpose of making a pith-ball Electrometer I perceived it thickening in the south west. The gold leaves stood divergent and I found the Elec'y positive. Meanwhile one of these jutting thunder clouds with the under side darkly shaded had arisen and stood nearly over head. The leaves began to collapse and the moment they touched they sprang apart with great violence, the Elec'y was now negative. I removed my gold leaf as in danger of being broken and attached my pith ball—Elec'r which was completed and found a violent repellency. Very soon I caught a spark—this was *electric*. I then rang bells charged jars &c. The rain began now to fall gently, sounding on my wire like distant cannon the electricity continued strong for 20 minutes when the cloud fell away to the east. The Sun came out in his glory and thus ended the exp't—

I will just remark here the manner of testing the kind of electricity & it is simply by exciting a glass tube—a cologne phial will answer—if this makes the leaves of the Elec'y collapse on being brought near them, the Elec'y is positive, if it makes them diverge still further Nege—On the other hand if the glass tube (which you will have the goodness to observe is always pos'e;) *on being brought in contact with the wire* makes the leaves collapse, the Air is neg'y Elec'd. It would be well I think if some small strips of foil extended down from those needles to the wire. I wish you would make particular observations every day next week & communicate your results.

An evening or two since as I was coming from a religious meeting Mr Gridley came to me in a Sewall Sergeant & Dr Perry way, and said they were breaking Maj Sloane all to

pieces. Going along by the house we saw the Sheriff entering and people collecting about in little wads. His creditors came upon him and tore him all to pieces that night. The Maj. was gone from home and his family was taken by surprise. What rendered it more unfortunate was that his high school for boys had just collected, they have now dispersed. The house [1] and premises will be sold in the course of some months. I think I would bid moderately though I do not care much about the place. I am now weeding my corn—it has not come well—I shall be obliged also to fence it. I am also setting up a school in the White-Oaks which may the Lord bless.

Write giving a particular account of all discoveries. If you desire I will try to put you up a box of minerals. Meanwhile I have not time to lay before you the plan of a contemplated jaunt for the fall vacation & in which I expect you to join

Yours affecly A. Hopkins

Wms. College June 22D 1832

My Dear Brother,

I have just returned from Dr Dewey's where I have been to eat some strawberries and cream. Maj. Sloane who kept the high school here has broke. His property has all been attached, which was done when he was absent, the furniture taken out of the house, and now a man who has lived here all his life, who began life with fortune, and has lived in style, without any fault that I know of, but something of what we call shiftlessness is afraid of coming into town—for fear his neighbors will send him to jail, and he probably has good reason for his fears. The boys have been sent home, most of them to Lockport some 4 or 500 miles from whence they had just come, but there is one from Pennsylvania that Spencer is to take in the morning to Stockbridge to put him with Mr Sheldon. Albert's corn came up and looks tolerably for this season. he has almost finished weeding it. I have

1 The present President's house.

some now and then. This evening I hoed a while after tea but quit before he did, and was going along the street, when I saw an old long bearded Slouchhatted fellow that lives on some of the hills about here leaning on the fence, and looking at him as he was digging away with his coat and hat off and his sleeves rolled up, Just then two others came along 'Ah' says he, "that man acts like a man, he shows he's a rugged man. I hope heaven will bless him with a crop." 'Yes, Yes' says the other, "theres an example for you".— The Cholera is the prevailing topic now—Several people have passed through here running away from it. My health has been better than usual thus far.

Your Brother
M H

July 6 Thursday Night
1832

Dear Brother Mark

I believe I always commence my letters to you by telling you that I am tired to the back bone & if this was never true before it is now—Let a man hoe corn from 6 to 7—thermometer at 92 & unless his stuff is better than mine his *temper* will be started—he will be pretty well annealed—You are a lucky man & *Bob* is a lucky Man. You have money enough & books enough & get paid for reading them, & a quarter of the year to whistle in—As for me if I can make out to borrow a book it falls out of my swollen hands before I can half read the title page—Last night I was worse off than I am now. I hobbled along into my room with my candle, took up Ben on Electricity & read one sentence 6 or 7 times over without getting a sign of an idea—dropped my book & went to bed—this morning on looking at the same thing it seemed strange that it could be so plain—It is not difficult for me to account for the stupidity of Farmers—the only *strange* thing about *it is* that they know as much as they do—mind & matter—physics & metaphysics wont mix & with me, who am about half gentle & half simple, I

am never in my element, but so the world goes—9 were made to serve the tenth . . . Andrews yet thinks he is going to Europe & take his wife along with him—Neat as a pink—Oh how Ma did groan for me after he was gone—Day before yesterday was the 4th. I painted some—worked at an Electrometer some—read some—& went up on the hill to see the boys keep it up firing cannon—eating cake & raisins—drinking egg cider & hurrahing—there was fun—In the evening I went by invitation to a party at Mrs Susans [1] who presided with the dignity & grace of a duchess—it makes a fellow *feel* elegant to be where she is, & there were all the Welles's & the Dwights, & the Bumpsted's & the Watkins's & every thing select—& Mrs Louis she was Mrs Louis—My gracious! what a story she did tell me of their visit to W'n how polite the Dr was—how pleasant my brothers were & 40 things—& *Mrs Welle's* Oh what a lovely girl *Ellen is*—so amiable—so pleasing—so sensible & so every thing else that if I had never seen her I should have hung myself at once in my own garters—Mrs Louis was as high as a tree—She beats all—but among the young Ladies if I attempted to go away from A I soon went back again—who shall we except in sense & pleasantry to A—there was there too, a Miss Woodbridge from Hartford a friend of Mary's a great belle & beauty—All ages were neutralised in merriment from 15 to 70 . . .

Yours H H

Wms College July 12 1832

My dear Brother Harry

I was glad to get yours by Dutton—I should have no objection that my letters should bear the same marks of stupidity and of being kept at work. You write very much like that fellow in England especially when you get on the subject of hard work; but I have made up my mind that is a thing you will never die of. It seems you are reading Ben. The Cs apparatus makes it all siss here, now and then. It

[1] Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick.

comes so fast that you can take off a shock at any time and charge a good siz'd jar very quick. I believe he has discovered no new facts, and what I advise you to do is to eclipse the professor in his own line since there are without doubt, great discoveries to be made in that department yet. The night of the 4th I passed in a manner somewhat different from you. The boys here have thrown fire balls for several years past contrary to law, and having thrown them into College last year and set it on fire we determined to stop them this, and we did it, but we were obliged to be up till near two and to keep constantly in motion. No student dared touch a ball but they had engaged some town fellows who started this two or three times but we soon put them out. In order to make diversion while we were at the W. College they fired the out building over here, but some clever fellows put it out before we got here and so they were disappointed all round. That was a little too much and so they tried it again friday night, when they were as completely put down as before, only one student threw a ball and him the C. took after and tore his coat off, then the fellow took to his heels again and the C. after him till he came to a kind of a ditch where he tumbled and the C on top of him. It was the first time I was ever out to quell a scrape. It was a real combination and several were disguised, but nothing was done. Some fellow was so much piqued that on Saturday he set the W. College on fire, but it was put out without doing much damage. Have sent off three fellows and shall probably send another, besides various fines, warnings &c. As soon as we began to send off, they were quiet enough, and at present every thing seems to have come back to the old course, which had been for sometime very pleasant.

M Hopkins

July 21, 1832

Dear Brother Mark

I am somewhat tired & middling sleepy, & this is a pretty fair symptom for one of my dull letters. & you may be thankful if it is even dull . . .

I perceive that I cant surprise you if I should tell you that I am *dead* with hard work. I know that it would be a very easy matter for a Philosopher to show (*himself*) that philosophically considered there is no difference between an Umbrella & a Scythe, & a man might as soon be expected to break his back with one as the other, & if he *should* break his back it would be immediately divided into 9 syllogisms & then resolved into a general metaphysical cataplasm & this would establish order again among general principles—but you will be saved the trouble of looking for a new case for I was never better since I was born.

The other day Cousin Lon D came here & Pa began to tell him about the Swamp—Lon said he would see it for he had himself reclaimed 12 acres in W Stockbridge so down Lon & I went. He says it is all alike, there is no difference & he should begin at the Wells gap & make clean work—We went all over. Lon says he has seen *no such* speculation. He kicked & tore the turf & made his one foot of land & then his 2 & his third foot—& says that every Alder is a wedge of gold—saw the whole swamp waving with grass as high as his head & so smoothe that a scythe would shave a mouse's ear.

For my own part I think him the most sensible man I have seen. It is however a thing more easily said than done, but Cousin Lon' sees that swamp in its *true light*—To day it being no hay weather we went down with the team—I thought my soul the oxen would have sunk out of sight in the mud in getting there, & when we got there after working about a couple of hours one ox caught his foot in the hook of the chain, which lamed him so that we had to stop work & come home another way—"Augh"! says Ma "you will never do anything."

(Friday eve) I was obliged to yield to "tired nature's sweet restorer" last night when I had written the above—To day has been a beautiful hay day

The Ladies are beginning to ask if I am going to Com't this year? I tell them No!—

While at Mrs H's Mrs. S soon turned the conversation on

*Mark.* Frances who was there said that her Mother was always delighted to see *Mark.* Yes said Mrs. S *I am*—but he never appears in the least so to see me—I told Mrs S that *no one* who had heard you speak of her could hear that without surprise . . . Is'nt Mark, said Mrs H. getting to be very stiff & formal in his manners? I said I believed your situation had a strong tendency to make you so, & I thought I had observed something of the kind in W. but no where else—Mrs H said that I had not observed as much as others, that when Mark first came from N Y his manners were very pleasing & delightful—but the last time he was down she thought he would frighten her—she felt repulsed—Mrs S said it had the same effect on her—As I have heard others speak of the same thing, both of you & the C collectively, I thought you would like to know it—Manners you know with the Ladies are every thing & you & the C are not yet in a *condition* to despise etiquette of the opinions of the fair. . . .

Your Affectionate Brother

H H

Wms. Coll. Sept. 3d 1832

My dear Brother Harry

There is some little bustle about here to day after the still times we have had. Students are coming in, old and new, fellows that you can tell as far as you can see them, for having come out of the mountains. There is no use in grumbling that we dont make gentlemen in Colleges. If people could see the quality of the wool we get, I think they would give us credit for pretty fair cloth. Tomorrow we shall pull up the gate, I dread it, and yet after I get a going I like it well enough too. I dont know what our number will be but we are like to be full, and shall probably have to put them in some rooms. The freedom from intrusion in your way of life is one great compensation for some of its coils. There is something about being constantly exposed to the observation of a hundred people who are ready to talk about everything you do and say that is very unpleasant to

me. If I had at all times health and firm nerves, I should not care, but at times it is irksome. My health keeps pretty much so, which is rather singular. I fear I am to ride the whole journey of life without ever feeling that I sit firm in the saddle.

You may have heard me say something about being licensed when I was down. Mr Gridley thought there would be no doubt but they would examine me, but I wrote to Dr Hyde and he thought the rules of the association would not admit of it, at present. If I had presented myself without saying any thing I have little doubt but they would have licensed me, but I shall not go down to the meetings next week contrary to the Drs opinion, after having asked it in the manner I have.

You inquire after Miss Mary—She has gone to-day to the Fair in P. with Mr Dewey.[1] I suppose you will not be there, and if you should would not know her. I spent last evening with her at the South part, and one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent. I am the more satisfied with my choice the more I see of her. As to the time of being married, that is a little uncertain, but if nothing happens I have no doubt but it will be sometime next vacation. By the way I left that note of hers to me down there, I believe on the table in the N. Room, and wrote to the C— to bring it up, but he like a great booby never *thot* of it. I wish you would enclose and send it by the bearer. There is no need of saying any thing at present about the time of my marriage—

Your Affect Brother
Mark Hopkins

From Dr. Alvan Hyde, regarding Mark's license to preach.

Lee, Sept 26th 1832

Dear Sir,

I have received your letter of the 24th instant, and it gives me pleasure that you think of becoming a preacher of the

[1] Judge Daniel Dewey, Mary's brother-in-law.

gospel. By taking this course you will increase your usefulness. The rule adopted by our Association, in regard to the examination of candidates for license to preach is, however, such, that you cannot be admitted at present. The candidate must have studied Theology two years, under the direction of some member of the Association, and be by him recommended, or at some Theological Institution, the same length of time, and bring a recommendation or certificate from the Professors of the Institution that he has thus studied divinity before he can be admitted to an examination. The rule was designed to exclude *novices* from making application. Before the adoption of it we were often troubled by unqualified applicants, and much time was consumed in deciding whether we would proceed to examine or not, as the cases occurred.

I am well aware that your Theological attainments must be very considerable, and perhaps more than we find in the most we have opportunity to examine; but your good sense will lead you to see the difficulty we shall feel in departing from our rule. I think you had better enter your name, as a student in Theology with Dr Griffin, who is a member of the Association, and perhaps after one year, he will feel warranted to give you such a recommendation, as will satisfy the ministers that it is their duty to examine you. I do not say he would not do it by next June, the time of our next meeting. This I leave with *him*, after he shall have looked at our rule. At any rate, I wish you to be a preacher as soon as it can be consistently done.

Respectfully yours

Professor Mark Hopkins — Alvan Hyde

Stockbridge Oct 22, 1832

Dear Brother Mark

To day is Monday & a rainy day of course. We were this morning all hustle getting in corn & stalks for we knew it was coming. the weather this morning was raw & windy— Pa said it was cold enough to wear a cap—he then went up

stairs & came down with that old soldier cap [1] on—hands up —he then paraded across the floor & brought himself to a dead halt within two feet of Ma who stood washing a kettle —the Boys were in a great roar when Ma cast up her head & said—you look just as I have seen the devil pictured out— at which the boys like to have died & Pa whirled to the right-about & took a quick step down to the cidermill. I never saw him a more complete boy or have more *pluck*—

Your letter seems to have been written at the commencement of the term but I got it only about a week ago. I consequently had no opportunity to send the note which that random fellow the C had the heedlessness to forget—you see troubles already begin—Oh Mark tis strange! Last night Professor Dewey preached a sermon on temperance which I meant to have heard but went with Electa before service to call on Henry Woodbridge just arrived, & there they stuck till 'twas too late to go—however I saw there Miss Emily Pomeroy! I did not approach nearer than the extremity of the room, every thing in her presence looked black—Joe's wife said to me—are you acquainted with Miss Pomeroy— I said no. Says she shall I introduce you to her, says I *NO!* But after that I happened in at Naps when Miss Lize seized me by the hand & dragged me up like a roped hog to the verge of darkness & said Miss P, Mr H. I settled back into a chair by Sue & waited for the purblinding to subside & then marched up like a draggoon. I attacked & she rallied, & we both rallied, & rallied until as pretty a skirmish was fought as was ever carpeted—I then bowed myself out of doors backwards saying as I went off the steps the C. has missed it that he did not stop in P.

You seem determined to persecute me into matrimony but if persecution would have done it I should have been a mossy old married man long ago—let me entreat you who understand my *case* to spare me—it is bad enough down here among the 72. . . .

[1] A high red pointed cap, embroidered with the English coat of arms and worn by a member of one of the English Military clubs common then. Presumably left at the house by its owner after the war. The cap is still in possession of the family.

The Clintonian Hopkins's are expected here daily. Catharine & Anne are in N york & Lucinda has written that they are going to write to me to *meet them in Hudson!!!* there is family blood in that, that has fixed me. They expect to stay three weeks so for the mercy's sake come down & help, I will bring you down on my back.

I have had a letter from John stating most in regard to the case. I think I should decide to go at once but he is coming up in November & then I shall determine. What signifies roosting here all ones life.

I hear that Miss *Mary* was in P with all her charms & *alone*—for shame Mark dont you know, if you dont you ought to know that every body will fall in love with her? & no matter how faithful even the best may be, the next time Miss Mary attends a fair let me advise you to attend *the* fair—Mary says she is delighted with her & declares that she *will stand up* at any rate—but I tell her that I expect to have a voice in that trifle *myself*—Please to give my love to Miss Mary & tell her that I intend making a special pilgrimage to W to do homage at her shrine . . . I have received the C's—tell him that I shall answer him soon & explain to him fully wherein he has *missed* it

Your affectionate Brother
Harry

P S Tabby Baxter like a sap head has just been up in this N Easter to ask me to a party—if I am fool enough to go I shall expect another Mrs Ashburner scrape—whew!

Wms College Oct. 30th 1832

My dear Brother Harry

Your letters are always a great trial to us. I have I believe something of the same feeling about your going off where we could not see you once a year that Father has, so much so that the tears are ready to start when I think of it, but still I should expect that with such an offer you would go. You have I suppose before this settled the question by writing, if not, you may perhaps go yet, as it would be natural

for him to feel strongly at first, and it may-be afterwards become quite reconciled to it, especially as you could return at the end of the year. I have no wish to agitate the question more if it is settled, but if it is not, I should think it might be well to reconsider it, as such an offer does not often occur. You do not mention where the railroad is. If it is further south than Baltimore, I less regret your not going, for though John has escaped, there is danger to a Northern constitution. I can hardly say I should wish you to go onto a North Carolina railroad. Another thing too—It would be very like to demand attention seven days in the week and I am sure you would lose on the whole by any thing that should require that. When men are in certain situations it may be their duty to give up the Sabbath more or less to some such employment but I do not believe a man can with a good conscience enter on such a situation. The notions of the Southerners are quite different from ours, and many things that we esteem sacred they ridicule. I have no fear for your principles, but it is bad to be in such an atmosphere, and I cannot conceal from you that I think much and often of your religious and eternal well being. If there is nothing in that, life is a mockery and a jest, and we may as well be mocked at for that as to be really ridiculous in any other way. I presume however the affair is all settled, and that you will remain and as you promised, pay your respects to Miss Mary. I delivered your message at which she was much gratified, and says she shall be happy to see you. I rather took it you thought of coming up before the wedding, for you would come then of course. And now to tell you a great secret, which I do not wish to hear of by the way of Stockbridge as I did of my engagement, I expect to be married next vacation, say christmas or New Years, and the present plan so far as there is any is to have the ceremony performed in the morning, and then start directly for Stockbridge and make a visit of a few days. In that case I had thought of getting you to charter a stage and bring up a load with the reservation of seats for us, as it may not be safe to go from here with either carriages or sleighs at that season. And now

if you have any suggestions to make, let us hear them, and if you can keep this morsel with a clear conscience out of the jaws of gossip for the present, I think it will be better. What you say about my attending the fair I consider a reflexion upon me, and upon her solidity of character, you must know there are exceptions to all general rules. I now expect she will go in the same way, not alone, but with Mr Dewey, to N. York before the term closes. I was glad to have her meet Mary Hopkins at P. that you might get some account of her. I really wish you had happened to go, though you would not have been able to see any thing at the fair on account of the rays of darkness, for I hear the great luminary of darkness was there in all her purblinding glory —For shame Harry—you a philosopher, and think so much of the mere power of surfaces to reflect rays of light! When I spoke to you of Miss E. P. I thought I was speaking to a man who looked through the surface, even if it was obscure. By the way did you meet with a Miss Robbins down there some time ago. If you did, and had a skirmish with her, I will be bound you found your match; Miss Robbins is Miss Robbins—

Give my love to cousin Ann, and to Catharine when she comes. If I could well do it, I would go down and see them, but I am now just about taking two classes in hand instead of one, as I have had, and dont see how I can well leave, but I shall have no fears for their entertainment as long as a man of your gallantry is on the ground. The C. says he shall write soon, so what with matrimony and mineralogy you are like to have as brisk a correspondence as you did on flying machines.

We have had 43 enter, and are quite full—Your Brother

MARK

Stockbridge Nov. 20, 1832

Dear Brother Mark

But last night we finished husking which gives me a chance to answer your charming letter—The girls started

for home last week on monday—Stayed a little more than a fortnight—I got along better than I expected, some—partly by acting like a stiffnecked old farmer & partly by pretending to be a kind of a booby that did not know much & partly because I liked them better than I expected, Anne is a pleasant girl, & a smart girl, I had a good deal of fun with her—They bothered me in one way, They wanted me all the time to carry them to *Newlebanon* & *Williamstown* & Lenox—excuses you know get to be an old story & make a fellow feel cheap, especially if expense is the cause, this you can't very well *say*. I would have carried them to N, Lebanon if I could have afforded it, but the *common purse* never heard of such a thing. I believe they thought me a mean kind of a fellow, but I could not help it, I did the best I could—Catharine's new eye is a real wonder, I do not think it would ever be detected by a person uninformed —Frances has sent you a small *present* for which you will at least have to commence a *correspondence* again wife or no wife.

We have got through making Cider which I suppose you are surprised to hear. It sounds strange to me, 55 I think was the number, most of it like spilt milk. But now the old House begins to groan from Pothole to Garret with the din of the approaching wedding. There is no gimblet hole where you can for a moment feel yourself secure from mop-water & sand, it is all clutter, & spiders are squabbling for life among the mortar, I believe I have turned my hand to 50 trades this day. Private counsels are held every 10 minutes between Ma & myself—she says "dont say a word to your Pa but go & do it". Pa comes once in a while & says "I wont! I will! you shant"—Oh dear me what works—Ma's ambition is *up*, which I thought never would be again after my decision to stay at home . . . That affair occasioned more tears than I ever wish to see again & for contrary reasons. . . . Let me know any thing in regard to arrangements—one thing I will just mention which is that I think you must if you invite any of the Pom family invite all . . . I doubt whether any will go if you have the wedding in the

morning—Tell the C I have received the loan & shall attend to it.

Your affectionate Brother

H H

Wms. College Nov. 25, 1832

My dear Brother Harry

The arrangement at present is to have the ceremony Christmas Morning—to have you come up with a stage and bring Electa and Mary certainly, and others if they will come—to have you for one of the groomsmen and Mary for bridesmaid, and to start directly for Stockbridge. Christmas will be 4 weeks from tuesday, so if I send the invitations a fortnight hence it will be soon enough. I will invite Theodore P. and his family, and if you think of any others that I ought to invite I wish you would mention it in season. There will of course be but few present so there need be no fuss—Now what I shall wish to know as soon as may be is whether you can come with a stage, and I should like, if it could be got at, to know whether Mary would come. I rather hope she will and Electa too. It will be too bad for you to come alone, and then the ride down will be pleasanter with a good stage full—The fact is if they will not come you must get somebody else, say *Sarah* who would be of the right stuff if some of the original colors havent faded by transportation—You see what I want, and now I wish you would tell me what you think you can do.

If Ma's "pride is up," there is no use in saying a word, and I should wish her to have her own way—I will write a word to her on the other side.

I am glad you got on so well with the Clintonians, I thought you would like Anne. You might as well have told me what that present of Frances's is. What Cath's grudge can be for is more than I know, without it is the inability to carry on a seven years correspondence, purely sentimental. I can do something at that, but it is not my element. I am fully sensible of the deterioration I am about to un-

dergo, and have no idea I shall hereafter be any thing more than common—if indeed I can keep up to that point with the young ladies. But I have seen enough of that. I suppose it would cost neither of us much to die out of that kind of existence. This week is Thanksgiving and I should like to be with you. The C. and I expect to dine at Majr Hubbell's.—Write soon as I shall not send the invitations till I hear from you.

Your Brother M Hopkins

My Dear Mother,

I learn from Harry that you are beginning to think about the visit you are to have for the first time from a daughter, and to put "his ingenuity" in requisition to prepare for it. I hope you will be at no special trouble for Mary is a good sensible girl, and will take things as they come. However as I know how you feel about such matters, I have to say that you must not be mortified on that occasion, for the want of any small sum of money. My impression is that you need a new gown—Silk—if so I wish you would get it and I will pay for it when I am down. I cannot go into particulars, but if you suffer yourself to be mortified at all for the want of any such thing I shall feel grieved. I think too you need a better pair of Spectacles. I do not know whether you will think it necessary to have a party. If you do, I think it would be as well to have it Christmas night, as we can get down in season, and then it will be over with. But you will do as you please about that—Besides if you invite people just to meet us the number may be more limited.

We expect, on our return, to board at the same house where I am now.

Your Affect. Son

Mark Hopkins

Mark Hopkins and Mary Hubbell were married in South Williamstown on December 25th, 1832. They used to say

that they had their "first falling out" that day, when the sleigh which carried the wedding party back to Stockbridge overturned going down the little hill from the bride's house to the main road. Extracts follow from two letters from the new daughter and sister after her visit in Cherry Cottage.

Mrs Profr Hopkins, Williamstown, Mass

Stockbridge Jan. 3d 1833

My Dear Sister Mary

How do you do? I long to shake hands with you, I long to kiss you & call you my *sister*—The time when I enjoyed that pleasure seems like a dream & the impression almost an illusion—In fact have I *really* any sister? Am not I becoming old, forgetful? But I will not doubt so pleasing a fancy—I will never doubt a fact that has given me so much pleasure—If my mind is suffering under a partial aberration you must not attribute it entirely to the excess of joy—joy is my element—it is there that I possess all my faculties —It is grief, grief for the loss of a Brother. Such a length of time never before elapsed without hearing from him—Oh these honey moons do they last forever? One thing is certain that they are not governed by the laws of ordinary moons certainly in their duration—And here permit me to use my Bachelor prerogative (you know we are a priviliged order) by suggesting that you are not the only two on Earth—I do this only for the present, I presume this will be unnecessary by & bye—But the term has commenced & you have already experienced the *awful term* of three hours widowhood, & have already had a lesson in the school of patience—already the stern realities of life are beginning to try women's souls—you have already ere this brandished your own sceptre, & raised a great *dust* in your own empire, doubtless you have commenced your reign as all wise rulers do by some signal demonstrations of your puissance & doubtless your husband can tell without the aid of Philosophy by referring to his own cranium which is the weaker vessel—I trust you are prudent & discreet & are not behind

the present age in the great art of domestic policy which consists entirely in governing the husband—Let me tell you what you probably are well acquainted with that yours is the most tractable of his sex, he has only to *look* at you & your wishes are gratified . . .

We have had dull times enough here since you left. If your coming was an era, your leaving was another—As for me I thought after a time to have relapsed into my original quiet—to have brooded my stove—swallowed my bread & cheese & put my self to bed with as much complaisance as formerly—But I find to my surprise a total disruption of all my old Bachelor plans—all my fortifications blown sky high—In this dilemma what can a poor fellow of 30 do—Do you think there is any body between here & the antipodes would have me? Oh cruel cruel 72—pity that a prophet has no honor—Your most unfortunate

but very affectionate Brother

HARRY

Williamstown Feb. 24th 1833

Your letter my dear Mother was received with pleasure, and would have been answered before this, but for that great thief and mischief maker, Procrastination.

You speak of our ride to Williamstown, and think no doubt that we must have suffered very much, as it was so unpleasant soon after we left home.

But far from suffering, we came *very* comfortably indeed, when I heard the wind whistleing about the stage, I knew that you would think about us and imagine that we were almost perishing—

We arrived in safety at Pittsfield about 8 o clock. Thursday about noon we found ourselves quietly seated before a large fire in W, having had an easy and pleasant ride from Pittsfield. The next week Thursday we took up our abode at the Mansion house,[1] where we are now pleasantly and quietly settled, and where if I may be allowed to judge we are very

[1] The present Hotel Greylock.

happy—I can at least answer for one—my husband must speak for himself.

Our sitting room is in a pleasant part of the house and has in it a stove and other comfortable furniture, here I spend the most of my time with nothing to interrupt me but the bell that calls me to meals. I sometimes think that this is living too easy. But if we go to house keeping in the spring as we think now of doing I cannot be troubled long about this matter.

Tuesday morning. To day is the great day for temperance speeches—Husband is now very busy, finishing one for college which he delivers at one this afternoon and probably the same, at the South Part this evening. I think he has his full share of this good work to do—considering that it is such a new and delightful theme.

Tutor Lasell delivers one in town at 2 oclock—I hope you will not be backward in the good work in Stockbridge. Harry ought to make a speech there. I doubt not he would talk as eloquently on that subject, as on the duty of wives and husbands—I can testify to his eloquence, and the effect of that eloquence there. Please tell him I intend answering his very valuable, and acceptable letter soon.

You must have very quiet pleasant times and I should think would enjoy it much after so many interruptions as you had while we were there.

If we commence house keeping we shall hardly be able to see you in the spring vacation, if not I shall expect you to come and make me a visit immediately after we get settled—I hope you will not disappoint me. I shall need your *advice* and *instruction*. I shall expect Father and Harry with you. Accept this my dear Mother from your affectionate Daughter

Mary Hopkins.

Williamstown Mansion House No. 7, March 28th

My dear Brother Harry

Notwithstanding you say in your last letter that you do not expect a letter from me, in answer to one that you are not

sure that you have written,—and, notwithstanding I remember hearing you say that you was afraid to commence a correspondence with these girls—because they were sure to become troublesome—I say in the face of all this I have determined to encroach a little while upon your patience and brotherly forbearance.

I will commence then by thanking you for your excellent letter, I value it not only as coming from a dear brother but for its own intrinsic worth—It came teeming with good advice just at the time when I most needed it, that is when I had just begun to "wield my own sceptre in my own empire". If I am ever called a good wife, that is one who manages her husband well, (this is your definition) I shall attribute it entirely to the influence of this letter, when first setting sail on the sea of wedded life. It is this that will enable me to glide safely over its waves and billows and not only escape being shipwrecked, but quell "by a look" all its rising storms.

By the frank recital of your sufferings you have given me the privilege of indulging a sister's sympathy for your unheard of woes.

You ask what shall a poor fellow of 30 do in this dilemma —why—your path is illuminated by the bright and shining example of one brother, and a host of worthies before you. Do not think I pray you that Miss Sue is the only one that stands waiting impatiently to say yes. You must be somewhat out of your senses to talk so, when there are 72 within almost as many rods that are anxiously waiting for your decision—In your letter you crave some information about honey moons whether they are regulated by the ordinary laws of the "glimmering curve of tender rays." I am very sorry that I cannot inform you—If ever under their influence, it has been invisible, or conceals itself in the agents by which it works. I must refer you to some more learned astronomer than myself.

My husband wishes me to say to you that the $100 check is recieved. It is a part of the duty of a wife to conceal—(where she cannot mend) the faults of her husband. When

you consider this, you will allow me to offer what I consider as a good excuse for his delinquency of late. At the last town meeting he was appointed to a very responsible office, one I believe which they are in the habit of giving to newly married men.

You know men in publick life are strangers to quiet—their minds are constantly agitated by the business and turmoil —incident on such a course, and it is not to be wondered at that they sometimes forget the lesser duties of the social circle. You know I suppose, that we intend to commence housekeeping in May—this will bring many cares with it and I sometimes fear that this, added to his other cares will be too much for him to support, altho' I intend to share them with him as much as possible. You may have heard by A. that Mr Bardwell takes half the house, the land, and is to appropriate a building for a work shop, for the students. He is likewise to employ them on the farm, the object you will perceive is to try the manual labour system here, on a small scale. A. will have something to do with it, certainly the farming part. Husband has just returned from lecture and is now in a deep study about some college affair.—he wants a corner so I must bid you a reluctant good night

MARY.

In June of that year, Professor Hopkins and his wife moved down from the Mansion House, as the Greylock Hotel was then called, into half of the "Sloan House," the present President's house.

Wm's T'n April 21, 1833

My Dear Brother Harry

I am alone—My wife went to Troy day before yesterday —I put her into the stage and sent her off alone—and She rode most of the way over a rough road, full drive and was terribly jounced. She however got there safe as I hear today. Her parents went 3 weeks since and are now settled there. Her object in going now was to get most of the furniture

purchased by the close of the term, so that I need not be long detained when I go after her, and that we may get every thing here and get settled if possible during the vacation.

As for the house, there is so far as I can learn, not much prospect that it will be redeemed, though we shall not go on to make any improvements this year. In fact we should not be able if it were ours for want of money. I suppose it will not cost less than $1000 to furnish half of that house any way decently.

Near a fortnight ago I was taken with a kind of epidemic then prevalent. My throat was inflamed and swelled up on each side. It was attended with a violent fever and severe pain. I hardly remember to have suffered more in the same length of time than I did for about 12 hours. My strength and flesh went very rapidly and I have hardly recovered them yet. Mary is an excellent nurse, and took the best possible care of me. She knows how to make all the little things that a sick body needs. I never doubted but she would make an excellent wife, and now, am entirely confirmed in that opinion. You know if I think so it is all the same, though having seen others hoodwinked, I have endeavoured to keep my eyes open. She has genuine affectionateness of disposition which leads her to make any sacrifices for others, or at any rate for those she loves.

Our vacation this year comes earlier than formerly it will commence the first of May. The Spring is early and we have a great deal of fine weather. I sympathize with you in its gladdening and exhilarating effect. I have heard you say it had a great influence upon you—I am sure it does upon me —I am always thankful when I live to see another spring, to hear the sounds of life filling the air, quickening vegetation as fresh and vigorous as if it was the first year of the creation. I hope never to become insensible to the simple but exquisite pleasures to be derived from natural objects in their changes, and should think any experience or wisdom or refinement that would take them away too dearly bought. This thought is expressed by Wordsworth in regard to one

single object, in some lines which I may, for ought I know have repeated to you.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So let it be when I grow old
Or let me die.
The child's the father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be,
Bound each to each in natural piety.

I believe this is the first poetry I ever sent you in a letter, but I hope I may never send you anything worse.

M. Hopkins

The C. has got to be a real minister without licence. He went over to Adams yesterday and had 3 services from the pulpit. He walked over and back.

Monday Eve, April 22, 1833

My Dear Wife,

Now that you are gone I am very sensible that you are my *dear* wife, for I miss you continually. In my opinion there should be a law against any woman's leaving her husband at least for the first year after her marriage. I wonder you can have the face to say a word about being lonely, being as you are in the midst of the gay and busy world, while I am here in the corner of a house where it is so still that I can hear every frog that jumps within a mile of me. When I look up, there stands that rocking chair, as dignified and perpendicular as can be, the other side of the table, but nobody in it, and when I look around there stands the bed, that looks like the half of an egg shell cut in two; in short nothing looks as it ought, except the table which has really improved since you went away into a very natural and com-

fortable degree of confusion—I got yours yesterday and was glad to hear of your safe arrival. The jouncing, I think was to be preferred to the risk of bad company. I had measured the rooms before you wrote, and find the front room eighteen feet eight inches by eighteen four, and the back room fourteen feet nine by eleven feet. The front room therefore will require 38 yards and 1/3, if the carpeting is a yard wide, and the back room 18 yards—It occurs to me however at this moment, that I did not measure the hearth, for which perhaps some allowance should be made. I called at Mr Whitmans the evening you went away and saw their sofa. I think it an elegant and desirable one in all respects, but the price is enormous. You must consult your own feelings entirely about the purchase of a similar one. I am not sure that I have mentioned to you, but I have been thinking whether comfort would not be consulted by having one less feather bed, and a hair matress in its stead—If these cotton beds can be made a substitute, very well, but something comfortable and healthful to sleep on in summer is a desideratum. This is all I have to say on the subject of furniture, except that I wish you success and despatch in your arduous labours of shopping. This has been chip day in College—Of course I have been at leisure. Part of the forenoon I spent in trimming up the door yard, and the afternoon in making garden. I have sown nothing yet except some pease. I shall make as much of the garden as possible before the term closes.

You cannot let me hear from you too often. My Love to Father Mother and Brothers—

Your Affect. Husband
Mark Hopkins

This spring, Harry, restless and unsatisfied for years on the farm, started out for the second time, and—oh! sorrow! for the last time, to seek his fortune. His work apparently was helping survey for a railroad in Pennsylvania—Letters from and to him and others follow.

Phillipsburg Pa. May 19. 1833

My Dear Mother

I suppose you have been thinking & worrying about me ever since I went away & wondering if I was alive, why I did not write, but this is the first opportunity I have had when I could tell you anything—John—Mr Robinson & myself arrived in this place in good health & without any losses or accidents on the 16th, excepting my old umbrella which you may have heard of—I never left home with so heavy a heart before. As long as I can hear that you & Pa are well I shall think it of no importance whether I am with you. I rather be there than anywhere else on earth, but you know why I came away & I hope I did not do wrong—When I arrived at NY which was the next day morning after I left, I took my baggage to a Phila Boat going at 6 oclock. John came very soon & Mr Fairchild going to Amboy—we took the Rail road to Phila & got there at 4 oclock—Mr Robinson was gone & we had to wait a week there for orders which however came at last—I spent my time very pleasantly in Phila & saw many very fine paintings particularly a picture of Mexico—very splendid—The country is very beautiful—but I had rather see a crop of winter killed grain in S. than to have all I have seen—The inhabitants are hogs, living in the mud—dirty saucy & ragged—There is however one exception fortunately in this place—Mr Phillips from whom this town was named,—he is an English Gentleman of fortune & owns all the country about here. —He invites us to dine & take tea with him every day—His house is in the woods but he lives in great luxury with servants &c &c—is very much of a Gentleman & his wife as much of a lady. I was quite surprised at this as all this country is almost an entire wilderness—& such a wilderness as I never saw—standing on the top of the Alleganies & looking as far as the eye can reach is nothing but dense forests of white pines some 60, or 80 feet to a limb—To day is Sunday—Mr Robinson has been exploring the route for a couple of days past—& tomorrow morning we shall start for the top of the Mountain to be gone I dont know how

long probably a fortnight or three weeks sleeping in tents & wigwams, there are no houses any where near, I think we shall have fine times, I enjoy the idea very much—Mr R. says that he yesterday started a fine deer & some men killed 2 Bears near him. Tell Pa that I shall try to send him a Bear skin of my own killing, there are Beavers & turkeys here, & all kinds of game but nobody hunts at this season—

I must do the best I can—If I support myself I shall consider that there is no loss & perhaps I may do better by & bye—Tell Pa that he must not work so hard as he used to do —that he will wear himself out—that he must hire his hard work done—I hope to be able to help him by & bye but it is uncertain at present—How is the ox?

Accept to yourself & Father my best & tenderest affection

HARRY

Wms Town June 3d 1833

My Dear Mother,

I ought to have written to you before, and should have done it but for the hurry of getting settled. It is now near a fortnight since we got into our house. I reached Troy the night after I left you about midnight, and should have found them all abed but for a fire which broke out just then hard by and roused every body in the neighborhood. The men were just going out, and the women were running about the house. I found Mary in the upper hall in her night gown. She was sufficiently glad to see me to pay me in part for a period of absence. At length we got some people to clean house. That is a job I am sure I shall always dread. When that was completed the furniture came, so that we were able to move on the Tuesday before the term commenced. We came down in the afternoon and had tea here. We had Albert and Mrs Dewey with us. We have a girl, and as good a one as can be expected in these days. And now my Dear Mother that I am keeping house I shall hope to see you in the course of the season. It will be a pleasant drive for you and Father—The reason of our being so slow

is that we can get nobody to sew a day [1] and there was a great deal to be done but I hope we shall be through in a week or so. Dr Griffin is unwell at present so that I am obliged to hear his recitations which makes me very busy—

Mary is not in the room just now or she would send her love. She seems to understand housekeeping perfectly, and I like it much better than I expected.

Your Affect. Son
Mark Hopkins

Bald Eagle Furnace June 16, 1833

My Dear Brother Mark

I had been waiting impatiently some time for a letter from the C which came at last a couple of days ago & gave me great pleasure as you may judge, it being the first letter of any kind I have had since leaving home—I shall have to depend on you & the C mainly as Mother said she should not write me until next fall for fear her letter would be broken open & then she said she should not sign her name—It is of no use to tell her any better, she has such curious notions of privacy—The C gives a fine account of his Manual labour operations & of things in general—By his account you are living in all the State & Aristocracy you can desire—That Sloane House connected with the Professorship will I think place the name on a firm basis for a century at least. When the C gets married (which to be sure at present seems to be a case some what doubtful) & gets the Manual Labour abroad I think we may be easy—Since I commenced work I have seen considerable—quite new & amusing, though to be sure sometimes rather tough but there is one thing,—I find that I can stand as much as any of them if they do drink whiskey.

The work on which we are engaged is intended to convey bituminous coal from Philipsburg to Petersburg a distance of about 30 miles across the summit of the Alleganies.

All of our party are gentlemen & whether we are in log

[1] In those days carpeting came by the yard in strips and had to be sewed together at home.

Houses or Bark a man must be ready to defend himself with argument or joke.

There is about 13 miles of the routes across the Mountains without a solitary House—consequently we had a couple of Chanties erected on the top where we stayed nights about a fortnight—There I slept on the floor with a blanket & great coat & a stick of wood for my pillow—We always had a plenty of venison, Bears meat Bacon & lived pretty well—From here we came on one cold rainy afternoon 4 or 5 miles to our next station, a hovel made of Bark—open in front & at the sides—made for nothing but to keep off the rain. This was at the bottom of an awful Gulf or gap as they are called—The first night we got there too late to get Brush for our beds, consequently we had to lie on the sharp pointed stones, much like the Monument. It was amusing to see them laying down & getting up & turning over to try to get a better fit—The rain came in torrents our roof was a very good riddle, & if our beds had been any thing else but stones I believe we should have been swept away—However I got a very good dream of Home—What amused me most that night was to see Taylor about day break in great wrath rolling out great sharp stones from where he had lain—We stayed there three or four nights & were very comfortable, every night had a great fire of logs in front, I enjoyed the Bark Chante extremely—Since then we have got a little in to civilization—all log houses however—But all other troubles sink into insignificance when compared with the gnats, mosquitos are a luxury—you have no idea of these little enormous torments . . .

From the little I have seen I think I shall like the business very well, the great objection is that a man must always be wandering & without a home—This I feel most sensibly, but I cannot endure the constant hard labour of a farm. I found it was wearing me out—It seems hard to leave Pa & Ma at their age but I think if I can do tolerably well, after a time I can help them more here than there. At present my pay will but little if any more than cover my expenses—

your affectionate Brother H H

Wms Town July 1st 1833

My Dear Mother,

I am sorry you feel so about coming here till the year is out. I really can't see what difference it would make.

You have probably heard before this that I am licensed to preach, as Mr Field was at the Association. I have written but one sermon, and preached 3 times, twice yesterday unexpectedly, and without notes. Mary sends her best love and says she shall keep asking you till you come. My love to Father—

Your affect. Son

Mark Hopkins

Birmingham Aug 20

From Harry to His Mother

We have almost every day killed more or less venomous snakes—Rattle snakes & copperheads—one night when we came home we found that our cook had a Rattlesnake in a keg which he found lying before the door, he said it was very spiteful—One of the men, Livingston, took a stick & ran it through an angle in the cover of the snake to make him rattle—in doing this he moved the top a little one side & the snake as quick as lightning darted his fangs in to the back of his hand. He gave a violent jerk to get away, as who would not, & drew the snake nearly out of the keg. This forced the fangs into his hand their whole length. All were in consternation and knew not what to do, I immediately tied a handkerchief above his wrist very tight & then advised him to let me cut out the wound but this he refused to do. I then like a fool applied my mouth to the wound & drew out 3 mouthsfull of blood & poison without thinking that he might have done the same himself. Notwithstanding this, it swelled almost as rapidly as a blister on a cake before the fire, I then went & got some Rattlesnake root, but as I had to find it by candle light I got very little. This he took chewing part & applying part to the wound. I then had his hand put into mud but very soon the pressure of the mud caused

him so much pain that I took it off. He was now in great agony groaning & wrytheing in great torture. His hand was as hard & as cold as a stone, We were 9 miles from a physician & in the wilderness—He said he should die & could not live in such pain—I wished from the first to cup him—but we had nothing that would answer for a cup, all our crockery consisting of some tin porringers—At last after turning every thing over a dozen times I found an earthen jug that would hold about a gallon—with this I made a powerful cup —I then took a Razor & opened 5 places & applied the cup—This relieved him at once & he fell directly asleep. I applied the cup until the swelling was very much reduced, drawing out blood & a yellow watery fluid—It took nearly all night & the next morning he was so much better that he started off for Philipsburg—the Doctor poulticed his hand with bread & milk & the next day he came back & went to work . . . I wrote to Pa some time ago—you do not mention receiving it—I wish I was there to laugh with him about *risking* the crop on the yoke lot. I hope when you write again you will be more particular a great deal than before. I want to know all about the weeds & the chips—I am sorry to hear the Boys place is redeemed. I was afraid of it. I suppose you will not go to see Mark & your daughter now. I'll venture you wont go to hear Mark preach—I had just written you a long letter & was waiting for an opportunity to send it—but I believe this is longer at any rate I think we shall both agree that it is long enough—

Your Affectionate son Harry

Spruce Creek September 1, 1833

My dear Brother Mark

I never have any time to write except Sundays' & there is no church near here. It is not often that I have an opportunity to go to Church without walking 4 or 5 miles & this I feel little inclined to do after climbing the Mountains incessantly the other 6 days. We have no rainyday rest always being too far from a House to run & after we are once wet

we may as well work as go home. I believe we have not lost 2 hours since we started on the Second Survey—Mr Robinson is a young man & omits nothing which can serve to give him reputation. We consequently start off as soon as we can get our breakfast & do not quit work until it is too dark to see, in almost all cases carrying our dinners with us. The route is nearly the whole way near different streams which run in tremendous gulphs between mountains. You will easily conceive from that circumstance that the going is *the worst kind*—In many places the route runs along where it is impossible to stand without the assistance of our hands quite as bad as any part of the steepest above Negro Pond, & there is one place through which we expect to pass this week which is an absolute precipice—really very dangerous. —One fellow when we were down before, lost his hold & went into the river below but was not badly hurt—I fell myself 15 or 20 feet or rather slid "not slow" as Lem says—but caught some bushes when I was about half way over the point of a precipice—But this is not the only way in which a man gets knocks & thumps—the men are constantly felling trees—the Week past I have had two pretty severe raps from falling limbs. One struck me on the knee, knocked me down & lamed me for a couple of days, the other fortunately struck me in the breast instead of head—it came with such violence as to knock off the head of a pin in my shirt it however did not hurt me but for the time, Now I am in the way of it, a little thing happened a day or two ago which diverted us all a good deal. In felling a large tree on a steep side of a mountain, 4 men were cutting at it, when it fell it struck another & broke about in the middle—the top turned & came back—the Men to their great astonishment saw the tree coming directly on to them—My "Rattlesnake friend" Livingston sprang headlong down the Mountain—over the rocks & logs & fell flat on his face—When he got up behold his breeches were torn nearly square off below his waist—The men laughed till they rolled. I am not sorry that I came. I have found it much as I expected—It is better than the Farm—that is for me. So you have mounted the Pulpit

—I should have liked to hear your first sermon. You no doubt felt less awkward than many who have not been regularly broken in as you have in 4th of July Orations & Temperance speeches. Can you keep your congregation awake without pounding the Pulpit in pieces—Many a poor Minister has gone home with a sore fist—I hope that may not be your case.

I not long since had a letter from Ma, I think the best I ever did have—every thing about it was so like her—It was home itself—She is nothing but affection—I cant help but shed tears when I think of the hard life she has gone through —It has always been my hope that I should have made our Parents' old age more comfortable but at present I have little hope of it—I think my being there is worse than nothing or I never should have come away—I suppose the C is now at home—or thinking of getting married perhaps—his I think is rather a doubtful case—Give my love again to Mary & believe me your Very Affectionate Brother

HARRY

Wms College Sept. 14, 1833

My dear Brother Harry

Father and Mother are unusually well and seem to enjoy themselves. They have enough of every thing except money and enough of that for them, but would be glad to send you some. The farm has gone on well. They got through haying early and have finished sowing, they have sowed the orchard across the road. Wednesday I went to the north end and except that Grandmother grows old, it is amusing to see how exactly the same thing a visit there is. The peach trees were loaded down and just beginning to be ripe, and the old pears of which you could get now and then a good one, tasted as natural as any thing I have tasted this long while.

Your snake adventure was in the N. Y. Boston and Washington papers. Mrs Susan says she has written it to Theodore who is settled in Paris so you are getting across the water. I am somewhat concerned about you, you have so

many exposures of one kind and another. If you should continue in the business you will not always have so rough routes. You mentioned in one of yours to Albert that if you should be out of business and could afford it you should like to study awhile. I told him to tell you that if you found that desirable to come here and spend the winter. Nothing would give me so much pleasure as to have you here. You would board with me and have every facility for study without any expense whatever. You can now tell what you are deficient in, and if it would be of any service to you, and you can, you must come. Mary is a first rate housekeeper without raising a dust in your eyes every five minutes either, and I think you might live here to your mind. I wish you no better luck than to get as good a wife when you are ready to be married, She expects to be confined next month, and if we have a boy I mean to name him after you, and shall expect you will set him up in the world when you make your fortune by some great invention.

I have preached a number of times but have written but two sermons not having had time. I find I can preach extempore and shall never I think write the majority of my sermons. I have preached in that way to day.

Our place as you have probably heard is like to be redeemed. We may have it by paying some hundred dollars more, but we cannot afford it. It is not yet certain what the result of it will be. The Trustees have just found out that they are spending all their money and say they must diminish our salaries for another year—probably 1 or 200 dollars. So you see we are not like to make much money. If John comes up in October they will send you a blue broadcloth suit by him. The wool was sold to Bassett and he owes $60 for it, so they can do it as well as not. I mention this because it may make some difference with you in your purchases. Mary sends her best love to you and would be glad to see you here. —Mrs Sand is in S. She and Frances Sand took one of your letters over and heard part of it read. She thought it ought to be published.

Your very affect. Brother Mark

Sunday Eve. Oct 6. 1833—

My Dear Mother,

The child is well, and gives but little trouble—Every body says it looks like its father, but for my part I cant see that it looks like any body—All the old women, when they come in say, "what a pretty baby." We have not fixed on a name for it yet, but think of naming it after its grandmother and Mother.

We have given up this place and I have purchased the other of which I spoke to you for $1,500. but am not to have possession till next April when we shall probably move. I hope you will write soon

Your Affect. Son M. Hopkins

Wms College Oct. 31 1833

My dear Mother

From the time I wrote before, Mary has continued to improve. She rode out a few days since, and last night attended a wedding which was celebrated at the next house and does not find herself the worse for it. It was the wedding of Mr Lasell who is to be a professor here, with Miss Whitman. They are a very pretty couple and it was a pleasant occasion. The little one, whose name as you say nothing about it, I think will be Mary Louisa after its mother and both its grandmothers, continues to be quite well. She is very quiet, seldom crying at all.

I am glad you have been so particular in your account of Mr Foote and his meetings. I have long known that you found a difficulty in reconciling the doctrines of which you speak, and that whenever you have turned your attention to the subject of religion you have been entangled in that difficulty, have found in those points a stopping place, but not a resting place. I do not believe it is right or safe to make the act which is essential to salvation depend on our capacity to resolve a speculative point, and have long wished that you could cast yourself on the mercy of God in Christ as a little child, believing that in his wisdom and goodness all

is right and all is reconcilable. It seems to me that after what he has done, he deserves this confidence of us, and I do not conceive that when we do this we are going against our reason but rather are acting in accordance with it. It is desirable indeed to reconcile every thing, but when we have done this, we have still the same repentance to perform, the same mercy to seek, the same mercy to obtain. The conditions of salvation are still the same and a little confidence in God will enable us to cut the knot which we cannot untie, and cause it to be no obstacle to peace and joy in believing. I am glad you attended the meetings as you seem to have had some of your doubts solved, but I hope and pray you will not rest there. From what you say of Mr Foote's doctrine respecting the influence of the Spirit, I should think that I agree with him in the main—on that point. I have long believed and said that the Spirit of God cannot repent, believe, or love for us, that we must do these things for ourselves, and though I believe that "God worketh in us both to will and to do," yet I do not suppose that it is in such a manner as to destroy or in any way impair our freedom, or to make the acts of repentance &c any other than our own free acts. I do not suppose that the part which God performs in our conversion any more impairs our freedom than the part which man performs in preaching, though I would not say that they are the same, and perhaps in some respects not analagous. I write in great haste and have not time to read what I have written—

Your Affect. Son M. H.

*Dear Harry*

As for myself, there has not been time enough to write ten lines, when I have not had with me some precious friend to whom I would wish to devote every moment I could spare, not to say any thing of no less than three quiltings, for of things in doors I must not talk to you—It gives me much pleasure to know that you remember me with so much kind-

ness—with kindness that is peculiar to yourself & not like many others. I hope you made no sacrifice, I shall make a good use of it & need no more very soon, & to relieve your mind entirely I will tell you that I find no difficulty in getting whatever I wish for—If you find the climate does not agree with your health, I hope you will come immediately home for what will your life be worth to you without health, or you may find other business where it is more healthy; Knowing that if Hyssop will not do, you can try some other herb, is all my source of comfort—We have had a very pleasant and delightful visit from Mark & his family & from Albert, we did not even expect you, but it was often repeated—I wish Harry was here & all as one seem anxious for your welfare & prosperity. Mary Louisa is a charming little grand-daughter, she is well featured, has a delicate complexion & beautiful blue eyes, & though she is lively & active is the most quiet child I ever saw, her Grand father thinks he never saw a child of her age that knew so much & that appeared to have so much discernment, for my part I try'd not to be so childish. They came wednesday & left the next week thursday morning, they received daily calls as when they were here before, & of course returned them, they carried their babe no where but to Curtisville for they had Welthy to take care of it—Lest I forget I will now tell you that Albert bought for your Father in N. york a very handsome wig, giving for it but eight dollars, the hair is soft & beautiful, but a little too dark, it is not strait like the other but loose & a little curled, it would exactly become his second son; Mark looks better with it than without, & Albert seemed to think he had best get one thou' his hair appears as well as when you was here—I think we had sleighing about the first of Dec, which did not leave us one day till the middle of Feb. we then had no more. From the beginning of March till the middle, it was much too warm for comfort, our cellar was then opened & some things carried out; your father then going down to see if all was right, happened to see my fig tree, & unbeknown to me carried it

into the garden, hauled it out of the box & planted it in the ground which I did not know till I went into the garden two days after. He said he did not expect any more cold weather & Mr Burrill told him last summer that the roots were too much confined, but the day it was carried out it began to grow cold & that night & for a week after, the ground was as hard as a rock so there is an end of my Fig tree, but I did not care a fig for it, so it was no matter but I thought you would like to know its history especially as it was so characteristic of yours . . . wednesday the eleventh day of May, which was the day that Mark came, was like winter so that we were obliged to have good fires through-out the house to keep from freezeing. About nine in the evening the wind blew tremendously & it began to snow & continued snowing most of the night, in the morning the cistern was frozen over & every thing stiffened with cold. There had never been a greater prospect of fruit, the Orchards & all kinds of fruit trees were loaded with blossoms & were almost in full bloom, but they are now all fallen to the ground & no fruit is expected unless there may be a few apples,—your grafts at the uper end of the meadow were white with blossoms. The sabbath night preceding the snowstorm we had a verry cold thunderstorm which did execution in many places. Upon the flat below us, S Seymour had three sheep killed & were found standing as if alive, forrest trees have lost their beauty. I forgot to tell you in its place that Mark preached two sermons on the sabbath & one in the evening. I did not hear him, nor have I heard any thing said, except your Father said that he was entirely confined to his notes & read them very fast. When at home he preaches every sabbath afternoon, & always without any thing written, but here he did not wish to do it lest it should appear like ostentation. He has never written but three sermons, & those all from one text, which I have forgotten. They were preached to the students, & not just such as he would have written for this congregation. For my part I do not wish to hear more than one or two sermons upon the same subject for you know, too much is too much—

Dear Harry you say my letters do you so much good, barren as they are that I shall continue to write to you, I know that a letter from home must be welcome to you if there is no bad news in it and I know of nothing bad I have to write now, as I am no politician my letter will be chiefly about the farm. I knew that we must make a fence on the road where the ould board fence was—the east side of the yoke lot on the road or let it go to commons, so we began the fore part of the winter to get rail stuff on the jacklin lot and out at the rock house, and by improving the sleighing we drew the rail cuts to the door, we then split them out and drew them onto the ground and with two men I hired, in one day we made the whole string which is fifty or sixty rods. Beside doing this we got I think twenty pine logs out of the swamp with part of which I bought shingles and have coverd the kitchen part of the house which leak'd very bad. You enquire where we got our wood, we got it chiefly from the rock house lot and in the swamp, and we have got the door yard full of it and we have one tier of ould last years wood left. A part of the tier is the ould birch logs which you remember you saw'd and blasted so you see we have not been idle the winter past. We sow'd the orchard across the road and the little piece down in Wells lot last fall with rye—that in the orchard they say looks the best of any in Town. To day we have wash'd our sheep—we have lost one or two this spring but we have seventy to shear—they say wool is low but I shall try to get something for it. You ask in one of your letters what they are fighting about now in the town—they have had a great battle in words between the cold water men as they call them and the rum drinkers, the question was whether Kingsley should have licence to sell spirits in his Tavern, the question was tried in a full town Meeting—a great many speeches were made on both sides—Col D't, Theodore, for it and others, and d'r Perry, C. Wells & others against it, and wrangling half a day. It was put to vote and decided by a majority of three in favour of Kingsley, but he is not to sell to any but travellers, to the great disappointment of some of them. Dear Harry I am afraid

you will not be able to stand it in that hot country—if you feel symptoms of sickness and disease do come immediately home—our farm will maintain us and I intend the most of it shall be yours. I have enjoyed remarkable health the year past. May you live long and be blessed. I must now conclude and leave room for your Mama for she says she has'nt near done yet.

Yours affectionately

A. Hopkins

wednesday 25—I have just visited my part of the garden—it is not much injured by frost & appears quite respectable, but we shall not have even a currant, but as I have a plenty of Quince, peach, grapes & other preserves I shall not so much regret the loss. & then you know we can take up a hive of honey—you have two good old stocks & the large hive with the united swarms. The two late swarms had not more than three pounds each, of course were taken up, a little of it is reserved for you till now. I think the old stocks will swarm soon, I hope you will be here soon enough to hive some of them, if not you will have some bee stories in our next. As your chamber is unocupied, your pictures neither fade or tarnish, & when you come I think I shall have to look at your pictures to see your face as it once was—I think you would like to know of the stock, so I will tell you—Hunter & Sailor—twenty head of cattle, the same that you left, with the addition of four cherry-red april-fool calves—Seventy sheep, twenty eight lambs, with the loss of only two lambs & one sheep which the dogs killed—two yearling swine with eight last monday youngkers. Mr & Mrs Yang & one kit—half a dozen fouls, two broods of chicks. . . . Mrs Harry called here this week & desired her love to you—I think your climate must by this time be too much for you, if so flee for your life, do not stay in all the plain, but do not do as Lots wife did—

We hear very splendid accounts of Theodore S—he has now gone to England on business not for himself, but is expected

home in August—I might now tell you enough about Church & people quarreling, & about gossiping as you said, but seem not to have time for I wish the letter to go this morning & you will perhaps be home soon enough to hear as much as you wish. I have often thought for six months past that if you was here you would wish yourself away—Pray write immediately & tell us what are your calculations & expectations—

yours as ever M H

Blakely Dec 7th 1833

My Dear Mother

I have written so many letters since I have had any or heard anything that I am almost discouraged, however I shall continue to write to you whether I get an answer or not—At present I get only about enough to pay my way but as long as I have to live as I do here it is just as good as more—But perhaps you would like to know what my business is—it may flatter you some—I think I am getting up a little in the world—I am at present a *negro driver* or rather a kind of corporal among the drivers of higher *rank*. I have for the present quit Engineering & I hope in the course of a few years to become a driver of some distinction —Oh if you could only see me fly into a passion & lay about me with "swinger" (my loaded cane) We drivers are real Belials, but I suppose it would be difficult for me to make you believe me quite so bad. In fact I only tell you what those are who are around me. I cant deny that I am a driver but I cant lay on my hundred lashes with half the grin that the Lady of the house where I board does—The negroes have fine times enough when under me. The worse thing I have done or one which I suppose you will condemn as the worst—is to give away my clothes till I am nearly as destitute as they—my only excuse for that is, that I can get them again probably—When I come home if I am not quite so well dressed as you may desire to see me, you must lay it in part to the Niggers—you mention or rather I had a letter—

a joint one with yours, from Cousin F. Hopkins you did not mention anything about her intended stay. She must have had an intolerably dull time I imagine, while at our house—I give myself some credit for helping a little when at Home —you & I could always contrive to make the best of things —If your little stock of change was out or nearly so, we could always put ours together, & slip Fred out at the North door for a pound of coffee or sugar & Chenang & Genessee never knew but we had a bag of it. There has been a vast deal of smuggling in at the North door that Pa never dreamed of—I am afraid from your description of the power in which they came the last time that family credit suffered a little but any way there is some fun in it after it is all over —I suppose the thickest of the apple pearing is over & that the most that is done now is to bring up occasionally a pumpkin for an evenings work—one or two pumpkins & a churning makes a pretty good evenings work—I always hated shucking walnuts because you always, Curtis fashion, made us clear away all the shucks & sweep up the same night —I have occasion to remember a great many of your living truths about my laziness which sticks to me yet—One way or another I manage to maintain my good old hours of getting up in the morning—That is one thing I will stick to— The weather since I have been here for the greater part of the time has been very delightful, much like our October weather—but it is said to be as bad as N Orleans in the summer for sickness—I intend to be somewhere else before that time comes—I cant bear to be more than a month or two in a place. You must not be surprised to hear from me almost any where but in Stock'ge which is a place I cant visit at present—You ought to see us ride in these steam cars at the rate of 20 or 25 miles an hour—it is full as animating as a sawmill when the mule is going—But when the Northend mill is in the act of stopping & the water shifts into the upper trough, & the Horses jumping—the Steam Engine can go no farther. I suppose Fred goes to school this winter so when he is gone you can bring out the stand & put on your calash & nearby's, (If you can find them) &

tell me all what is going on at home & abroad for I hear from nobody else—I wish particularly to be remembered to Grand Ma & all my Uncles & Aunts—tell Aunt Sarah my whiskers are bigger than ever—& Aunt Clarissa that I cant live much longer without a piece of her cheese—& Aunt Rhoda that she will have to sit again for me. How do they get along up there—I understand that Oc keeps the still going yet—Remember me to Uncle Isaac very particularly & Aunt Aurelia—Tell Uncle that I intend if possible to visit the Gold Mines in this state. Your Affectionate Son H H

P S I should like to know how you sustain your new honors—Mercy upon us, Grand-Ma Hopkins!!! Mary I suppose of course is her name—

Ask Papa how long he thinks it will be before he writes again—direct to Petersburg Virginia.

Wms. College Dec. 10, 1833

My Dear Mother—

Your visit here was one of the pleasantest occurrences of my life—I know how much anxiety you have had for me, and to have you feel that I am comfortably situated is no small addition to the pleasure of being so—

Dec. 17: Evening After Exhibition

My Dear Mother, I had written the above which I intended to send just as a remembrance—I have now to thank you again and again for your most valuable present. Every thing that you sent is acceptable and valuable to us. Frederic went to the tavern and left his horses and things and then came here and waited a long time for me, but went away before I came and had his horses put out. As soon as I came I heard from the girl (for Mary had gone out to meeting) that a man had been here who said that Capt. Hopkins sent him here, and that he had some things for me at the Mansion House. I did not know what to make of it, and went up at once—There I found Fred—I asked him no

questions, for I did not know but he had brought bad news, but inquired for letters. He pulled them out and I read yours —and I can only repeat how much we are obliged to you, though really I can hardly feel reconciled to your having been at so much trouble for us. This evening I have had the things all brought down and they are very nice—I had bought 30 pounds of butter, which was partly gone and would not have lasted us, but it was all I could conveniently get. Mary is getting the baby to sleep. She joins with me in thanking you. She says she thinks she shall take your advice and stay at home. I wish I had something I could send in return but can only say that I am as ever

Your Affect Son
Mark Hopkins

Blakely Jan 8th 1834

Direct to Blakely Depot
North hampton Co
North Carolina

My Dear Father

The Capt of the Steam Engine from Petersburg to night handed me a letter the first glance at which made my blood tingle. The sight of your or Mama's handwriting always brings you both, my dear Father & Mother, you & the old House, the Poplars, the Old Maple, the Garden—in fact all that I have seen & known from my Youth up comes upon me with a rush—A letter from you is always most welcome. This was particularly so, & I am the more grateful for it knowing the great task it is for you to write—But to hear that you never got an answer to the one you wrote me to Phila made me quite outrageous—Confound all the Jackson Postmasters. If this does not go I shall be tempted to go myself—I am delighted to hear that you & Mama are so well & so comfortable & in so good spirits, Wheat enough, Oats enough for the Horses, Hay to sell, & Woodhouse full of Wood & nothing to do but sit down before a roarer & sing High pretty Martin to a Northeaster—I know very well that you

are not the man to be in trouble for something to do where there is *nothing* to do in the Winter, That is the time I always did *dread*—The first thing is—Boys take up the Ashes. Then with all the force that can be raised & levers, sleds, & prys, comes a backlog thundering into the South Stoop—But there is the pinch, Oh the strains & tugs I have had when we get it almost up—At last up it comes bolt against both sides of the door too big to go in—Then—ease it back softly Boys—Then comes the worst of all having to let it back & all the tugging for nothing—But down it comes & the Old House trembles to the foundation. Then turn him up on another tack—cant it round & let the knot go in first—No Sir I say, it will never go in so—Harry do you let your Pa have his own way—"I'll risk it," dont lets be here all day about this little stick—where are you! Then with a dreadful grunt it rolls into the Kitchen carrying half the snow in the yard—But I am wasting my paper on Backlogs. I hope I may have one more chance . . .

(Ben, some more fire)—you desire me to tell all how it is with me which I will endeavor to do, I meant to before but my pen will run about Home in spite of me—Ben is body servant—a smart intelligent negro—I am now writing in a railroad office in Blakely N. C. where I spend most of my time—I have not left the Engineering Corps as you seem to suppose but was stationed here by Mr Robinson the Man under whom I have been engaged from the first—Nearly all the labour is done by negroes the most of whom are slaves—they are much like our Negroes—Generally stout & active, more faithful & better labourers than ours—very good mechanics—The men we employ are hired Slaves—They cost $60 or 70 a year & the Company clothe & feed them. But such clothing! They are treated no better than beasts—make them lay on the ground in hovels & without a blanket—But the Company gives them enough to eat—corn & Bacon—A terrible whip lays here by my side with which one of our overseers flogged one yesterday because he pretended he was frost bitten & could not work—I believe it was all pretence—at any rate he went well enough after it—This

man has been a negro driver all his life he thinks no more of flogging one that of eating his breakfast—

I hope you will write as often as you can, as this is a great pleasure to me & almost the only one I have—

Your affectionate Son H H

Blakely Depot
North Carolina
March 1st 1834

Dear Sister Mary

The seasons of the year bring similar associations & we often find ourselves wandering in dreams & shadows of something past which may be traced to a gentle breeze, the scented air, the colour of the sky,—Sometimes too a North wester comes with its shadows & another thing which is no trope—numb fingers & a blue nose—In fact all external nature is the nervous system of our minds by which we are the involuntary subjects of pleasure or pain from the past & future—There! I hope I may now feel myself at liberty to commence a letter in my own way—You certainly would indulge me if you knew what a severe throe the above cost me but as you are the wife of a moral philosopher of course a philosopher yourself I thought it necessary to commence with a little imitation slang just by way of making the rest readable, but believe me I had rather give a nigger 39 any time than do it again—One thing however I am determined on though it is out of my line of business, that you shall have a Sister & if that inveterate old Bachelor Albert does not do it soon I will do it myself . . . By the way in case of necessity how should you like one of the brunette order, hair little crispy or so, very graceful & beautiful, of the languishing creole Order—They are all the go here now & one must you know conform to the customs of a country in which fortune casts him—thats orthodox—I suppose the 72 might turn up their noses a little perhaps, but believe me it is nothing but bigoted prejudice which ought not to be tolerated—"All men & all women are born free & equal" is our country's

motto, But all this philosophy tells you intuitively—You must however inculcate this truth in the mind of my little niece for Isabella is very fond of children—By the way a Plantation of say a 2 or 3000 Acre cut on the Roanoke with the trimmings would be no bad winters job—My way of thinking—I hope you agree with me.
Mark seems I think pretty well subdued, & if I may judge, is not over refractory in tending & rocking. You must recollect that a man must be expected though he spins ever so good a yarn of philosophy in the Lecture room, to snap his thread & kick over his wheel for a few first times in the nursery—He tells me the little witch is vastly handsome & is already beginning to cut away right & left without mercy with a pair of blue eyes exactly like her mothers—If that is the case there is no telling what ruin she will not do bye & bye—It will give me great pleasure to hear from you

Your very Affectionate Brother

H H

The next letter tells of the decision to move from the Sloane House to a smaller one standing where Hopkins Hall is now. Many years later that house was moved onto the land now occupied by the College Library, and at present it stands on lower ground further back, and enlarged and renovated is still a professor's house.

Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins lived in that house until the year 1860, moving then back into the Sloane House which had been changed into the permanent President's House.

In this letter also is mentioned the fact that at that time "the faculty thought it best to leave 'the meeting house,' (which stood then where Field Park is now), and worship by themselves."

Sunday Eve. March 23d 1834—

My Dear Mother,

We expect to move the first, or more probably the second week in April and shall have a great deal to do. Mary has

sold the carpet in the front room and has sent for another for both the rooms there which will have to be made, and as the place is new and no garden or shrubbery, we shall need the most of our time. It is however my intention to get to Stockbridge and make a short visit. Albert thinks of going to Philadelphia to see about the apparatus and hopes some he may see Harry there.

I suppose Albert wrote to you every thing about Mr Foote's meeting. Dr Griffin and Mr Gridley had been disagreeing about some points of doctrine for some time, one preaching one thing and the other another. Foote's coming seemed to bring the matter to a crisis, and the Faculty all thought it best to leave the meeting house and have worship by ourselves. This made a good deal of talk but it seemed necessary. A few of Mr Gridley's people have left him and go to the Chapel and those who remain are not united. I must confess I could not go along with Mr Foote in his call, his doctrines or measures—How many of his converts are genuine I can say nothing of, but the system seems to me calculated to promote self deception. Going away has increased my labors, for the President is unable to preach but half the time, and I preach the other half. He preaches a written sermon in the morning and I an extempore one in the afternoon—This with my other duties gives me quite as much as I wish to do—I dont see as preaching has much tendency to make me better—; after the sermon I have to scramble along as well as I can just like any one else. If I had time I should write my sermons, but I have as yet written only three and two of those ar'nt good for much—

Albert boards with us, as he may have mentioned.—The butter that you sent lasts yet, though I believe it is nearly gone, so you see we use a good deal. If I can I shall keep a cow next summer—The cheese and walnuts last yet.

If you have that old red cradle about the house I wish you would get it ready in case we should go down and then the little baby and her father will have been rocked in the same cradle—Love to Father—

Your Son—M. Hopkins

The next four letters give an account of Harry's sickness and death. He had given promise of great things along many lines, artistic, literary, and social, and he was so charming and so beloved that we can think of no sorrow greater for his mother and father and brothers.

Here is a little story which his mother told of her children's childhood. One day a neighbor's little girl came in to play with the boys. She was a nice little girl and their mother said to her, "Perhaps when you grow up you will marry Mark." The little girl looked up and said, "How old is Harry?"

Richmond July 12th 1834

Dear Brother Mark

I sit down immediately to thank you for your *long & obliging letter* by John. Confound you for an old married man—However I must confess I have no great to say—I should have answered yours before but thought I would wait until I changed my place which I have at last done & glad am I, for more reasons than one—I have told you before that the people are the very *worst kind* always fighting clubbing & drinking—it is almost impossible to keep out of it. I have made out however to get away without being killed or having killed my man—no credit—Another thing it is a very sickly place, even the natives dont pretend to stand it but are sick a great deal of time & regularly all that are able, go to the Springs—I am now getting better of the worst fit of sickness by half that I ever had, a regular Colonel & Doctor time of it—awful fever & a little wild they tell me but that I dont believe. It held me 8 or 10 days before I could get well enough to come to Petersburg, where I stayed a couple of days & yesterday came on to the Capital of the old dominion—I have not been able to look about me much as my feet are yet sore with blotches & will be yet for some days—I should think however from what I can discover that it is in general a very filthy place but the environs appear very pretty—I find John here with his party. I am not like to be pleased with any thing I shall probably find about this

country—partly prejudice I suppose, but I shall be very sorry for my self when I do like them—but you know something of them & can judge for yourself—If I had known I could have had so long a time I should have gone Home & saved a fit of sickness—I have lived like a dog for 8 months past but even a dogs life is sometimes pleasant as mine has generally been. It has been a kind of Savage independence & I am quite ferocious both in aspect & disposition. Some like Joe Beverly—I had not long since a long letter from Mr K—He says your sermons beat all that was ever heard of in the country, He seems to think there is nothing like you—I have lately had a letter from Mrs *Harry* professing herself the representative of the 72—The worst of it is the answering such letters; one from Mrs *Theodore* also thanking me for some seeds—both of which I have answered in a kind of a Sedgwick way you know—

We expect to camp out & shall all get sick I think most likely—Dont let this lay forever before you answer it. I want the answer this minute—

Your Affectionate Brother H H

The following is from John Henry Hopkins, a cousin, who from a child had lived much at Cherry Cottage.

Richmond Va Aug 25th 1834

My Dear Cousin Mark,

Since writing my last letter to Mary I removed Harry in an improving condition to Richmond and as my business was very urgent I left him here and was engaged some 25 miles in the country—

On Friday last I sent a serv't to ascertain the state of his health and was surprized and grieved to learn on Saturday that he had not improved at all but was rather worse than he had been—

I came immediately to Town and found Harry, as I had heard, considerably worse than he had been—I thought

under the circumstances it was proper to call in a physician to consult with Dr Nelson.

The two physicians have visited him twice and changed in a slight degree the practice formerly followed. I asked them their free opinion on the probable termination of his case. They said they could give no decided opinion just at present, that the disease would take a decided turn in a few days —that they thought the probability was decidedly in favor of his recovery but that there was certainly danger that the disease might take the contrary course and terminate fatally.

This is precisely what they say—and I judge that they think it is rather a doubtful case—though not a decidedly dangerous one—

Every person tells me that nervous fevers nearly always take this course and nearly always—when the constitution is naturally good—terminate favorably—There are other cases in Town similar to Harry's—all either have—or are likely to terminate favorably—though I think none of them have had as severe an attack as his—I cannot, after all conceal from myself—nor do I wish to from you, if it is true—that there *is* danger to be apprehended in Harry's case.

I shall remain with him so long as that continues the case—He has every possible attention. He has an excellent nurse, an old black woman to attend upon him constantly—and the Lady of the house is a kind good woman and much accustomed to have sick persons in her house—

Harry often enquires for you—and probably oftener for Albert whom he has been anxious to see before he sailed for Europe—He often wishes he could see Uncle & Aunt but has never asked me to write for any of you—As in all cases of nervous fevers he is occasionally deranged, but a large portion of his time he is perfectly sensible.

On the whole I wish it could be convenient for one of you to come and see him and in relation to Aunt & Uncle I leave it to your own judgment whether it would be advisable for either of them to come here—I repeat—Harry does not suffer in the least degree for want of attention of any kind.

I will mention that the place is perfectly healthy—so far as any epidemic is concerned, and is called a very healthy place—

yours affectionately

John Henry

Richmond Thursday Sept. 4th 1834

My Dear Parents,

We are here, and have found Harry alive. We got in this morning after travelling all night by stage, and came to this house entirely ignorant of his condition and fate. Of course the relief was very great to find that he was alive and better. He was asleep when we came which was a little before breakfast, and we did not think it best to wake him or to go in suddenly upon him. After he had awaked and been told that we were there, we went in, but he was so weak that it seemed as if it would overcome him. He knew us at once, and put his arms around our necks—but you can hardly have any idea of his weakness and emaciation. I suppose from the accounts here that he has been as near death as almost any one ever was and live. His landlady says that they gave him a quart of wine in one night, besides mint julip some of the time, once in ten minutes. His worst time seems to have been about a week ago, and they all say that since Sunday he is decidedly better. The Physicians speak of him now with a good deal of confidence—They give him no medicine or next to none. It is evident that there is fever yet about him, but they say that it will have its course and that it is nursing which he needs and I think they are right. He seems to have had everything done for him that could be except that he neglected himself too long at first. He shows quite often signs of wandering of mind, and though at times he seems quite rational yet I presume he will remember nothing of what happens now when the disease entirely leaves him. He seems to be quiet, he sleeps a great deal, lying awake a short time and then falling into a doze or slumber. We did not find John here, he having left last night, so that we passed him

on the road. I do not know when he will return, probably in a few days.

I believe I have given you a correct account of Harry's present state. I think there is decided ground for hope, and yet he is so weak that a very slight thing might bring on a relapse. I hope we shall leave nothing undone.

Albert joined me in N. Y. and we hoped to get here yesterday afternoon, but it was impossible. We feel, and I am sure you will, that we have great reason to thank God that we found him alive and with so much prospect for recovery.

I am hardly fit to write, having rode all night by stage, every thing about me still seems moving—We have both born the journey very well. One of us will write again in a day or two. We shall both spend the Sabbath here, and how much longer it is impossible to say. I had hoped to be with you last tuesday but now I may not be able to see you at all this vacation.

Your affect. Son

M. Hopkins

My dear Parents

I have just come from Harrys room where I have been fanning him for an half hour in the absence of his nurse. It is an airy south west corner room in an upper story near the State House. His nurse is a black woman about 50 very kind and attentive. I have nothing in particular to add to Marks statement. He enquired after you both and seemed anxious to know how things were going on. Asked how his bank stood and said he must be at home when the cider was made. Wanted to know what Pa is about &c, but in much that he says his mind appears to be confused. I wish to stay with him as long as is necessary

Believe me your affec'e son A. Hopkins

Richmond Sept. 5 1834

My Dear Parents,

I wrote last night giving as accurate an account as I could of Harry's condition. He continued much the same till in

the evening, when he suddenly complained of pain in his bowels—this continued some time and seemed to be intense. During its continuance it was necessary to give him stimulants as he was evidently sinking. His pulse however came up, and they seemed to think the danger was over. This was about half past ten. I then lay down, they having promised to wake me if any change occurred. Albert remained with him till half past two, during which time it was necessary to use stimulants but at that time his fever came on and he lay down. His physicians were with him all the early part of the evening and one of them remained during the night. After a little time however his fever left him and he evidently began to sink. They then called us, and notwithstanding any thing that could be done for him, he grew lower and lower till about ½ past five when he expired—Harry, dear Harry is gone—May the God of all consolation support you and support us all under this great bereavement. It is God's hand, and in that alone we can find consolation. He knew us when he was dying, and seemed to have his reason but could say very little. When Albert said to him that Christ was able to keep his soul, he said, "he is able", and he seemed to understand and assent to a number of similar expressions. He died very calmly and without a struggle. After the pain in his bowels left him I do not think he was conscious of pain.

We have sent for John, and he may be here at the funeral, which we expect will be tomorrow at 11. We shall probably leave here on Monday, and I shall go directly to Stockbridge.

Your Affect Son
Mark Hopkins

Dear Parents

The impression left by our letter of yesterday I presume was that Harry was not out of danger—there was however much hope until the change which the disease took in the evening of which Mark has spoken. After that I feared he could not rise owing to his extreme weakness—and as I did

not know but he might die before morning I determined not to leave him. Sometime about midnight I asked him if he had pain he said he had not. His extremities which had been cold during the evening now resumed their usual warmth and at two o'clock he had considerable fever and asked for food which we gave him. The weather being so exceedingly sultry (as indeed it had been all day) he wished to be fanned. I fanned him and he seemed to be somewhat relieved insomuch that I thought it prudent to lie down, the watcher engaging to wake me in case he grew worse. This he did between four and five. Seeing him very weak we both asked him if he knew us He answered yes & called us by name. I then asked him to resign his spirit into the hands of Jesus adding that "he was able to keep that which we committed to him against that day." He said "he is able". I then repeated that passage of scripture which says that "whosover cometh unto him he will in no wise cast out" and asked him if he remembered it, he said "yes". On being again asked if he could not resign himself in to the hands of the Savior he said yes. These questions he seemed to answer understandingly though his mind for the most part of the time as has been said, was wandering. Soon after this he began to breathe in deep sighs with considerable intervals between them. These we watched as we stood over him but as we were waiting for another we found that his last breath was drawn. Dear dear Harry, dear Harry was gone. I felt resigned. I would not have taken the disposal even of his case out of my Saviors hands. I see in the decision which he came to in the Spring not to visit home, the first step in a train of means by which God had determined to remove him from the world. I cannot but feel thankful and regard it as a special kindness that we were permitted to come as we did when he could know and embrace us. He even smiled when he looked upon me and spoke of the desire he had had to see me before visiting Paris. So there is mercy mingled even with this bitter judgment. Farewell my dear Parents—expect to hear from me again from N. York—

Yr affectionate son A. Hopkins

For some time before this Albert had been thinking and planning about a trip abroad to purchase apparatus for an astronomical observatory and to buy books. Just at this date he was ready for the great adventure and sailed on September 16, 1834, on the *Hibernia*, a packet ship.

New York 15th Sept. 1834

My dear Brother Mark

In accordance with what I expected, I have engaged passage in the Hibernia which sails to morrow. The Steam Boat which is to carry passengers to the ship will leave the wharf near the battery at 11. Mr Kellog has directions which will enable you to get a letter to me at Paris in the course of a few weeks. I wish you would write so that I may get a letter on my arrival in Paris which I intend shall be about the beginning of winter, meanwhile expect to hear from me by the first opportunity. I commit myself to him who controls the waves and who keeps his Saints.

Remember me affectionately to Sister & also to little niece

The Lord bless you and do you
good both of you—is the prayer of
Your affectionate Brother
A. Hopkins

Williamstown
Oct 6. 1834—

My Dear Mother,

I am sure you will like to get a line from me, though I have nothing new to tell you—Poor dear Harry, the thoughts of him come into my mind almost constantly, but he is gone, and grief is of no use except to prepare us to go also. It may even have a bad effect. I hope you will, together with Father, be sustained, that you will not have overmuch sorrow, that you will find comfort in something better than *any thing* in this world.

No doubt you saw the notice of him in the Lenox paper.[1]

[1] We are indebted to Mr. Ballard, the curator of the Pittsfield Athenæum, for the copy of this notice, which follows:

I was sure you would, or I should have sent mine down. It was written by Miss Sedgwick—I have as yet received no letter from John, though he said he would write. College is going on very well thus far, that is we have a good number of well behaved students. Near 40 have entered this fall. I have been more busy than usual. At first one of the Tutors was sick with a billous fever, and I had his recitations to hear and the very day he was able to do any thing, the President failed and now I am hearing his recitations besides my own. It costs me however but little labor to hear many of the recitations, as I am familiar with the subjects. The President is getting better, and hopes to be out soon. He is however quite infirm and I am not very sanguine about it.

The baby does'nt run alone yet. She is a stubborn little thing—and where she gets her spunk from I dont know unless she goes back one generation—

Your Affect Son M. H.

From Massachusetts Eagle
published at Lenox, Mass.
Thursday, September 18, 1834.

## DIED

Last week, in Richmond, Va. Mr. Harry Hopkins, son of Capt. Archibald Hopkins of Stockbridge, aged 30 years.

The intelligence of Mr. Hopkins' death has blighted a home that his life, from its beginning to its end, made most happy—happy without one shadow of anxiety or regret. He has left a vacant place in many a heart that none other can fill. Many a family among us mourn as if a son and brother were taken from them. On these it is superfluous to attempt to impress his worth,—to them his character is a beacon light that love and memory will cherish. But a simple unexaggerated tribute to him may show what are the qualities that secure the warmest affection, that best tend to elevate and embellish social existence.

Mr. Hopkins' life was chiefly spent in the sequestered village of Stockbridge and in the occupations of agriculture.

> "Oft did the harvest to his sickle yield,
> His furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke."

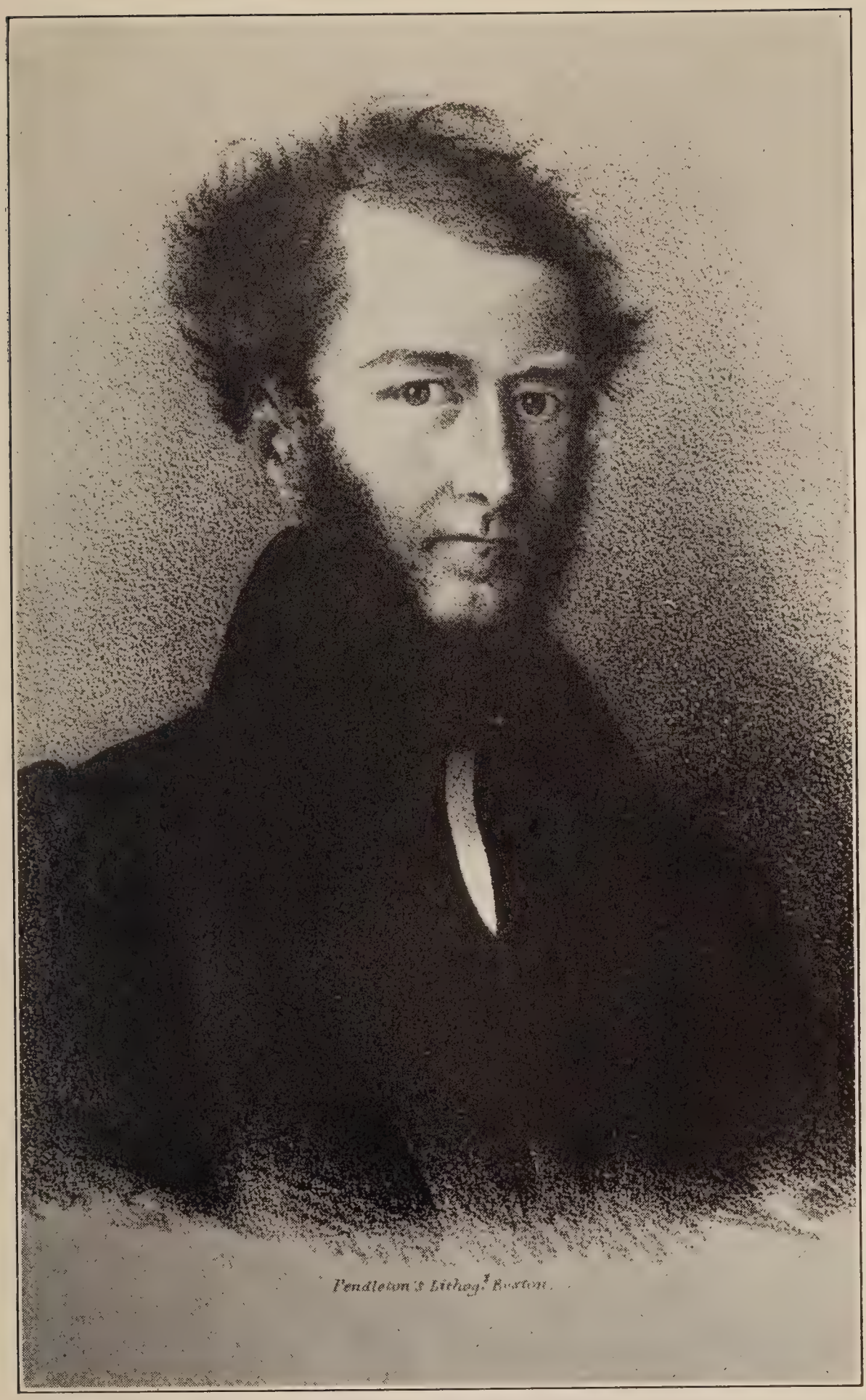
But while successfully performing the hard labors of a New England husbandman his mind was not limited to them. Mother earth was his friend and teacher as well as parent.

His mind was as busy as his hand. He enquired into the mysteries of nature. He looked with a curious eye into all the earth his ploughshare turned. Its productions were never a dead letter to him.

He showed us how beauty and interest may be given to a rural home without expense, or any artificial help. He set the flowers of the field in his garden. The economy of the Bee was a study to him. He tamed the shy squirrel and timid birds, and while they fearlessly revealed their instincts to his watchful eye he made them enjoy the social principle by which he linked them to him.

Everything was so well proportioned and so well adjusted in his character that it did not, like the fabled statue need the sun to elicit its music, but its harmonies were felt in all lights, and in the deep shadows that but too often fell over his destiny.

He was fond of intellectual pursuits. He loved the arts. He had a gift for poetry and painting. He had the most refined and chivalric sentiment for woman, manners that would have embellished any drawing-room in our land. And yet when cut off from a favorite pursuit by a disease of his eyes, he returned to the culture of the farm with a resolute and cheerful spirit, and like the little stream of his native valley on which his eye so often rested, his secluded and humble pathway was marked with fertility and beauty. His gifts and graces were his own—they cannot be attained by imitation, but his industry, resolution, purity, disinterestedness, gentleness, his reverence for religion and his fulfilment of the law of love, are virtues that may be copied. It is a happy cir-




HENRY HOPKINS

Died 1834, Aged 30

cumstance in the life of an individual to have known such a man. It may be a most blessed one, if those who grieve for him follow his example. [Communicated.

Then this from the sorrowing mother.

Prof Mark Hopkins
Williams College

*To my dear Son & Daughter*
As the term is about drawing to a close, both your Father & I would say, that if consistent & agreeable with yourselves, we wish you to come with your little one & spend the vacation with us, & if the traveling will admit your Father will see you home when you wish, & we will make you as comfortable as we can, but you will not expect to find it with us as in times past, for joy & gladness have fled from our hearts, & cheerfulness from our dwelling—You have all ready told me that it is not good to mourn too much, I very well know it is so, but how shall I ever forbear lamenting for such a dear, very dear son,

O Harry, what a very dear son he was,
Even now, if my eyes were a fountain of tears,
In grief I could weep them away,
And should my sad moments amount unto years,
My sorrows would lengthen each day;
Now sadly & softly I tread the lone way
Which leads to the threshold above,
There silently waiting as if I would say
O where is the son of my love;
Not the sound of a footstep or voice to be heard,
Which so often has welcom'd me there,
But a voice from the grave which so late I had fear'd,
Says the living no longer is here;
Then unbidden in anguish I enter the room,
With fearing to lengthen my breath

For the curtains are drawn & each shade has a gloom,
Which appears like the shadow of death;
The Violin there in the drawer unstrung,
And its cords which all mouldering lie,
Bring at once to my mind the past music & song,
And teaches me all things must die.
My sorrows then bid me to turn from the scene,
Which is dark as the blackness of night,
And turning, I gaze on the Image of him,
Who was once my fond hope & delight,
And though hastily drawn by the hand now unseen,
Appears like an Angel of light.—

I would mention that we have had three letters from Albert, one from Liverpool, from Manchester, & from London in which he mentioned that he had just written to you.

Your most affectionate Mother
M H

Love to the baby

The next is a letter from John Henry Hopkins, the same cousin with whom Harry had been working.

Richmond Oct 17th

My very dear Aunt.

It is one month since I have had a constant intention of writing to you and one week since I told Albert in a letter that I would at once write to you.

I have never felt equal to writing to you since the most melancholy and afflicting blow we all suffered & particularly you, Aunt, in the departure from this world of our beloved Harry—

O! Aunt I thought him perfect—I loved him as well as I could love any one—I loved him & esteemed him & honored him—And what made me feel the sadder was that my conscience upbraided & still upbraids me with a want of consideration in his case—I shall never forget having thought,

the last day he was in the field, that his languid air, caused by his approaching sickness, was an indication of a want of industry—The most industrous & hard working man might on that day have pleaded intolerable heat as a reason for inactivity—But he did not—his sickness caused him to appear languid and I feared he wanted the will to exert himself—

I cannot think of those his last days with me, without weeping—But I know you feel the affliction so much deeper —though without a shadow of self reproach—than any one else can, that I shall be silent.

You probably know that I was not at the burial—I went to the grave however, afterwards with a friend—He pointed out the grave to me. On receiving a letter from Electa I determined on the first sunday I spent in town to go again and see if I could still recognise the spot. I had fixed on last sunday to go and just then I received Albert's letter—I went and after finding the spot I called on the sexton and asked him whether he had a record of the grave of each person who was buried—Upon his saying he did, I asked him to point out a grave, mentioning the date of the burial & the name.—He told me, on refering to his books the disease, the profession and age of Harry—He then walked with me to the grave—the same place, where I had previously from recollection, gone—There can be no doubt about it—That grave holds the remains of your lamented son—

I hope you will write to me—Give my most affectionate remembrance to Uncle and believe me

with all sincerity
Your loving nephew
John Henry

Liverpool Oct 12th 1834

My dear Brother Mark

Before the arrival of this letter you will doubtless be beginning to feel some anxiety in relation to me. That kind providence however which has sustained me hitherto has conveyed me safely over the Ocean and brought me to the Har-

bor of my destination. We arrived on thursday last after a passage of 23 days, a very little longer than the average—which is reckoned about 21, much shorter however than we had reason to anticipate at the commencement of our voyage. The next morning after our departure the wind began to blow from the N. E. and as the coast of Long Island made it dangerous to sail in that direction we were obliged to make a southern tack and were driven down as far south as Washington. The wind blew all that day part of the time with considerable violence, insomuch that the waves were lifted up not exactly into Mountains but into tremendous rolls which caused the Ship to flounder and pitch at a most terrible rate. This you may well suppose proved a pretty severe test for stomachs—coming so suddenly and before we had become accustomed to the motion of the vessel. Before I arose I rather enjoyed the motion but immediately on coming upon deck I perceived it was impossible to prevent sea sickness. Accordingly in a few minutes I began to be sick and continued so during the day. Having been advised if sick not to go below I remained on deck and as the wind was blowing and the rain beating furiously and my sickness was such as I cannot describe nor at present myself conceive, you may suppose the day was not spent in a manner the most agreeable. The next day the wind in a measure subsided though the sea of course continued rough and my sickness remained though somewhat abated. After this we were becalmed almost completely. On the sabbath as little seemed to be doing I proposed having service. The Capt consented and accordingly between 1 and 2 we assembled. The Capt. ordered the men aft. The steerage passengers made their way along, the cabin passengers came up and altogether constituted quite a respectable audience, the greater part of them were Catholics—that is among the steerage passengers. Among the cabin passengers one was a Quaker, himself I understand quite a celebrated preacher—he was at least a great traveller and much of a gentleman. One was a Unitarian—an Eng'h Gent. something resembling Mr Ashburner, a great traveller also, excellent company & a man of

wealth. A third was a Catholic a Gent'n from Trieste. A fourth Unitarian I conclude Eng'h merchant, a fifth an American Merchant a professor of religion and a man of character whose company I was very glad to enjoy during my passage. A sixth an American merchant—a worldly man. Thus I have given you a little account of our cabin passengers in a place where I did not expect to. As for the exercise it seemed to be pleasant and I hope did some good.

Twenty one days from the time of starting we came in sight of the south of Ireland. The next day we passed Holy Head and the next day Thursday came into port. Friday I started for Manchester on the celebrated Rail Road. It is probably the most perfect one of the kind in the world. The motion is perceptibly faster than on the Baltimore. You perceive I have no room to tell about Manchester, nor have I time. I shall write a short letter home which you can read. To morrow I start for Chester 16 miles south, if I can make provision to send my luggage on direct. I will make mention here that I called last upon the famous Dr Ruffles and attended his church to day. He is an orator, "after the English style." Give my love to dear Sister and endeavor to increase my acquaintance with Louisa that I may be favorably known on my return

Your affectionate Brother

Albert Hopkins

Present my respects to the Prest and also my best
love to Mr & Mrs Kellog.
Remember me also to Mr Calhoun

The following letters are from Albert during his trip to Europe.

London Octr 30th 1834

My dear Brother

You will perceive from the date of this letter that I am in London, the metropolis of Britain and in some sense of the world, certainly so far as I have had an opportunity of view-

ing it—it possesses all that vastness which I have in idea, attached to London from my childhood. I seemed last evening to my self like a man penetrating in various directions a vast wilderness, of which he could no-where find the limits. And after miles of travel to day I find myself in the same predicament. Streets crossing streets—a rush of people and coaches, far more thick and furious than in Broadway. Immense palaces some of them blackened with the smoke of centuries—lofty spires—in fact every thing which can impose upon or fascinate the mind meet the wondering stranger in every direction.

St Pauls I had reserved for a nice hour wishing to put off a view of it for a day or two as we sometimes keep a bit of something precious for a special time. But as the Hotel where I live was near the church I came full upon it the next (yesterday) morning and was unable to avoid viewing it. The impression of the building is similar to that which I have received from a few other works of art. It causes a deep sigh—in the case of St Pauls, I could hardly help crying. The impression comes from a soothing sense (I can express it by no other word) of fine just proportion combined with vastness and antiquity. This last ingredient I had not expected in St Pauls but blackened as it is by the smoke of nearly two centuries it has become, though in a state of perfect preservation venerable from the lapse of years. I have not yet ascended it—the weather having been for the most part dull always here as you know, & sufficiently smoky. I have spent the day to day, principally with Mr William Coffin the Astronomer. My road to his lodgings which are at the Old Hummums Covent gardens, led me through Ludgate Hill St, the temple Bar—Fleet St (the impression of which made in our south chamber by the old Tattler, I recollect distinctly) & Drury Lane all famous. At about 10 we started and walked through the Quadrant in Regent St a long series of buildings in the form of a crescent beautifully regular and fronted with fine pillars.[1] From here after some meanderings we passed down to the ruins of both houses of Parlia-

[1] These were removed in 1848.

ment. The disaster of the burning took place when I was in Wales; The news was carried like one of General Jacksons messages and has been the common topic of Bar Room gossip ever since. They appear large but nothing so grand as the lithographic prints of them in the shop windows, which I found every where for sale though I followed pretty close upon the fire. Near the ruins however indeed just opposite, is an object which as it cannot easily be conceived can much less be described. Westminster Abbey is a very ancient Gothic structure, in a state of beautiful preservation and in its original form, with the exception of two towers at one extremity which were added by Sir Christopher Wren, not, in my opinion, with deference to that great architect, exactly in good taste. The impression which this building produces is rather that of admiration & wonder, there is not the unity of impression which there is in St. Pauls. Still it is grand. It will hold one in silence. After this passed along by the new Palace in st. James Park and many other places of interest which time will not permit me now to describe up to the shop of the famous Houghton. (?)

Here was a transit instrument cased up belonging to Mr Coffin which he purchased some years ago for his own use, but owing to the failure of his eyes abandoned the idea of erecting an Observatory and now offers it for sale. I think it probable I shall purchase it as well as some other instruments from him. But of this I shall write in a few weeks to Prof. Kellogg. I had formed the plan of a letter entirely different from this intending to give you some account of my journey, but this I must do when I see you, should God spare my life to return. I will only say at present that I carried into effect the plan I mentioned to you of walking through the country. That is I walked and rode as I pleased down through Wales to Cardiff the residence of the Coffins and from thence through Bristol to London. O how many times during my walk as I passed by beautiful scenes and old castles did I think of Harry, especially after attempting to sketch the Castle at Ludlow, I could not but mourn afresh over him.

How is my Sister Mary—I wish she could take a range with me through Cheapside. Give my love to her and a kiss if you continue friends. Adieu Y'rs Aff'ly ALBERT HOPKINS

Paris Dec 12th 1834

My Dear Brother

Through the preserving goodness of Providence I am as you see in Paris. I left London on wednesday the 3d of Dec. and arrived here on Saturday morning. I was accompanied by a Mr Paxton a clergyman from the southern states—Virginia formerly—though he is now settled in Kentucky. He is the clergyman who some years since liberated his slaves. The family is that of Mrs Rostan (Madame I should say) we give a hundred francs a month that is about $5 a week, this includes every thing but lights and fire the latter of which is very dear—however as we keep but one we are able to economise.

As I have been but a short time in the city I can of course tell you but little of it. It is only necessary however to pass one of the bridges of the Seine to be convinced that it is very splendid. The Palaces which like those in England are mostly in the form of Hollow squares are exceedingly large and highly ornamented. The gardens and parks are also magnificent. Our lodgings are in that part of the city where the students mostly reside and I am informed there are not less than 8 or 10 thousand—the medical students alone make an army. I had yesterday an opportunity of seeing something of a Paris audience at the lecture of Thernund.(?) It looked like the closing day in one of our four days meetings—an immense amphitheatre—with heads rising one over another and blocking up even the entrance. Thernund is a graceful but not a brilliant lecturer. I heard also yesterday a lecture from Poisson the famous mathemacin. It was quite amusing—he came out and went up to the blackboard—set down a few formulae and then began talking and figuring on the board, jumping up and down all the time with a most rapid gesticulation & speaking so fast that it seemed

to be about one syllable for an hour and a half without any interruption. He then dodged out of a side door. An American for the first time I am sure would smile at hearing Poisson or Biot who speaks not quite so fast but if possible with more motion. The celebrated Cousin to whose lecture room I went was not there being at present in the chamber of Peers. I shall endeavour to hear him before I leave—As yet I have done nothing about apparatus here. Brother P. and I have got an old frenchman who teaches for a song and will give us lessons every evening. How is your wife and babe or rather perhaps I should say young lady. Try to keep me in Sister Marys remembrance. And believe me your Affecte brother

A Hopkins

Paris 11th Jany 1835

My dear Brother

Your letter post-marked Dec. 6th reached me on Friday last. It really seemed to set me down in my old station, recitations—giving out appointments—books, shop, and various other things which you mention form a kind of "tout ensemble" which has become pretty well beat into the constitution of my habits. I had heard of the Drs illness through Bumpsted of Boston—and am glad to learn that he is better. It will relieve you of some of your burdens though you know I have always thought you had not enough to do for your health! It seems you get time to write for Beler(?) notwithstanding—By the way this reminds me of a question which has been asked me in Paris—namely—whether you were about putting out a work on Moral Philosophy? In Paris it is pretty much a matter of course that every man of any note should publish. I have not yet seen your friend Cousin who is I believe a member of the House of Peers, and has not yet commenced lecturing. Indeed I have of late attended but few lectures of any kind, the lecture rooms are commonly cold and uncomfortable and I soon found that my health would not enable me to sit in them. The Physi-

cian whom I have consulted is a haemopathist if you know what that is. The fundamental principle—and I think I have heard the thing talked of in America—is to administer as a remedy that which would produce the same disease in the healthy man—my dose accordingly was phosphorus! whether on the principle of "Haemopathy" or not I know not, but certainly the medicine appears to have done me good and I am now comfortably well. Had my health been good however, my knowledge of the French would not have enabled to understand. It takes about three months to understand a Frenchman—speaking to Frenchmen—a term unfortunately longer than I am likely to be able to spend in Paris. If the College were in different circumstances I should perhaps ask to have the term of my visit protracted as at the end of it I shall just be in a condition to improve—but this is out of the question.

From the rumours and intelligence of last week I fear the time of safe continuance for Americans here may not be very long. The Presidents [1] message arrived on thursday; and was immediately published both in French and English. It produced considerable excitement in Paris, and tended I understand, rather to exasperate the French. The subject was to have been brought before the chamber soon but it is not now probable that even that will be done. I should deprecate most seriously a war with France. The French are a nation of soldiers—war is their element. Paris is like a military arsenal. You can scarcely turn your eye in any direction without seeing a band of soldiers traveling the streets—bayonets glittering—and drums beating, as on a general training day in New England. The whole country is filled with mercenaries who have little fear of death and not much to live for, such butchers are not needed with us.

Owing in part to the state of my health I have not yet seen a great deal of Paris. The Louvre I have visited and the Gardin des Plants. Tell Dr Emmons that I want him here to take a walk with me through the Baron Caviers collection in Comparative Anatomy. Here are skeletons of the various

[1] President Andrew Jackson.

species of the human family, of beasts fishes and birds—rank and file—an immense army. Here are Lupine—Miobel—Brogniart & their coadjutors. I received the first letter which you wrote—as yet I have not had time to look much at books, but I will do my best to execute the order. I suppose the Profr will not complain if I over run his order a little. If you understood German I should like to purchase some German books for you, In fact you must study that language. My comrade Rev. Mr Paxton rec'd a day or two since a letter from Prof. Green of Danville College, Prof. of Belle-Lettres who is now at Berlin—he thinks Germany is every thing. He is there with his wife. Suppose you and Mrs Hopkins should spend a year in travelling. Give my best love to her. Little niece I suppose begins to lisp metaphysics. I dont know whether I mentioned seeing the Rev. Mark [1]—I breakfasted with him a few days after my arrival. He is very civil and a very good preacher.

Your affectionate Brother

Albert Hopkins

P. S. I called this afternoon on an American and to my surprise found there the last number of Belas' publication, containing your piece—somebody had written Wayland against it, though the American attributed it to you. This is the piece I believe which confirmed Mr Gridley in his notions on original sin. I believe it will be necessary for me to return by the way of London.

Paris March 3d 1835

My dear Brother

To day is *Shrove Tuesday*—a name which I used to see in the old Almanachs but the meaning of which I never fully comprehended. It appears according to the traditions of the church of Rome, that this is the season in which Christ was tempted and fasted forty days. Hence by papal logic it becomes the duty of all good christians to do so too. This is the

[1] Probably a cousin from Clinton.

last day in which meat is allowed—without paying the priest for the privilege of eating—hence probably more beef is consumed than during any day in the year. The memory of the temptation is preserved by making Devils who ride around the streets with pitchforks and probably cloven feet though I was not near enough to see. It is sometimes well enough to see the follies of men when it falls in ones way and accordingly I made business on the other side of the river where I saw more of the folly of Paris than probably I should have had opportunity to do during the rest of the year, but what interested me more than the processions was, that on arriving at Mr Stoddards I found a letter from you —dated Feb. 3d just a month ago. It appears then that the term has begun—it is a long, and important term in its religious consequences, commonly more so than any term in the year. For several years there has been solemnity more or less during this term and since the year when Cornings class were seniors every year some hopeful conversions. Where there is holy living and prayer this will continue to be the case. How do the young converts of last spring hold out? and how is it with the Elles's and the French's? I am really unable to refrain from what I may call holy laughter, for the first time this long while, when I think of these men. As for the church in College—it cannot flourish if the ordinances are not administered there. They must be administered I think, and preaching must be maintained there. I should myself be willing to preach if necessary, though the probability of my doing so is less than it was. The letter of Prof Kellogg reached me a week ago on sunday, containing much news for which I am really greatly obliged to him. Thernards chemistry which your letter of to-day mentions I purchased last evening—it is not yet completed—the last edition I mean—I have however subscribed for it—in the present state of chemical science, the newest editions are very important. The chemistry of Berghollet is expensive—I will however get it—Perhaps some works such as Turners last edition in English—Faraday's manipulations &c would be

more useful, but we must have them all. In buying books I go very much by fits. A while ago I was all for old books—one or two tomes will not perhaps disgrace the Prof's largest niches —among other expensive works I have bought one on European geography—on a new plan, a work on which Lacrois (whom by the way I have had the honor to see) has pronounced a decided eulogy. Dr Emmons shall have his full share in my collection nor shall the professor of Morals and metaphysics be overlooked if such authors as Marcus Antoninus and *Aristotle* can afford any gratification. I wish I knew whether the Prof'r would like the history of Polybius—the works of Dion Cassius and some others of a similar character which I could pick up.

I feel some embarrassed on the subject of chemical products about which Mr Lassell has said nothing—undoubtedly they ought to be obtained here but I know not precisely what the chemists want. I will at any rate get catalogues of articles and prices. My own articles come on slowly—Pisii pretends that his men have been sick, what is done I shall send immediately—

You perceive from the date of this letter that it is March —having an order from the Prof'r for books at London and some things in relation to the apparatus to attend to there, I have made up my mind to return that way. As it will not impede me much I shall probably go by the way of Brussels and the low countries, this will make my stay in Paris short but as my *speaking* knowledge of the language must be at best small I shall not much regret it.

I have told you nothing about my interview with the Irvingites I believe—I shall probably see them again in London, they have some curious notions, some good ones. You must make every thing neat about the house. You know the line of my lot. Have the ground raised there and set out as many of the Prof's thorns as he will spare—tell him I will pay him in thorns again or if he likes it better in Holly. I have new plans about gardening,—which I cannot develope here. Old systems are going to crumble gradually. Tell Mr Dewey

that I shall want another thousand dollars at least, if not to buy apparatus to build an Observatory [1]—for which I wish he would be getting the stone.
Give my love to sister. I hope yet to enjoy a meal at her table—Respects to the President

Your affect Brother Albert Hopkins

London March 19th 1835

My dear Brother

I expect to go tomorrow and engage my passage on board the Montreal which is to sail on the first of April. She sails from this port and will stop at Portsmouth to take in passengers where I shall probably embark. This will give me an opportunity to visit the Isle of Wight which lies near—a spot interesting from its religious recollections and natural features. I have seen to day a gentleman from Cornwall connected with the mining establishments—he has invited me down to pay them a visit which I am only prevented from doing by the want of time—When I last wrote you I mentioned that I thought of returning by the way of Belgium this plan I have put in execution. I left Paris a week ago last monday by diligence, arrived at Brussels wednesday morning—spent two days there—and at Waterloo, on Friday went to Antwerp where I spent sabbath, on monday to Ghent where I spent a night and part of a day and on tuesday to Ostend by the way of Bruges—From Ostend I embarked the same evening by Steam boat for this place & arrived the next day (yesterday) about 4—we had favorable winds and a prosperous voyage.

London I find as large as busy and as smoky as ever, entering by the Thames one gets an idea which he could not get by traversing the streets, of the immense amount of business which is done here. I have a few more instruments to get here, a visit to Woolwich to make and some few things to see which altogether may take me about a week—when I expect

[1] The present astronomical observatory at the college resulted from this plan.

to take a coach for Portsmouth. Give my love to Sister—tell her I will bring her baby a toy if neither she nor you will laugh at it. Farewell till we meet again

Your Brother A Hopkins

The next letter is from Mark's cousin, Electa Hopkins (later Mrs. Webster), who had gone with her sister Mary, then an invalid, to Richmond, Va., and in it she speaks with admiration of the address delivered by Dr. Hopkins when he was inaugurated as President of Williams College, at the commencement exercises of 1836.

President Hopkins Williamstown Massachusetts.

Richmond Dec 1st 1836—

Dear Cousin

Have I not waited a suitable length of time, considering "the propriety" of writing to you?—Well, I have at last decided that cousins may correspond whenever they are so disposed—But methinks the first communication should come from you—for which I have looked till I fear the correspondence will never commence—I seize the pen to break the spell—Mary's [1] letter has reached Albert ere this, by which you have deciphered this much—that we reached Richmond after various delays on the 25th Oct. Whether even that information was coherently conveyed, I have my doubts—as her mind was in quite a state of excitement—and moreover she was suffering, from this difficulty in her throat in a great degree—To be transplanted from our quiet village to this hospitable city—to a house full [2] of ladies and what is more full [2] of *gentlemen*—was it not enough to turn any young girl's head? particularly one—from a place where *they* were almost as strange an object as to Miranda, when she exclaimed, "*What* is it?" Now you will call to mind how

[1] Mark's cousin, Mary Hopkins, afterwards Mrs. J. Z. Goodrich. She founded the first Village Improvement Society in America, now known as the famous Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge.

[2] Two *fulls* equivalent to what?

boldly Mary raised and defended the standard of *Old-maid-ism* last summer—I have my suspicions that she has only to receive advances from the enemy by the hand of some gallant knight to lower it at once—Now here are northerners and southerners—and Frenchmen—young men, old men—and widowers—Engineers—teachers—physicians & lawyers —with one professed *lover*—This latter, it is true, belongs to the Lyon of the house, the "lion" par excellence of Richmond—so no one interferes with them—unless indeed interrupting a tête à tête now and then may be called such—which when we receive visits in the parlour must always occur—Fortunately however we have had for ten days, our own parlour and shall not be obliged to disturb them again this winter—We are most pleasantly situated in a house adjoining the Capitol square—overlooking the lower town and the opposite bank of the river—Our two rooms are upon the second floor—open upon a piazza which extends all around the house and affords a fine place for exercise when the weather will not admit of walking in the street. Here Mary promenades each day that she is deprived of her ride on horseback—for this, you must know is still her passion—. John Henry—our kindest of brothers—has purchased her a horse—saddle and bridle in fine style, and whenever he cannot accompany her, she has another devoted attendant—They think her a perfect Di Vernon here, in point of horsemanship I believe—By the way—speaking of this said character—have you read Basil Hall's most entertaining work entitled—"Schloss Hairfield—a visit to lower Styria"—in which is introduced a lady who is said to be the original of this celebrated heroine? If not, do get it, for a winter evening's amusement. To go back to Mary—She has indeed been afflicted with this inflamed throat but the physicians think it is confined to this organ, and does not extend to the lungs as we apprehended. She is advised however to be very prudent, not breath the air if it is very cold and damp and to refrain from talking at all—particularly in an *elevated* tone—Think you, this is not a hard lesson for her to learn? I have purchased a *porcelain* slate, so that she can have the

means of conversing *elegantly* with our friends—By this she has one advantage certainly if she wishes to convey a tender sentiment—The only difficulty is, that as she is not deaf—her companion by speaking aloud is forced to betray the subject of the conversation But then she has *two* slates—a pencil is always at hand—and I have seen them passing back and forth most briskly of an evening. Her voice is a little stronger just now—and for two days, since John Henry's return from New York—she has *laughed*, a thing she could not always do from the pain in her throat—and talked considerably. I must tell you with how much pleasure we read your Inaugural—the best thing of the kind ever written—We were continually hearing of its excellences from Stockbridge—it was so kind of you to send it to John—pray forward every production of your pen this winter to the same place—But I have been rattling from subject to subject, without once telling you how delighted we are with the kind, hospitable people of Richmond—Truely we have never received so much attention in our lives—I have on my list the names of fifty-eight visitors—and many have called often—You readily see that I have much to do—to receive and return these visits—The worst of it was that generally I had *alone* to go through the ceremony—Mary is often, really too much indisposed to go to the parlour—and then sometimes she is *indisposed—without* being ill—so that for her indifference or her dishabille—she has a most plausible pretext—On one morning solely did she return eight calls with me—this ended her performances of this kind—Only once has she accepted invitations out—then Mrs Moncure Robinson sent her carriage for us and we passed a most agreeable day with them—and were brought home in the evening. I do not think she will attend parties at all this winter—but in our own room "I reckon" we shall have a "right" sociable evening often. Thursday evening—I have just returned from Mrs. Duval's where I went to take a lithograph of our dear Harry—sent by Aunt—She has been talking much of him, with regard to his sweetness and patience when sick—his desire to save her from fatigue and trouble—and his grati-

tude for the least favor—And then she spoke of the affection of his brothers, as exhibited on the mournful days you passed in Richmond—while Harry was living—and when he was no more. Of your touching sorrow—and excessive gratitude—indeed she wept much when she recalled these circumstances to remembrance—and showed me the box which John purchased by your desire as a token of your gratefulness—She was pleased with the likeness and said that with the box it should be carefully preserved and transmitted to her children. Mr Bridges has long since had his copy framed and hanging in their parlour—I entered the house for an evening visit without knowing of the circumstance—you can easily imagine the sadness and pleasure it occasioned—to see this evidence of the affection which he inspired even in the land of strangers—Indeed his worth was appreciated where ever he was at all known—many here speak of him in the highest terms—With you and Albert too, they were much pleased—from your unfeigned exhibition of tenderness of heart—and gratitude. If you were ever to come here again—they would be lavish of their attentions—and I hope some day you will give yourselves and them the pleasure of a visit—This is "Thanksgiving" with you. Mary and I are placing ourselves as near our friends in Berkshire as we can—by conversing with our pens—I hope we shall not be forgotten on the occasion, by any one of you—Christmas is the grand day here, as you know—we have already received invitations to Berkley, the seat of one of the Harrison's—John Henry is anxious to go, as there are three charming ladies in the family—but I think it will not be best to expose Mary's health by riding twenty miles at that season—

The Legislature sits next week—and the "members"—are rapidly appearing among us—to the delight of the citizens—and particularly to those of our household—I cannot say that we partake of the general excitement. I only feel in consequence of their having engaged the rooms, that we are to be deprived of some very agreeable people who at present occupy them. Among others—Mr & Mrs Randolph Harri-

CHERRY COTTAGE

From a Sketch Drawn by a Cousin

son—a charming acquision to our society—so intelligent and friendly—true Virginians—They live about forty miles west—wish much to have us visit them in the spring—Indeed we are treated with so much hospitality here, that there is great danger of our taking up a permanent abode at the south—It gratifies us extremely to find that John Henry is so much esteemed here—he is a general favorite with all—Mrs Turner the lady who addressed those pretty lines to Harry during his sickness is very kind to us—we are to have a visit from her to-day—She is just the person to appreciate your Inaugural—I shall most certainly show it to her—

We have written to Aunt three times since we left home—but do not hear a word from her—weak eyes I know is a good apology—Still we do not know how to dispense with intelligence from those we love—Pray tell us all about "Cherry Cottage", and its dear inmates—We look at the little sketch of it which I took last summer—often—and imagine that we can almost see Uncle & Aunt at their accustomed occupations, and then tell us of cousin Mary—and the children—how you like your new honors—and new residence—whether Albert does not regret that he did not take your house—and seek an acquaintance with a certain fair one—of whom we conversed. Tell him if he delays much longer—the jewels will be all appropriated—one—that has often been named to him—I hear is already engaged—Indeed every thing which concerns you and yours will ever interest your affectionate cousin—

Electa

The next is interesting especially because of its signature —a name well known in Stockbridge to this day.

Stockbridge 24 Dec. 1836

My Dear Sir

Soon after I returned from England, I had the pleasure of reading your inaugural address which you was so good as

to send me. I am sure that few have been more sincerely gratified than I was, with the occasion of it—I have for some time looked forward with a good deal of interest to your elevation to a place, which under all circumstances, I am sure could not be so well filled. You can reasonably anticipate a long course of usefulness in a way, which from your studies and tasks must I think be most agreeable to you —This is certainly drawing a prize in the lottery of life, as it is called, and so far as it is a lottery, I could wish that all prizes might so fall.—As to the address itself, I do not see how you could have made it more agreeable to the public, or more worthy the occasion—I was very glad to see you set your face at the first step, against some popular ignorant notions, that are unworthy of the general good sense of our people—I am sure you will best consult your lasting reputation by dealing fearlessly, but not offensively with the popular errors that come across your path in the course of your instructions.

I was very much gratified to know the result of your late College difficulties. From all that I could learn upon the subject it appeared to me that you was quite right in the discipline that you administered—

I saw young Field here, & upon his own story advised him to return at once to College—& I hear that he has returned

With great Respect & Esteem
I am your obt. sev't & friend
THEODORE SEDGWICK

The Rev'd Mark Hopkins

Two letters follow from Miss Louisa Payson, of Portland, Maine, who soon after this became the wife of Prof. Albert Hopkins. Beside the taste for metaphysics shown here she had literary talent and wrote a number of well-known books for children. She was a sister of Mrs. Prentiss, who wrote "Stepping Heavenward," a best seller in its day, and other books.

Portland October 10 1838

President Hopkins,

I assure you, dear Sir, that it is quite unnecessary to apologise for directing my attention to any philosophical question. It is so seldom that I meet with persons, able & willing to discuss such matters, in circumstances which permit me to cultivate their acquaintance, that I consider myself peculiarly fortunate in having met you at Andover, & in having stum*bl*ed, I know not how, on a metaphysical question. If our personal acquaintance had been of longer continuance we might have settled some fundamental preliminaries, in which both agree, & perchance have discovered other points of mutual interest, besides metaphysics.

Our present subject I confess, appears to me rather a perplexing one, & the difficulty I have found in it has led me to distrust my capacity for philosophical investigation. Nevertheless, I will give my thoughts as well as I can, and shall be very glad of correction where I am wrong.

The objection which you make to the evidence furnished by perception of the existence of matter, is certainly one which deserves consideration. It occurred to me when I was replying to your first letter, and I disposed of it by some such thoughts as these.—We must admit of course that it is possible for God to produce in our minds immediately, all those sensations we attribute to external exciting causes. He has *the power* to do it—and when we have said this we have said all that can be said on that side of the question. It is a mere hypothesis—a *possibility*, & this is all. There is not (so far as I know) a single consideration to render it probable. On the contrary are there not many reasons which render it extremely improbable?—It is surely somewhat questionable whether it would be consistent with God's moral perfections, to *imprint a lie* upon the very constitution of the mind—to create men so, and place them in such a system that they shall inevitably believe the direct opposite of truth. I do not use too strong an expression in saying *inevitably;* for in the first place, the few philosophers who

have professed to doubt the existence of matter, bear no proportion at all to the millions who not only believe it with a faith not to be shaken, but who could not even be made to understand the import of a contrary proposition. In the next place, *you*, Sir, will admit that even these few *did* believe as firmly as other men in the existence of an external world, till they began to speculate about it; & then, discovering as they supposed (& as is perhaps true) that it cannot be logically demonstrated they forthwith determined to disbelieve it. *I* should go farther & say that they never succeeded in the attempt, & that no man is able by any effort of mind, to persuade himself that the objects of his senses are not real existences. *All* men in their common thoughts, as well as in their ordinary, everyday discourse agree on this point; & the Berkeleian as well as another when he handles his knife & fork believes that he sees & touches a reality. Indeed, he must remodel language before he can talk five minutes without uttering nonsense according to his theory. And he may begin by explaining the word perception, for there are no perceptions, only sensations, accompanied with a (false) belief.

Besides, if we suppose that God has contrived this great system of *appearances*, we must admit that he has gone farther yet—that he has also given us bodily organs of sense for no other purpose than to carry on the deception. If the sensations are produced in us without the aid of external objects, of course we stand in no need of senses. Neither can I discover what possible end could be answered by such an illusory system. It costs nothing to Omnipotence to create a world, & of course it is as easy to create a world of substances, as a shadowy world in the mind of man. And then, if the evidence of our faculties be not absolutely incontestable, we have nothing to reason from in any case, if they have deceived us once they may again, & away goes the *category of causation*, & all the others.

There is one other thought which suggests itself to me on this subject, viz, that the evidence of consciousness, in the usual & admitted sense of the word, sometimes blends with &

corroborates the evidence of sense, as for instance, in relation to the influence of our own bodies upon our spirits. If therefore one evidence be rejected, the other, tending to the same point, must be so likewise.

But if the existence of an external world be admitted, then I would reject the representative theory because it is an unsuccessful attempt to explain what cannot be explained—how mind can become cognisant of matter. Whereas the system to which I incline simply embraces the *fact* that mind is thus cognisant, without any attempt to explain the *how*.

I hope I have not wearied out your patience with this long prattle, & that I have left myself room for some of the other thousand & one subjects, I meant to introduce.

I have seen both the orations of Emerson which you mention, & also the one delivered at Dartmouth. My objections to the other two are few & slight compared with those which I entertain to the address delivered to the Senior Class. There is such a deifying of the human intellect, so much pride of reason & self-reliance, & such an irreverence towards Scripture & the Son of God that I could not read it with patience. Nevertheless, my displeasure does not prevent me from admiring the many striking & just thoughts contained in his other writings, often so beautifully & forcibly expressed. It does not appear to me that Pantheism, in its ordinary acceptation is the error with which he is to be charged. I should like to know your opinion of him & of Carlyle.

Upham on the Will I read on its first appearance with a pleasure so much the greater, as his first work gave little reason to expect any thing original or valuable. I was surprised & delighted at the progress which his mind seemed to have made in the interim between the publication of these two works. The treatise on the will is certainly the result of independent thought & investigation, & with most of the opinions expressed in it I am disposed to agree. It is said too that the second edition of his Intellectual Philosophy is very superior to the first. But after all, I find no philosophy like Coleridge's for me. If I recollect rightly, dear Sir, you

told me that you had never given his writings particular attention—may I venture to hope that you will sometime find leisure to do so? for I cannot help thinking you would love the man & admire his wonderful genius.

The Review of Pres. Day, (if so brief an article deserves the name) is in the October No. of the New-York Review, edited by C. S. Henry. As I have disclosed so much I may as well add that the article on Goethe in that No. is by the same author; but these pieces of information are for NO ONE but yourself. I would not *for the world* become known as a writer, & it is as a mark of very especial confidence, which one or two only share with you, that I have spoken of it—Thank you very sincerely for the address you sent me—I read it with much interest & pleasure. I have only room to say that I am

yrs with much respect. L. S. PAYSON

Rev. Mark Hopkins D. D.
Williamstown
Mass.

Boston April 16. 1839

I want now a longer & more comprehensive Greek word than ever, for I want it to express in one breath that I am very much obliged to you & very much provoked with you. I am glad, very glad that you are coming, but provoked—you have already guessed why—that you should have shown more regard to Mr Dwight's solicitations than to mine. At first the pleasure was the predominant feeling—indeed I did not immediately recollect that I *ought* to be provoked, but reflection has convinced me that this is the case, & accordingly I am so. I can be propitiated only by the very prettiest apology ever made to a lady, & by exact attention to all such requests as I may prefer in this letter.

But I confess I *am* astonished—at you—after all I have known of the ignorance of men, on all subjects pertaining to courtship & marriage, I am yet astonished that any one can be found to advocate short engagements. If you were

here I should overwhelm you with such a torrent of words as would silence if not convince you—but the case is so plain that I really don't know where to begin. To think of those frightful "domestic cares"—the very word is a bug-bear to me—that are to come, & not to wish to defer their coming as long as possible! But that is because you are a man & know nothing about them. Then, stranger still, to say that people do not find out any thing about each other after they are engaged! Oh! the quantities of discoveries I have made about Albert! My last one relates to a point on which *perhaps* I could enlighten you—though you do boast of your superior knowledge. Pray did he ever happen to give you any specimens of his taste in poetry—especially devotional poetry? If I thought not, I might, perhaps copy—but no; I could not make up my mind to do it. Only a word in your ear—If you can get a chance to steal that methodist hymn-book of his, I wish you would. (I am glad by the way you did not let him set out those trees directly under the windows.)

But I will not say too much about the extent of my acquaintance with him, lest you should withhold the communications you seemed on the point of making when you closed your last letter. Now my dear brother, that was too bad—you did it on purpose to teaze me, & make me want another letter from you. As to what you did tell me—I shall not say that your insinuation was quite out of the way, (seeing that I *can* keep a secret) but only that I should not be impolite enough to tell Albert when I know that he would thereupon think it necessary to assume a double & triple coating of stoicism. Besides its just as well he should think himself a stoic, isn't it?

So you are to come straight to our house, & you will of course be here the week before Anniversaries, & we shall hear you preach. All this is capital.

Give my love to your wife if you please—I hope she will not be shocked at my imperative style.

Yrs affc'ly
L. S. Payson

Another letter from Electa to her aunt after the death of her uncle, the boys' father, Captain Archibald Hopkins, in 1839.

Richmond Feb. 7th 1839—

I know not how, dearest Aunt, to commence this letter—I *feel* that I could almost weep tear for tear with you—but I cannot attempt *consolation.* Death has removed from you one who was most dear to us all—how lonely and sad must be that mansion where we have together passed so many hours of joy as well as of sorrow. I can scarcely—oh! I cannot at all realize that Uncle will not still be at the door to welcome our return, greet us with kindness and conduct us to the hospitable fire-side. Thus it has ever been from our childhood—and I find how little I thought it *could* ever be otherwise. Indeed he has been like a second father to us all—one *always* kind—I do not recollect a single request he ever denied us. And now he has gone—another dear friend gone I trust to a happier world—We should not sorrow for him, dearest Aunt, but how can we do otherwise.—I wish I was with you now—I cannot bear to think of your being alone at all—You, who live only for friends—should have some dear ones always around you—I rejoice that both Albert and Mark were with you—and that you all had the satisfaction of hearing expressions of resignation and hope from Uncle.—

The flood—the intense cold—the raging wind—all combined to increase your distress—

In the very last letter—you speak of the comfort and enjoyment you derive from Uncle's reading aloud—We have often imagined you, seated in the comfortable kitchen this winter—thus occupied. Often how we wished we could just step in and enlarge the circle, chat—drink a glass of cider—eat nuts and apples—and enjoy ourselves as in good old times.—

Huldah [1] is very well this winter—and has little care—We continue to be supplied with German servants—Two

[1] Her sister, Mrs. Pomeroy.

strong industrious girls, easily accomplish all the labors of the house—except to make some nice pastry, or delicate dessert—Huldah rarely sees the kitchen. The cook is neat and economical—She left us a week at Christmas—and we were in great tribulation—as we could find no one to supply her place—She came back again however at the expiration of that time for less wages than she was receiving elsewhere and for less than Huldah offered her if she would stay. Our warm kitchen stove—room free from blacks—and a kind mistress—were even more desirable than increased wages—She is the picture of contentment now—and I hope we shall retain her a long time.

Our chamber maid is quite an heiress and belle—possessing about $1500—but she is perfectly subservient notwithstanding—and neither of the girls ever leave the house—except for a half day at church weekly—and perhaps for a few moments shopping—Are we not blessed in this particular?

The children seem to feel the loss of Uncle—as well as ourselves—you know he made himself a companion for all ages—and always treated children with kindness—How little I can realize that we shall see him no more—

Wishing you, dearest Aunt—every consolation which can be bestowed upon the afflicted—I must close by assuring you of the sympathy and interest of your ever affectionate niece.

Electa

Williamstown Dec. 21st 1840

My Dear Mother.

Our vacation commenced last week as you may know, though I suppose you do not keep so careful an account as you used to when you expected us home the next day. I am at present more at leisure than I have been for a long time, having nothing in particular on hand but some preparation for a lecture which I am to give sometime during the vacation in Troy. We are all well and comfortable. Louisa and

Caro. have been to school till within a few days, but since the bad weather they study with their mother and do better than they did. Louisa is ambitious and successful in getting her lessons, and Caro. gets some things very well. Harry, I am sorry to say, does not know all his letters yet—he thinks too much of horses and I am afraid always will.
Albert goes to morrow morning to Troy and Albany. His new Observatory is now nearly completed, and he has just received from Albany and put up in it, a new copper air tight stove which comes with high recommendations—If it should answer them all, I think you will have to have one.
The children are asleep—

Your Affect. Son
M. Hopkins

And this from Albert to his mother during his engagement to Miss Payson:

Wms College March 26 1841

My dearest Mother

I have been engaged among other things in preparing the religious history of the college. Perhaps you will enquire whether my time has been so much occupied that I have written absolutely *no letters*. I must say that I have written some & for this my dear mother you will not I am sure blame me. The letter which I wrote at Stockbridge was soon answered & either from necessity or rather let me say nor be ashamed to say from inclination, others have followed rather more frequently than I should have thought possible, wrapt up in myself as I was a few months ago. By the way my dear mother I learn that you with your weak eyes have been writing. I felt pretty sure that you would receive a letter but whether you would answer it I did not know—I am really glad that you were able to do so. I hope your good opinion of Louisa is not lessened since hearing directly from her. Should God permit our union I think you will find her a most affectionate daughter. Of course I shall expect to visit

her in the Spring. I know my dear mother that you have always secretly desired my marriage though you have not said so—how much pleasure then would it afford me to present to you one whom I love so much & who I think is so worthy of my warmest affection. I do not think that I dote too much on this gift. Perfectly sure that it is the gift of God I hope I love him the more on account of it. I desire to hold not only myself but every creature at his disposal. I keep magnetizing a little for sickness—I think I have done substantial service to one or two persons—I do it however secretly, people are so ignorant & superstitious

Have you any interesting reading on hand? Every body here is enquiring of me whether I have read the Pastors daughter. The original of it it appears, is no other than my dear L. So they all are eager to see it for the purpose of finding out something about her character. I dare say the book is in S. If so you will be interested in having Electa read it to you.

Hoping to hear soon I remain

Your affectionate son ALBERT

A number of things of interest are in this letter from a cousin, John Henry Hopkins.

Washington, Jan 7th 1842—

My dear Cousin Mark,

I have this evening received your letter to me at St. Joseph containing a draft for $20 which I now enclose to you because not being endorsed by *you*, it cannot be used by me or any one except yourself—What an oversight! One can see you are not much in the habit of borrowing money or you would know that your name on the back of a paper was a very essential point!—Now, I can only say I trust you will never have occasion to regret having put your name on the back of one paper too many, as many of us poor mortals in the busy world have—

I am boarding at the house with Mr Briggs & others of

the Massachusetts delegation—He has been very polite—I like him much—He stands high in Congress, as a sound practical man, and has a considerable influence on a large portion of the House—

He mentioned to day an extraordinary event which occurred this morning—Mr Thos Marshall of Kentucky, the member of Congress who last session and this has distinguished himself so highly as a debater if not a statesman, which I think he has, and has moreover gotten the character of being a confirmed drunkard, has today signed the total abstinence pledge!!—He has been scarcely a day sober, since the commencement of the session although he has made one handsom speech,—and to day he came to Mr Briggs and told him he wanted to be informed about the temperance society—when it was explained, he said he wanted to sign the pledge and wanted to do it *at once*, as he felt then an almost irresistible disposition to drink—It was written and signed on the floor of Congress and after he had signed Mr Briggs says he rose up and said "The deed is done"—"I feel inexpressibly relieved"—and he looked relieved—his face seemed to lighten up with hope.—He had said in the beginning that he saw himself on the brink of ruin—that at home he was in the habit of frolicking as he called it, once in several months—but here it was every day and he perceived the gulf of utter ruin open to receive him—he must make one great effort to draw back and save himself—They have this evening gone to a temperance meeting—

Give my love to all and believe me
Your affectionate cousin
JOHN HENRY

The remaining letters and extracts cover the years up to 1857. Soon after the date of the last of these letters, Mrs. Archibald Hopkins moved from Stockbridge to Williamstown to live with her son Mark. There she died when within a few months of being 96 years old. Her interest in everything in the outside world, and specially in young people,

MARY CURTIS HOPKINS WITH A GRANDCHILD

From a Daguerreotype Taken Very Late in Life

and her remarkably humorous outlook on life, lasted until the end.

Boston Feb. 1st 1844

My dear Mother,

I dare say you feel anxious about me, but everything here has gone very pleasantly thus far, more so indeed than I could have expected. In the 1st place Mr Amos Lawrence has given $5000 to the College which he did of his own accord and without solicitation. I think you may have heard me speak of him. He has always been very kind to me when I have been here, and taken me out to ride. As soon as he knew I was here he called—took Mary to ride—sent her beautiful flowers, and there is now on the table a very beautiful boquet which he sent her. Yesterday we went to Lowell and dined with one of his brothers and had a fine time. I thought of you when I was in that immense cotton mill as I know how much you are pleased with machinery.

I have had unfavorable evenings for the lectures,[1] but have on the whole, reason to be gratified with the reception they have met with. They are reported in the papers and I will try to send you a paper containing the reports.

I shall have to work hard the rest of the time I am here—I feel that I had never so much to be grateful for—

Your Affect Son
M. Hopkins

From Mark Hopkins' eldest child to his mother.

Wms,town August 4th 1844

My Dear Grandmama,

It is a long time since I have written to you, but it is because I do not have any time, for we all go down to Deacon Footes [2] to school which is a good ways—I believe it is almost a mile: we carry our dinner and stay all day. Miss Hotchkiss teaches and we have a very pleasant school, we have

[1] These lectures were given at the Lowell Institute on "The Evidences of Christianity," and soon after were published in book form.

[2] A brick house on the North Adams road, called now "The Orchard."

eleven scholars in the whole. I am writing in the schoolroom now; Harry and Charles Foote are spelling, and the rest studying. I study Watts on the mind, Arithmetic, History, Geography, and get definitions out of the dictionary; then we read and write. Archy is very well, and has been to school with us one day, he liked it very much indeed and was very good.

The baby has been sick but is getting better. Harry is very well and sends his love, he wants to know how his colt and hens are and whether his colt has got a new coat. Caro also sends her love. We all want you to come up here very much. I believe that Father expects to go to Stockbridge this vacation if he does I hope we can all go with him and stay rather longer than we did last time with him. Uncle Amos [1] has written to Father a good many times and week before last sent a large bundle to us all. There was first three or four papers—then a gentlemans cravat and pinned on these, two or three other papers—Then there was a roll with two plates in it—one was Laura Bridgeman the other Oliver Caswell both deaf dumb and blind. Inside of that was a whip for Archy and a whistle on one end of it. On a piece of paper in the middle was written—dont pay to dear for your whistle Archy. Then a basket and bounding ball for me, with a note in the basket. A silver teaset for Caro, and a hammer pinchers and knife for Harry. There was a note for all of us, and for Father a box of tools. Then afterwards he wrote to Father saying that he had by a contribution of one hundred and fifty dollars made little Amos Lawrence a director of the Bible society. And the other day we got another package with his certificate, and also sent on ten Bibles and ever so many other books. He wrote to Mother the last time he sent. I am going to work him a bookmark and send it to him. When I told you Harry sent his love I forgot to say that he sent his love to Robert and Dan Hamiel—he says he wants to see them very much—Eddy [2] is very well

[1] Mr. Amos Lawrence of Boston who gave Lawrence Hall the present Art Museum.

[2] Her Uncle Albert's only son, who was killed in the Civil War, and from whom the E. P. Hopkins Grand Army Post in Williamstown was named.

and very good, he likes to creep and walk by the chairs. I am writing this at school amidst a great noise, the school is to be out this week and after commencement Miss Hotchkiss is going to keep upstreet in the Academy.

Father is going to write on the other side—he was going to write Sunday night but he said he would wait and write on the same sheet with me. I hope that you will answer my letter as soon as it is convenient.

From your affectionate Granddaughter
MARY L HOPKINS

Aged 11 yrs.

Williams College Aug. 7th 1844

My Dear Mother,

Louisa I see has told you about the package that Mr Lawrence sent them and also of his making his namesake a life director of the Bible Society, but she has not told you that he has made another donation to the College of $5000. This is a great thing for us, and puts the College in a better position than it has been in since I have been connected with it.

Your Affect Son M HOPKINS

NOTE: The originals of these letters were written on one sheet.

Stockbridge Monday Oct 14th 1844

My dear son—

I find that Mr Clark intends to send up this week if the weather is good, but it now rains. He thinks there will not be more than twenty two or three bushels of apples & if you do not like them it will be enough. I wish that either you or Albert would keep the few that are in the small bag by themselves till spring, the tree on which they grew has not been noticed for forty six years, it stands alone in the meadow & once grew near Aunt Willards russet sweet, the apples are very hard & pleasant & I think it will be well to prove them, & before you divide the apples, I wish you to reserve two

bushels of the tough sweets which grew on the northwest corner tree on the hill. When I get there I will give my reason for so doing. We shall send the flour of eight bushels of buck wheat, I do not now know how many Oats but D. can tell you, Albert wished for two bushels of rye & two of corn, & as I thought West stockbridge mill would perhaps make better flour than yours, have had the rye flour'd. The corn is good but not dry enough to grind, but will be dry by the time Mr C goes up again, & then if you wish for as much rye & corn as Albert takes you can have it without trouble if you will send word, & whether you wish the rye or corn to be ground—I must now let my eyes & pens rest till to morrow. I have now by me at least a dozen old pens, & as you will perceive none of them have been mended since the year forty one, & still they have the art of blotting to perfection. I have just heard from Boston—all are as well as usual, but many are greatly excited with Millerism—brother J. writes that some are crazy. One lady had prepared her assention robe which was known to a rude fellow, who at midnight went near her window & blew a long blast upon a trumpet, when she rose, put on her robe, raised her chamber window, flung herself out, expecting to be received up, when to her disappointment she fell to the ground & broke her limbs!!! they expect the last day will be tomorrow, & none of them doubt but it will be this year.—I should like to have the boys go to Alberts if he is willing, & see little Eddy, & just take a peep at the Curiosities there, for they will think much of whatever they may be allowed to see, I wish they could be allowed to go into the museum.—Much love to all—your affectionate Mother

M H

Mrs Archibald Hopkins Care Dr Hopkins Williamstown

Stockbridge May 27th 1845

My dear Aunt

I will not attempt to tell you how disappointed we all were, on reading your note to Jennie to find you were not

coming home for so long a time. It seems a very long time to wait, for we had supposed of course you would be home at the beginning of this month. How do you think the honeysuckle and white rose will flourish without your guiding hand, and admiring eye. They will surely droop and die. And how will you be contented to look into your yard unless you have spent the usual time in carrying away each stick and stone that have trespassed upon your dominions? And the dear old house, how dismally it must look with its doors and windows closely shut and barred, that are used to being hospitably opened to receive all who come. I know I ought not to regret your prolonged visit to your children, for I know you must be much happier there than in your solitude at Cherry Cottage, but nevertheless I do want to see you very much, and shall truly rejoice when the appointed time arrives for your return. Mrs Dwight has just been in to see me, and says she called at your door last week hoping to see you, but was disappointed. She says a colored man was trimming your shrubbery, and making it look nicely. Our friends are all well, and Stockbridge is beginning to look beautifully.

Give much love to all my cousins for me

and believe me your aff neice

HULDAH F. POMEROY

Miss Mary L Hopkins Wmstown Mass
Mr T Wells

Oct 13th 1845

My dear granddaughter

I now take my pen to thank you for your goodness in writing to me, nor is that all that I have to think of & acknowledge, for it brings fresh to mind not only your past kindness, but the unceasing kindness of your dear Parents, also of the children, & of all those who then resided under your roof, not an unkind word or look did I receive all the time I remained there, & to forget it but in part, would

diminish my daily happiness & render me undeserving of the like from any one.—I would not dear Louisa tax you too heavily, yet see not but I must depend on you alone for all the letters I am to receive, still I can not but fear that you will soon fail me, for I do not forget your habit of reading by twilight, which must surely spoil the best eyes in the world, but you know that a story whether true or ficticous must be read at the risk of loosing the eyes although it be known that the loss of them would be almost insupportable, but pardon me dear Louisa if I affirm that I mean what I now say. But to return to the business of letterwriting, I well know that your dear Mother has enough to do without writing a syllable, for beside every thing else, there is always a stocking to darn, a seam to sew, a tape or button to be put on, and Caro certainly ought not with all her suffering to write more than must be required of her at school. Please to give my love to her & tell her that I often sympathize with her for her suffering so much & so often.—I am glad to hear such good news from Archy & Laurence, tell Archy I want him to make me another visit, that I may once more be as glad as I was when he came last, he must also write me a letter, so when you write to me again, just leave a little space for him to scrible as he pleases, I can understand it. As for dear little Laurence, he must have forgotten me, but I have not forgotten how when I was every day sorry for his sore finger, & would talk to him pitifully, how earnestly he would look up at me to catch the sympathy, & would then moan like a little dove,—how it makes my heart ache when I think of it.—I must now talk a little of our friends at home, your cousin Mary with her mantuamaker came here on the last friday in Sept & staid till the next friday, then went to the village, & the next wednesday set off for Virginia—You seem to anticipate that there will this season be another exhibition of the red chest, but I must assure you that such an exhibition ought not to be made but once a year, & I think I may say, but once in a generation—you spoke of the wedding of which I will tell you a little, for it was a very pleasant one, there were sixty guests. Before the

Bride & Bridegroom entered the room the Minister had enquired of them whether they would like a long ceremony, the answer was, a short one. About eight in the evening they came into the room followed by the Clergyman Mr Smith, & as soon as they had taken their stand the ceremony was performed, which was so short, and performed so quickly, that I should think it more like an electric shock than any thing else, however it seemed to have a very pleasant effect upon all present. Presently came in two coloured waiters with the cake, which I must say was, take it all together the best cake I ever saw at any wedding. The brides loaf with a quantity of the most delicious spunge cake was brought from Springfield, there was then eleven loaves made at home of the richest of fruit cake, all well baked and handsomely frosted. When the cake had been carried till all refused, excellent coffee was then served & the evening passed most pleasantly. Before ten they took their leave, and the next morning about nine oclock the happy pair with their springfield relatives set off in their carriages for Springfield, all except the parents who staid another day. I can now only say much love to your dear Parents, to yourself and to all the children.—

your affectionate grandmother

M H

Williamstown Aug 4th 1846

My Dear Grandmother

It is some time since I have written to you at least the whole of a letter. Since my last I have travelled some farther than I ever before did . . . to wit—to Boston. The cars were pretty full. We did not arrive in Boston till nine o clock which was unusually late—We staid at the 'Marlboro.' The next day we went over to Charlestown in the afternoon, called at Uncle Jareds where we saw Uncle's wife & cousin Caroline, who were pretty well. Uncle was at the prison so we went there, & found Uncle in the Warden's room, he went all round with us into the workshops where they pursue every

occupation that could be thought of. Then we went to the monument & as it was a very fine clear day we concluded to go up. There was formerly a steam car by which they drew them up but that is gone now and we were obliged to go on "shank's mares". I did not find it very fatiguing. There are 294 steps—& the monument itself is 220 ft in height. I intended to have said that in the morning Father went to Mr Lawrence's & found him sick having had one of his attacks the night before—He was better however & able to see Father. He told Father that he should like to have him bring me there in the evening as he thought he should be able to see us. we then went to "Uncle Amos" house & were met at the top of the stairs by himself. He kissed me a good many times appearing very glad to see me. We did not stay a great while. I think Uncle Amos looks precisely like his picture.[1]

On wednesday a gentleman by the name of Stone came with his son & took us to a place on the seashore called Philip's beach about 12 or 15 miles from Boston, we had a very pleasant ride & on our way back stopped to see the Navy Yard & dry dock. There was a ship of war ready to enter the dry dock to be repaired called the Ohio A. '76

Mr Stone on the way home proposed our going to the salt water baths to which Father readily agreed so we were set down at the house where they bathe. We had a very good bath, Father thought his did him a great deal of good. As it was late Mr S— insisted on our going to his house to tea though his wife & 7 daughters are at the springs & his son & himself were keeping 'bachelors hall'. Everything there was in the best style & the house beautifully furnished.
Thursday we rode with Mr & Mrs Lawrence to Brookline where Uncle Amos' son William lately returned from Paris has a most beautiful place. Friday we went with Uncle Amos to Mt. Auburn where his children are buried under 'the old oak' of which he gave me some leaves pressed. Mt Auburn is I think one of the most beautiful places that I ever saw. On our way back Father & Uncle called at President

[1] The portrait now in Lawrence Hall.

Everetts but did not find him at home. Thursday afternoon we took tea at Mr Stoddard's and Friday Mary went with me to see the missionary rooms where there are a great variety of curiosities from all parts of the world. I also went into the Chinese Museum with which I was very much pleased. Saturday we dined at Mr Lawrence's—Sunday morning I went with Mrs Lawrence to the Episcopal church & in the afternoon to Mr Kirk's church where Father preached all day. After church we went to Mr Stone's to tea. Monday morning we started for home. At Pittsfield we met Mr James & his two eldest daughters coming on to Wmstown. They are here now and I don't know how much longer they will stay. Part of them are at Aunt Louisa's and the rest at the Union-house.[1]

We have a very handsome young [2] lady to show you here. I verily believe that she would bear a comparison with Queen Victoria's princess who is two days younger.

I must stop for I have written a long letter. I should be very happy to receive a letter from Grandma whenever you should find it convenient to write—

*—Do come up here—*

Your affectionate granddaughter

Louisa

Williams College Nov 20th 1846

My Dear Mother,

The load was very acceptable and just what we needed. The potatoes which we have tried are excellent, and will do the children a great deal of good. The boys staid yesterday but nobody could attend to them as there were meetings all day on account of a conference of the churches held here yesterday and the day before. I counted 16 this morning at prayers. So you see we shall know what to do with your provisions.

I shall send two copies of a sermon in relation to Prof.

1 An hotel which stood on the corner now occupied by the Methodist Church.

2 Alice.

Kellogg—Mrs. Kellogg has gone to N. London and Prof Tatlock has bought the place. I expect to go as soon as the term closes to Plymouth—to the old rock, to deliver a sermon on the 22d. of Dec. the day of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, if I can get one written. Of course I shall remain in that region some time. I have also engaged to lecture at Salem and at N. Bedford. After I get back I hope to be able to go down and see your improvements. The boys are just starting.

Your Affect. Son

M. Hopkins

Williams College Jan. 17th 1850

My Dear Mother.

The piano [1] came about an hour before we left for Troy. The girls had it put up, and are delighted with it. It is a good one and it is thought that the accompaniment will be a great addition especially in sacred music. I wish you could be here to hear it.

Your Affect Son

M Hopkins

Williams College Oct 21st 1850

My Dear Mother.

I have been very much urged within a few weeks to accept a Professorship of Theology in New York. Five men came on as a delegation to persuade me to go, but I have concluded to remain where I am for the present at least. The College is going on pleasantly. We have sixty and over enter'd, and there are forty in the Freshman Class. When a catalogue is published I will send you one. Do you not think you had better come up and stay with us this cold winter? If you will say the word I will send down any time—it is nothing to come up and we will do every thing we can to

[1] Still in possession of the family.

make you comfortable. May the presence and mercy of our God and Savior be with you and with us all.

Your Affect. Son
MARK HOPKINS

Stockbridge Oct 22nd 1850

My dear daughter

I am thinking of you at home as somewhat lonely with no daughter but little Allice, but she is a sweet child and you will have time to instruct and teach her in the way she should go, and I beg you will not allow any one to tease her or in any way to irritate and provoke her temper and so ruin her. Tell her that the kiss which she was so kind as to send me in Louisas letter was the sweetest I ever had.—I have heard that your husband did not accept the pressing invitation to leave his present situation nor did I think he would, and notwithstanding his labours would there be easier, I should have grieved my life away if he had gone.—There is not much thought of but the wedding, & when Huldah said she should be much grieved not to see me there, & that she would send Darby with his carriage for me, I told her I should not go without some female friend, so on thursday last at twelve oclock I saw a young gentleman and lady on horseback pranceing on the green in front of my door, and Mary G. Pomeroy with her carriage ready for me, and although the next saturday was to be my seventy-eighth birthday I stepped into the carriage lightly, and was driven to the misses Pomeroys to dine. We had a nice dinner and a pleasant time, no gentlemen at the table excepting Mr. George Pomeroy and Mr Field the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony, and as all at the table were acquainted with their minister the ladies did not hesitate to tell him that he *should not* take his book with him, but I observed that he made some use of it. After dinner I noticed Huldah in close conversation with him and doubt not but he received instructions from her, for I am sure that the marriage cere-

mony was not half as long as I have at other times heard it. Not far from one oclock the church was filled, excepting the seats near the altar, & before two the groom and bride went in, followed by their relatives. On entering the church, all was as still as night excepting the organ, the relatives being seated, all but Mary Pomeroy who stood by Huldahs side and kneeling with her, whilst Cyrus Field seemed unceremoniously to stand not far from the side of his brother. I never saw less parade at any wedding. The Minister having been previously there, was with his white robe on, ready to receive them, when shortly Jonathan Edwards and Huldah Pomeroy were pronounced lawful man and wife. They immediately returned with their relatives to the Misses Pomeroys where they had nice cake, and wine standing on the table but I saw no one taste of the wine, the groom and bride entered a carriage and went on to the St. line, from thence I know not how far toward Montreal and elsewhere, but on account of next week court, can not go to Niagara as they wish. They expect to return next Saturday, and go directly to their own house. Huldah was very particular that I should give her love to both you and to your sister Louisa as also to your husband and hers, she also gave me two neat little white boxes of cake one for each of you when I should see you.—Huldah has now in addition to former ones, two sons and two daughters, the eldest a daughter and a fine girl, is going to school at Brooklyn as soon as they return, and now I think I have been faithful in giving you the whole. . . . I wish my love to Harry and thanks for his name written by his own hand, and when he writes I wish him to tell me about his and Patricks crop, if it was not better than ours or any other which I have heard of, I think he will not care to be a farmer,—Now dear Mary if I had memory and could say what I *would*, I should tell you something of our last sabbath, but as it is with me, I must say but a little—Mr. Smith of Lee preached all day and I think he must have preached his two best sermons, perhaps he preached the same sermons at Wmstown. His morning text was "my sins are ever before me"—his object seemed to be to

describe the awful effects of sin upon the mind and conscience of sinners in this life only, partly by some examples which he brought forward, and from illustrations and such frightful imagery as would seem enough to drive all who heard him to seek a hideing place.—His afternoon text was, "nor eye hath seen"—and so on through the verse, I wish you could have heard the sermon, but it is not for me to talk of it.—at noon I heard Mr. Canning explain a part of the 8 chapter of Romans, so that the day was more interesting to me than usual. For three years past I have not been to church in the morning on account of the intermission, but of late have every sabbath been all day, and find that something may be learned even in the intermission, for the first sabbath there were several men who were professors of religion and of fair characters, who were in a pew not far from me, and from whom I learned all the wonders of the west, of canals, railroads, railroadfare, prospect of crops and fruit, and especially the sad story of the potatoe rot. Since that time I have listened to Mr. Canning, but should I hear him explain every chapter in Romans it can not atone, from my heart I pray to be forgiven.—Yesterday there was a meeting to appoint a time for the installation of our Minister whom I have not yet heard, but you will ask how I like him. I am only to think for myself, but could I know that his health and strength would be sufficient for his labours I should be satisfied. He is very small of stature, about as large as Zacheus was, and looks like a boy though he is twenty six years of age. He says he is well, but appears feeble, and his voice is evidently much stronger in the morning than in the afternoon. He is very pleasant, familiar in conversation, and is fast gaining the love of his people, and I can not but think that he professes that which I have all along said was the only thing for peace (viz) spirituality. He does not forget the President but seems to enquire after him with interest. His wife and little child came last week, she is daughter of the late Dr Masons son of N. y. . . .

your affectionate Mother

Mary Hopkins

Williams College Feb 6. 1857

My Dear Mother,

Harry has told you about my call to the Mercer St. Church N. Y. I gave them no reason to think I would go and do not know how they came to call me. I had never preached in the church, and very few of them had seen me. Yesterday I wrote them declining the call, which I suppose from what I hear, will meet your approbation. The church is a wealthy one and Dr Peters says the best in the city. The girls I believe have no wish to have me go to the city.

I hope dear Mother that you are able to rest continually upon the goodness of God—that your faith in the Savior is gaining strength. Why should we not have faith in Him?

Your Affect Son
M. Hopkins

Williams College March 15th 1857

My Dear Mother.

It is sometime since I wrote you and I presume you are wishing to hear from us again. The girls [1] spent three weeks with us, and it was a great comfort to us to have them.

They took on their watches which I think was best on the whole. And here I must say that shortly after the watches came Mr Lawrence sent on a bundle with all sorts of things for ladies use and wear such as dresses, skirts, stockings, thread hooks & eyes, perfumery, and some nice little flannel shirts for the baby. These things came into use at once—that is a portion of them, as the girls were obliged to be busy in fitting themselves out for their next term. We were all entirely surprised at this. I do not know whether I have told you that he has engaged to pay for a new telescope [2] that Albert wants, that is to cost about $1200.

[1] The two older daughters home from boarding school in Orange, N. J.

[2] This telescope is still in use in the Albert Hopkins' observatory, which was one of the earliest in this country. The building was opened in June, 1838, with an address by Professor Hopkins, which was afterward published.

Since about the time of the Fast for the Colleges there has been a revival in the College. Albert has done most of the preaching and has had the general direction of things. There is a considerable number who profess to be converted, and we hope the work is still going on. This is the greatest blessing that could come to the College, and it seems to be evidently in answer to prayer. God is a prayer hearing God, and we have every encouragement to call upon Him.

We all send a great deal of love

Your Affect Son

M. Hopkins

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